THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

April '74

One Dollar

LBAGEOOMAO C03740673
M GRADY LIB P00
300 W GREEN ST 301 044
PASADENA 104
CA 91105 2

MAR 2 1 1974

Ronald and Nancy Reagan Talk About Modern Marriage, Movies and Their Life Together... 75

Coal: Black, Beautiful and Bountiful... 24

Who Cares About Saudi Arabia?... 10

Richard Chamberlain – From Dr. Kildare to Hamlet... 70

Lee Trevino: Can He Win the Masters?... 60

Miami: Yacht Broker for the World... 54

Car Out – Horse In? by Dollie Cole... 64

Otto von Habsburg on Tito... 48

Nancy Hanks: Art to the People... 80

Frank and Me and LBJ by Jayne Brumley... 42

Vitamin C and the Very Common Cold... 34

The Carnegie Awards... 62

Birmingham, Oh Birmingham (Alabama) by Starkey Flythe, Jr.... 56

Caveat Emptor by Julie Nixon Eisenhower... 18

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ford announces a timely new mid-size car in the Thunderbird Tradition.

GRAN TORINO

Elite

Elite, the personal luxury mid-size that's Thunderbird inspired, from its classic grille to its unique twin opera windows. And in the Thunderbird tradition of value, Elite gives you luxury standards like vinyl roof. SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic transmission. Power steering. Power front disc brakes.

Steel-belted radial ply tires. And a standard engine that does not require premium gas. The Gran Torino Elite. America's youngest luxury car. Thunderbird inspiration in a smaller car. At a mid-size price.

Elite's optional luxury interior featuring knit cloth upholstery. Shown above—the 1974 Gran Torino Elite with optional deep dish wheels, WSW tires, deluxe bumper group and accent stripes.

FORD GRAN TORINO ELITE

FORD DIVISION Ford

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now that you can buy a car with air bags, you can save two things:

Your life.

And money on your Allstate auto insurance.

At last the air bag is here. General Motors now makes it available to you. And we at Allstate are delighted.

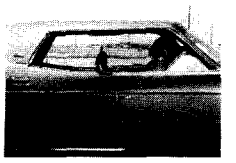
What General Motors is doing.
General Motors is offering air bags as an option on 50,000 1974 cars—Cadillacs, Buicks, and Oldsmobiles, in place of the currently mandatory seatbelt-ignition interlock system. Allstate commends GM's action, and hopes other car manufacturers will move to follow GM's example.

What Allstate is doing.
We've been urging and supporting the development of an automatic passive-restraint system like the air bag for years. Because we believe that a system like the air bag will do a great deal to save lives. Prevent serious injuries. And help hold the line on your insurance costs. And we make the following offer. *Allstate will provide a 30% discount on the medical coverage portion of the auto insurance for cars factory-equipped with air bags.*

What the air bag has been doing.
There have been 15 real-life crashes of air bag-equipped cars, *and the air bag has never failed to inflate.* Over 50,000,000 over-the-road miles have been logged with air bag-equipped cars. In every frontal-type crash at a speed high enough to cause serious injury, the air bag worked perfectly. Only once, in all this driving, has the air bag inflated inadvertently. (In that instance, the car was brought to a safe stop easily and without incident.) All this leads to a single conclusion: Air bags are the only road-tested and injury-criteria-tested passive-restraint system available today. (Lap belts are optional equipment in the 50,000 GM air bag-equipped cars.)

The air bag. It could save your life. It will save you money. At Allstate.

How the air bag works:

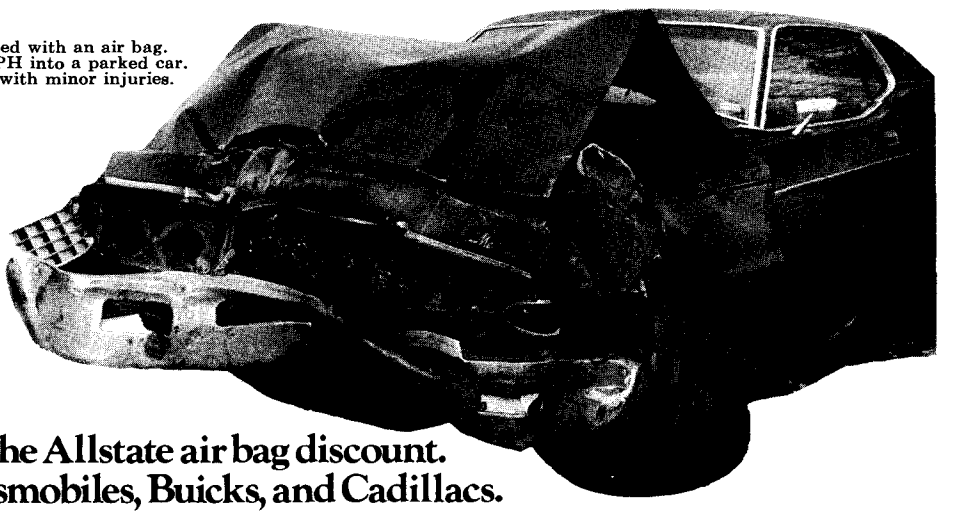


Automatically inflates in a split second . . . .

protects . . . and then deflates.

Allstate®
Working to hold your insurance costs down.

This car was equipped with an air bag. Collision speed: 68 MPH into a parked car. Driver walked away with minor injuries.



The air bag and the Allstate air bag discount. Available on '74 Oldsmobiles, Buicks, and Cadillacs.

Air bag discount available in most states.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What you see are 29 teeth in need of a good insurance company.

People can find all sorts of excuses for not visiting a dentist.

They keep putting it off, and putting it off, until what should have been a routine check-up turns out to be an expensive, time-consuming procedure.

That's why, a few years ago, the people at The Travelers sat down with practicing dentists from all over the country and developed a Group Dental Insurance Plan.

A plan designed to encourage people to visit a dentist when they should go, not when they feel they can afford to go.

Today that group plan is available through The Travelers.

It can benefit both you and your family.

So if you need dental care from time to time, you can now have something more than a good dentist going for you.

You can now have a good insurance company too.

THE TRAVELERS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Magazine of Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

EDITORIAL
Beurt SerVaas, Editor and Publisher
Cory SerVaas, Executive Editor and Publisher
Frederic A. Birmingham, Managing Editor and Associate Publisher
Starkey Flythe, Jr., Assistant Managing Editor and Associate Publisher
John Burkhart, Editor at Large
Associate Editor:
Julie Nixon Eisenhower
Assistant Editor:
Sonia Patten
Research Editor:
Astrid Henkels
Consulting Editors:
Dollie Cole, Roberts Ehrgott, Kristin SerVaas
Mary Alice Simpson
Beth Thomas

ART
Gary W. Lucas, Art Director
William Cragun, Assistant Art Director
Pamela Chisham, Assistant Manager
Andrea Eberbach, Art Associate
Robert Charles Howe and Lucian Lupinski, Illustrators
Edward F. Cortese
Consulting Art Director

PRODUCTION
Bob Fletcher, Production Manager

CIRCULATION
Helen Fowler, Judy Sears, Rushh Reynolds

ADVERTISING OFFICES
Joseph R. Spadea, Advertising Director; Robert Silvers, Associate Publisher; Don McPherson, Business Manager; Frederick B. Tuttle, Director of Marketing; Dieter Daus, Special Projects; Bertie Beitman, Director, Special Sections; Mary Ann Radigan, Merchandising; Mary Lou Smiley, Advertising Administrator; Joan Moreillon, Assistant Advertising Administrator, Donald R. Sutton, Research Director, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Ind. 46206, (317) 634-1100. Los Angeles: Paul Coutlee, Associate Publisher and Western Manager, 3345 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010, (213) 385-0221. Chicago: Moe Rutherford, Curtis Publishing Co., Wrigley Bldg., 400 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, (312) 467-6477. New York: Ron McIntyre, Eastern Director, Waldorf-Astoria, 301 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, (212) 371-0400. Atlanta: Miller & Tillman, 130 West Wieuca Rd., N.E., Suite 3, Atlanta, Ga. 30342, (404) 252-9588. Detroit: Joe Spadea, Vice President and Natl. Sales Director, 1018 Fisher Building, Detroit, Michigan 48202, (313) 875-2420-1. Dallas: Bill Sutherland, Mgr., 1726 National Bankers Life Building, Dallas, Texas 75201, (214) 742-6065. Denver: Art Helmers, Mgr., Helmers Associates, Inc., 6986 South Newland Street, Littleton, Colorado 80123, (303) 798-7290. Canada: Arthur B. Carveth, Regency Towers Hotel, Apt. 508, 89 Avenue Rd. Toronto, Ontario, Canada, (416) 923-1116. Robert Fredrickson, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46206, (317) 634-1100.

TABLE OF CONTENTS, APRIL 1974

Vol. 246, No. 3

FICTION

Giraffes Make A Strange Noise ..... A. L. PATTON 58
The Leopard ..... T. W. HARD 78

ARTICLES

Benjamin's Dream ..... ISAAC ASIMOV 8
Saudi Arabia Is Timely—And Timeless ..... HOWARD DERNTON 10
Caveat Emptor ..... JULIE NIXON EISENHOWER 18
Coal: An Answer To The Energy Crisis ..... JEP CADOU 24
The Uses Of Slang ..... S. I. HAYAKAWA 30
The Further Adventures Of Bob Howe 32
Vitamin C And The Common Cold ..... CEDRIC WILSON 34
Frank And Me And LBJ ..... JAYNE BRUMLEY 42
Problems Of Succession ..... OTTO VON HABSBURG 48
Producing A Better Quality Of Human Beings ..... CLAUDE E. FORKNER, M.D. 50
Debbie Reynolds Wows 'Em In Irene ..... ELLIOTT CAPLIN 52
Miami: The Yacht Brokers Of The World ..... JIM MARTENHOFF 54
Stars Fell On Alabama: Birmingham, To Be Exact ..... STARKEY FLYTHE, JR. 56
Lee Trevino: Golf's Newest Millionaire ..... JOSEPH DURSO 60
Case History Of A Carnegie Medal ..... JACK MARKOWITZ 62
The Old Gray Mare Ain't What You Think ..... DOLLIE COLE 64
Flights Of Fancy Over The Duck ..... DAN CARLINSKY 68
Richard Chamberlain: Kildare To Hamlet ..... CHARLES HIGHAM 70
Sunday Afternoon With The Ronald Reagans ..... PAUL F. HEALY 75
Art To The People ..... NANCY HANKS 80

DEPARTMENTS

Letters 4
Travel: Florida Forays ..... SUSAN COUVILLON 20
My Two-Year Flirtation With Japan, Part II ..... SANDRA SERVAAS 122
Movie Review ..... MILTON KRIMS 38
Editorials 46
Post Scripts 84
Read Aloud: Why The Sun Comes Up ..... CONSTANCE JO MOY 86
Books 88
Food: The Great American Food Revolution ..... WILLIAM BARRY FURLONG 116
Medical Mailbox ..... CORY SERVAAS, M.D. 130
Post Scholarships For Travel And Study In Europe 136
Keeping Posted 144

Cover photograph by John Engstead

Copyright 1974 The Saturday Evening Post Company, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46206. All rights reserved. Title reg. U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published monthly in 1974, except bimonthly in Jan./Feb., June/July, and Aug./Sept. The Saturday Evening Post editorial, business and circulation offices are located at 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46206. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: U.S. and Possessions: One year, $12.00. Canada: $13.50. All other countries: $14.00. POSTMASTER: Send Form 3579 to Saturday Evening Post Subscription Offices, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46206. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: With service adjustment requests send latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies, to Saturday Evening Post Subscription Offices, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46206. Allow six weeks for change of address. Second-class postage paid at Indianapolis, Indiana and at additional offices.

Finishes any surface expertly!

Rub 'n Buff finishes give you the professional touch, the easy techniques . . . making experts out of craftsmen and amateurs alike.

Rub 'n Buff in the $1.29 tube smooths on with a fingertip, buffs to a deep waxed sheen in a choice of 18 colors from metallic golds to Chinese Red, Ebony and White. Full-color how-to booklet shows you highlighting, blending, distressing on any surface.

Stain 'n Buff works the same magic with woods . . . finishing or retouching in six true woodtones at just $1.29 each. How-to booklet gives full expert directions.

Brush 'n Leaf brushes on, leafs into a beautiful metallic in golds or silver. Indoor leaf $1.69. Outdoor leaf $1.89.

See for yourself how easy and error-proof finishing can be with the easy media from:

Rub 'n Buff
Rub 'n Buff
Div. of American Art Clay
P. O. Box 68163
Indianapolis, Ind. 46268

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor

Where's The Fire?

Upon reading the long and somewhat vitriolic letter by Mr. Moss about the Ledyard Fire Department (Winter 1973) I felt the nostalgia of not having to hear any more of the same type in many, many towns who are privileged to have a volunteer fire department.

As organizer and chief for twenty-two years of a department in Vermont, I have often heard comments from my own townspeople and from residents of other towns about the inefficiency of the respective departments. With my experience, and having been an instructor in fire fighting for the state, I have learned that, for the most part, such comments are made by those who would not dream of giving up any of their leisure time to do the chores of a department, let alone go out in the middle of the night in the foulest weather to try to help an unfortunate neighbor. Volunteers often work with no recompense except the wonderful feeling of having helped someone, perhaps saving a life. It is my guess that Mr. Moss does not fall into that category.

The vast majority of volunteers give of their time for training, for maintaining the equipment and buildings, and, yes, for appearing in parades and competitions for trophies. In some cases members even pay dues to belong, in addition to the work of fighting fires and doing the necessary work to keep up a good department.

I wish I could remember an article I once read about volunteers; I cannot recall it in full, but here are some quotes:

If the (fire) trucks are traveling at forty miles per hour the damned fools are a bunch of reckless idiots.

If traveling at a lesser speed they sure take their time in getting there. If they make a good stop it couldn't have been much of a fire in the first place. If a building is lost, whether from lack of water, distance from the station or delays in receiving the alarm, they are a bunch of dubs. If it is necessary to open the building by breaking windows or opening the roof for ventilation, they might as well let it burn as to chop it down.

As to the critics in my town, I always assured them that their apparent superiority in such matters would be welcomed in the department if they would join and take their knocks with the other men. No takers.

Patrick Marshall
Boston, Massachusetts

Urgent Message

I have esteemed Dr. Franklin as one of our greatest Americans; the central figure of Asimov's dream was chosen well (January/February). He has also joined a rising chorus of voices which are telling 20th-century man that he is not as wise as he thinks he is merely because he has advanced so far in technology. There remains an unexplored ethical and moral frontier to be explored and developed.

If he should dream again, Moses and Jesus can appear where Dr. Franklin did, and I believe they'd have some worthwhile things to say.

Terry M. Blake
Flint, Michigan

Wide

Frederic A. Birmingham's article, "Stan Smith: Big Man, Big Game" (January/February), was as exciting as the Center Court at Wimbledon. He made Smith warm, human, believable. There is one small error, however. Hilton Head, Smith's home court, is in South Carolina, not North Carolina. As a frequent visitor to this glorious island, I have gotten cricks in my neck from watching both Stan Smith and Billie Jean King, who have been touring pros for the two racquet clubs there. The World Invitational Tennis Classic, played at the Hilton Head Racquet Club in September, will be televised for eleven weeks starting in April. So you see, you were a little wide.

Frances Morris
Atlanta, Georgia

Unintentional

In the January/February issue the article on John Denver omits the names of one of the leading authorities in North America on the Bighorn sheep, Dr. Valerius Geist of the University of Calgary (he is pictured examining the ram's horns on page 58), and Tommy Tompkins, veteran wilderness bushman of British Columbia (shown pointing out the rams' rutting site to Denver in northern Alberta–page 59). Both these men have done much to preserve this unique American animal and his wilderness habitat.

Wilfred Samuels
Toronto, Ontario

The superb photographs were by John G. Zimmerman who shot them on location for the filming of the G. E. Monogram Television Special, "Bighorn!"–Ed.

Postmen Most In Demand

An issue without Alexander Botts is no issue at all! We much appreciate the new Botts stories–and we'd love some of the old ones as well, for they bear retelling.

So also the Crush and Deo stories, the Glencannon series, and Tugboat Annie, to mention only a few. Others fondly recall Ben Ames Williams westerns.

Keep up your present good work! But let the light lit by your writers of old also shine again!

William V. North
Islamorada, Florida

Stollen Stymie

Annemarie's article, "Home for the Holidays," (November/December) is a recipe collector's delight; but I do have a question about the stollen she featured.

I followed Annemarie's recipe for the stollen and the result was quite delicious, particularly sliced and toasted, but the leavening called for was one tablespoon of baking powder, and the stollen was much like a large, heavily fruited biscuit. Yet under the photograph illustrating the stollen, this German Christmas delicacy is described as "a sweet yeast cake with raisins and nuts"–and that's what my impression of a stollen had always been: a type of rich sweet *yeast* bread (or cake).

In short, is there more than one type of stollen? And was the stollen illustrated in Annemarie's article made according to her baking powder recipe? (Somehow the texture of the loaf appears to reflect the caption more nearly than the recipe.)

Jean La Paz
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Although stollen is defined as a yeast bread, regional variations are not unknown. –Ed.

Turn About Unfair Play

The Saturday Evening Post is a joy to read. It contains something for every kind of taste: fiction, facts, fun and once in a while something to rouse the curiosity. For example, the picture of "The Waltons" (November/December, page 69). A good picture, but puzzling since John and his sons seemed to have parted their hair on the right side instead of, as usual, on the left, and the mark on John-Boy's cheek has also switched from left to right. I'm interested in the changeabout. How come?

Mary A. O'Brien
Scotia, New York

The photograph was inadvertently reversed, a transparent excuse. The Saturday Evening Post *regrets the error. –Ed.*

Laws . . . And Vets . . . Protect Rodeo Animals

I wish to protest a protest to "Clear Look at Rodeo" (November/December).

In reading this article, I begin to wonder about Mr. Morse's reasoning on this matter. The roping of calves and spurring of bulls and horses are no more cruel than the injuries that occur on the football field and in the boxing arena.

In all sporting events, there are doctors available, and so it is with rodeos. Veterinarians are always available. In attending rodeos in the southeast part of Texas for years, I have yet to see a casualty involving an animal; however, two young men have been killed.

Regarding the care of rodeo stock, I wish to inform one and all that there are no healthier, better cared for animals anywhere to be found.

There are laws in all of our states concerning cruelty to animals and, therefore, someone from the humane society accompanies the veterinarian to insure the safety of the animals involved.

There are two questions which I would like to ask the author of this letter: (1) If he is so concerned about cruelty to animals, does he also worry about the thousands of animals being sent to slaughter to provide us meat to eat? At least rodeo stock is alive. (2) If so many people believe rodeo is cruel, then I ask why rodeo is one of the leading sports in America today.

Laurie Bailey
Cut and Shoot, Texas

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN AN AGE WHEN CLASS LINES ARE BEING ERASED, QANTAS DRAWS ONE.

FOR BARGAIN HUNTERS:

BUDGET FLY/DRIVE AUSTRALIA. $770.

Fourteen days to discover Down Under at your own speed. You get an Avis sedan with automatic transmission plus 1000 free miles. What's more, you get 14 negotiable Voucher Checks worth $100 towards your hotel accommodations. Use them in full payment for budget hotels or add to them for the plush places. Group departures Fridays from San Francisco. Price based on two persons sharing a car. IT3QF1RR10.

SOUTH PACIFIC TOUR #1. $1011.

Seventeen days in New Zealand, Australia, Fiji. First class hotels, city tours in Auckland and Sydney, visits to the Blue Mountains of Australia and Mana Island and Nausori Highlands in Fiji are included. Group departures. IT3TE1AT10.

SOUTH PACIFIC VACATION. $1027.

Fifteen-day escorted tour takes you to Fiji, Australia, New Zealand. Price includes first class hotels throughout and experienced tour guides. Group departures three Saturdays a month. IT3QF11061.

SOUTH PACIFIC INTERLUDE. $1070.

Seventeen days to see Australia, New Zealand, Fiji and Tahiti with plenty of free time for your special interests. All for less than you'd pay for regular economy air fare. Price includes first class hotels, some meals, sightseeing, transfers, deluxe motorcoach transportation and local air travel. Independent departures every Friday. IT3QF11043.

To: Qantas, 360 Post St., San Francisco, CA 94108. Or call toll-free (800) 227-4500. (In California: (800) 622-0850.) Alright Qantas, I want to bag a bargain. Send me complete information on the following tour(s)_____

Name_____

Address_____

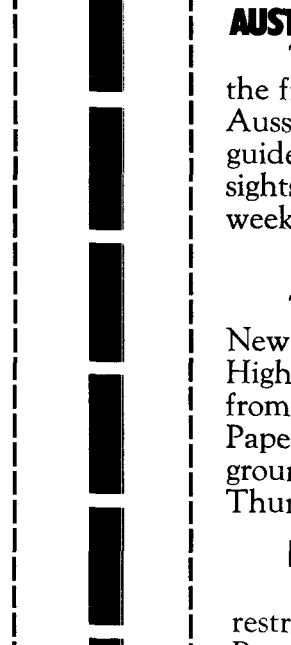
City_____

State_____ Zip_____

My Travel Agent is:_____

QANTAS
The Australian Airline.

SEP



FOR HIGH ROLLERS:

AUSTRALIA & NEW ZEALAND IN DEPTH. $1639.40.

Twenty-two days to meet the happy Fijians, the friendly New Zealanders, the exuberant Aussies. Tour includes deluxe motorcoaches with guides, first class accommodations, many meals, sightseeing. Three independent departures per week from San Francisco. IT3QF11044.

SOUTH PACIFIC TOUR #5. $2335.

Thirty-five day tour takes you to Tahiti, Fiji, New Zealand and Australia coast-to-coast. Highlights include the new Indian-Pacific train from Sydney to Perth, Rotorua in New Zealand, Papeete in Tahiti. Includes sightseeing, transfers, ground arrangements, hotels, train roomette. Thursday independent departures. IT3TE1AT11.

DELUXE SOUTH PACIFIC HOLIDAY. $2820.

Twenty-nine days for an unhurried tour restricted to 24 guests. Tour takes you to Tahiti, Bora Bora, New Zealand, Australia, Fiji. Experienced guides, deluxe hotels, most meals, tips, transfers. Travel by private car, coach and launch. Selected Friday departures. IT3QF1MPN1.

AIR/SEA WITH ROYAL VIKING. $2952.

Twenty-seven memorable days. You'll fly First Class to New Zealand's geysers and glaciers, to Australia's Sydney and the Outback. Then cruise aboard an all-new Royal Viking ship of Norwegian registry. And spirit. You'll see Tin Can Island, Pago Pago and Honolulu before you fly home from Hawaii. Various departure dates. IT3QF11022.

To: Qantas, 360 Post St., San Francisco, CA 94108. Or call toll-free (800) 227-4500. (In California: (800) 622-0850.) You're on, Qantas. This time I plan to shoot the works. Send me information on the following tour(s)_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

My Travel Agent is:_____

QANTAS
The Australian Airline.

SEP

Tour prices are per person from West Coast and include economy class air transportation based on applicable Group Inclusive and/or Individual Tour Fares. All fares subject to change without notice. Hotel and ship accommodations based on sharing twin-bedded rooms. Individual accommodations available at extra cost. Check with your travel agent for full details.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters

Time Table

I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw the cover of your November/December issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*. The sketch by Robert Charles Howe showing a family having their Christmas dinner was okay from a traditional point of view, but the table setting was a disaster!

Let's Set the Table with Edith Gilbert, published by Jet'iquette is being used as a textbook in schools and as a teaching aid by restaurants throughout the country, and you can readily see from the life-size 12" x 18" sketches that napkins are never placed on the right hand side of the plate. In addition, it is considered quite awkward to place a knife and spoon on top of a cloth napkin, because one has to move the utensils in order to put the napkin on one's lap. There is an exception: in public places when paper napkins are used, utensils are sometimes placed on top to keep them from blowing away. Another glaring error is to place the cutting edge of the knife away from the plate.

I certainly won't fault the artist for the many other discrepancies in the picture—we'll call that artistic license, if you will—but it seems absolutely incredible that the cover could have been approved by a number of people without anyone noticing these obvious faults. A cover such as this performs a great disservice to the public because so many people think when such a thing happens—which is often—that this must be the right way to do things! Probably numerous home economics and family living teachers will be using your picture as an example of "What's wrong with this picture." Then it will serve a worthy purpose after all!

Edith Gilbert
Charlevoix, Michigan

Editor's Note: In defense of the Waltons and their research department, The Saturday Evening Post *research department attests that this is indeed the way rural America set its table circa 1930 in the heart of the depression. And if rural America chose to place the table napkin on the right, can we arbitrarily enforce our "more correct" edict that table napkins "belong on the left"? It would seem easier for right-handed people to have the napkin on the right since they wouldn't have to reach across the plate to put it in their laps. Could we not consider changing this archaic custom, or find out why we place the napkin on the left? After all, the basis of etiquette is practicality.*

After All

What a pity! With all the genuine interest evidenced in astrology, you still found it necessary to use the defensive, tongue-in-cheek tone, before presenting some well-researched facts about the subject.

Are you threatened that astrologers ". . . have come up with some astonishing results to suggest that there may be something there after all," or are you projecting that the intelligent subscribers of *The Saturday Evening Post* won't read a serious presentation of the subject?

After all, editors, you did feature it as your cover story.

Diane Gusick
Douglaston, New York

Hogwash?

I feel compelled to object to the many articles on astrology in present magazines. As you say, the key question is whether astrology works or is merely superstitious hogwash. I am totally convinced it is hogwash. I am only one of many readers, but I think a mature, honest approach in the long run will do more for this great country of ours.

Arnold L. Lehmann, M.D.
Spokane, Washingtonn

Best In Fifty

I have read *The Saturday Evening Post* for over fifty years and I must tell you "The Dream" in your January/February issue written by Isaac Asimov is one of the best articles you have ever published.

Rowena Brauer
Olney, Illinois

Not So Good Old Days

If there are any liberals who yearn for "the good old days—before mechanization" etc., as S.I. Hayakawa says (January/February), I haven't met them. I am certainly not one of them and I don't want to replace automobiles with horses. In 1908 America obviously had a severe problem. That problem could not be solved by people consoling themselves with the thought that they were better off than were people before the horse was domesticated. Neither did the solution lie in the production of more horses.

Today it appears that there are problems of population growth, pollution, and a great many others. If these problems exist, they cannot be solved merely by rejoicing over the progress we have made or by producing more automobiles. If Dr. Hayakawa, or anyone, can convince me that these matters are not problems and that liberals and environmentalists are a bunch of alarmists, no one will be more grateful than I. It will take more than the kinds of comparisons made in Hayakawa's article, however, to convince me. It might be pointed out that there was more violence in America during the Civil War than during the twentieth century. This does not mean that the violence of the 1960's was no problem. Similarly, the fact that there was more crime, drug addiction, and venereal disease a century ago does not mean that we have no problems in 1974.

George B. Linn
Santa Paula, California

Mile High

In reference to your beautiful article on John Denver (January/February), what else? Far out!

Beth Roseberry
Phillipsburg, New Jersey

Working Technique

Your editorial page always has a rigid finger pointing subtly at the goal toward which the thinking runner dodges, drives, and plunges.

Your research will show, probably, that the steel industry, together with its employees, has found a working plan which makes strikes unnecessary. If they have, and if that formula is applicable to industry generally, then we have achieved our greatest victory.

When we in the United States produce a formula making any strike ridiculous we will, perforce, achieve a working technique capable of broad production with matchless efficiency.

If the plan is not yet perfected these pioneers have, at least, stirred the cauldron with a long spoon. They could come up with something like this: "The value of our product is equal to the work of all the people and things employed to produce it. So we evaluate LABOR, MANAGEMENT, CAPITAL INVESTMENT, INTANGIBLES, PROFIT: and allot to each its predetermined share, making periodic adjustments as conditions change."

THUS ENDETH INFLATION!

Freeman A. Davis
Woodland, California

Orchids

Orchids! Delighted to see the *Post* now providing something for the children. Often wondered why it hadn't been done. Doubly delighted at 'Julie' being there. We should say Mrs. Eisenhower but she seems to belong to us all and Julie sounds more endearing. As she mentions enjoying the rereading of stories, let us hope the *Post* will include occasionally one children can read for themselves, as well as the "Read Aloud."

Angela Porter
San Antonio, Texas

Read Aloud

Editor's note: All of the girls and boys in Mrs. Glenda Shilling's first grade class at Bradfield School in Garland, Texas, wrote letters to Julie Nixon Eisenhower expressing their appreciation for her story "Pasha Passes By" (January/February). Mrs. Eisenhower extends her thanks to all the children. We would like to share two of the letters with our readers.

Dear Mrs. Eisenhower,
i like your Story. the dog was fun. what Pasha Dun he was funny. But he was scerd. Becous he saw the Dog was scerd. from Bradfield Schl.

from Kellye Ready.

Dear Mrs. Eisenhower,
You story was great! The three dogs were very cute. King is very BIG! and vicky is very litell! But pasha is middle-sized. My frinds are, Jeanne Loveles, Jana Adams. Bradfild Schl.

Love Shari

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She needs your love

When this picture was taken, little Mie-Wen in Formosa already knew many things . . . the gnawing of hunger . . . the shivering of fear . . . the misery of being unwanted.

But she had never known love. Her mother died when she was born. Her father was poor—and didn't want a girl child. So Mie-Wen spent her baby years without the affection and security every child craves.

Your love can help give children like Mie-Wen the privileges you would wish for your own child.

Through Christian Children's Fund you can sponsor one of these youngsters, and create a bond of love between you and the child.

The cost? Only $12 a month. And your love is demonstrated in many practical ways . . . nourishing meals . . . medical care . . . warm clothing . . . school books . . . understanding housemothers.

In return you receive a personal history, photograph, plus a description of the Project where your child receives assistance. You can write to your child and your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

(If you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check to our office, and the *entire amount* will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

Won't you help? Urgent requests come from overseas every day. Children wrapping rags on their feet, school books years out of date, milk supplies exhausted, babies abandoned by unwed mothers.

Since 1938, thousands of American sponsors have found this to be an intimate person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with children around the world.

Little Mie-Wen and children like her need your love—won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa), Philippines, Indonesia and Guatemala. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country)_____
☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month. I enclose first payment of $_____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture.
I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____.
☐ Please send me more information.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____

Registered (VFA-080) with the U.S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto, 7.

SA 4040

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The *Post* published in the January/February, 1974 issue a story, "The Dream," by the famous science-fiction author Isaac Asimov which rivaled an Edgar Allan Poe creation in breadth of imagination, but far outdid the gloomy Poe in a radiant promise of hope. In it, old Ben Franklin, although light years away from our present time, reappears to question the author as to the parlous emotional state of the nation "his nation," the United States, poised on the edge of a Bicentennial anniversary, but so locked in uncertainties that no firm and noble celebration plan seemed to have emerged. *NOT celebrate the founding of this country with the proper glory and thankfulness, INDEED!* Franklin therefore proposes that our citizenry get with it immediately, and gather on July 4, 1976, at Cape Kennedy to launch a satellite which will beam medical knowledge for health and progress to our entire planet.

Since then mysterious forces have been at work, almost as if old Ben were putting a hand to the helm of a Bicentennial course.

A chorus of approval rose up from all sides.

I found Isaac Asimov's story entitled "The Dream" to express an ideal which should be coming to all men. The urgent need for all nations to unite against their real enemies (ignorance, hunger, disease, hatred) was beautifully brought to light through the person of Benjamin Franklin in this moving article. It's about time mankind worked toward the common goals of all sane beings. Let's hope this dream materializes before we all disintegrate.

Richard Henson, Brandon, Mississippi

I for one would like to be at the Bicentennial celebration, and I know I speak for millions of women. Volunteer women are needed to help get such a birthday party organized and I think the proposed event would offer a great chance for women's clubs to mobilize their members in a worthwhile and exciting cause. I'll help.

Evelyn Collins, Honolulu, Hawaii

I have read many of Asimov's books and have enjoyed most of them, being an S-F fan, but nothing has moved me quite as much as his story in the current S.E.P., "The Dream." Here he shows evidence of peace-keeping on an international scale.

It would appear that you should gang up with the U.N. and take steps to put old Ben's dream to work. I'd be right in there cheering for all of you and helping in any way I could.

Roswell T. Murray, Portland, Oregon

In Isaac Asimov's "Dream," Franklin asks whether Canada is part of the United States. No, we are not part of the United States, and although we've had our difficulties (the War of 1812 do you remember?) we wish to send our heartiest congratulations and support for the Bicentennial celebration. I urge as many from the Provinces who can, the Prime Minister and leaders, to participate as a show of strength and good feeling for the entire Western Hemisphere.

Jean DeVoe, Toronto, Ontario

And many, many more in an unparalleled public response as The Dream began to take on the trappings of reality and future promise.

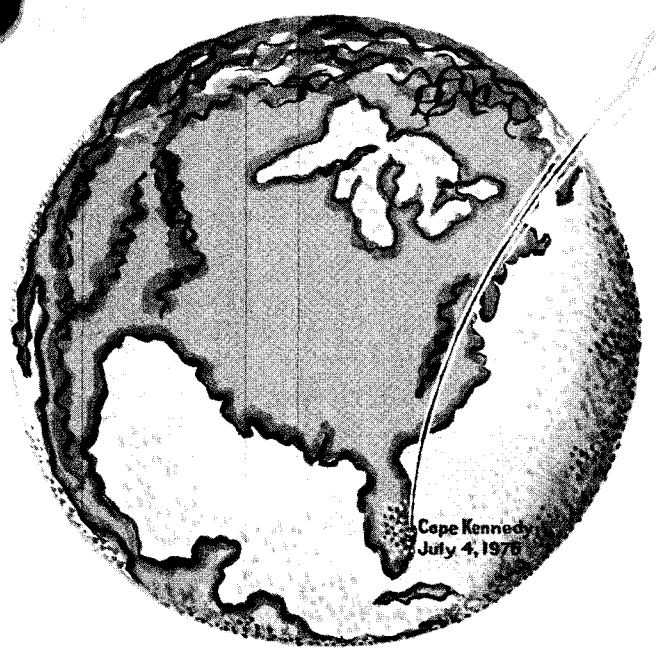
Encouraged by this turn of events, *Post* editors called Dr. Emanuel Fthenakis of the American Satellite Company, who - proving that science has a heart - listened and averred that Franklin's vision was more than a dream; it could happen. We called Anne Armstrong, White House Liaison Officer for the Bicentennial Commission. She listened and fed our hope with the comments:

A wonderfully imaginative idea. What makes it particularly exciting is that in the past, one could never even hope such a dream could come true. Yet in 1976, with the era of brotherhood which exists now, we can make the dream a reality.

We called Bill Ruckelshaus at the J.D.R. III Fund Bicentennial Project. He listened, called back, and who knows?

If Benjamin Franklin's dreams and visions of a brighter future for America give you any ideas on how you'd like your country to celebrate its birthday, won't you write to Benjamin Franklin, in care of *The Saturday Evening Post*, 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206. We've assigned old Ben a secretary to take care of his correspondence from now until the Bicentennial, and he'll surely appreciate some action from today's Americans who care. All suggestions will be relayed to Dr. B. Franklin the next time he communicates.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BENJAMIN'S DREAM

By Isaac Asimov

I was not nearly as disturbed the second time as I had been the first. In fact, I had been waiting, night after night, for it to happen again; disappointed when it hadn't.

I suppose I ought to have wondered if it were all the result of some mental disorder, but I didn't. I didn't even *care* whether it was or not. It had made sense and if that was disorder, then I wanted more of it.

And one night, finally, the time came when a dim light broke in on my uneasy sleep and began to grow brighter. I knew it was happening, of course, and I sat up.

He was there! Benjamin Franklin! It was just as it had been before.

"Mr. Franklin," I said, eagerly, "I've been waiting for two months for you to return."

Slowly, Benjamin Franklin, or his vision, put on his bifocal glasses and peered at me. "Two months, you say? It was only last night for me. The first day of the new year of 1790 is over, and at midnight it will be January 2—or was, for it is past midnight now by my time. Time goes differently for you and me, it would seem."

"I suppose so," I said.

"Rightly so. You are younger than I, and have many months to spare. I am old and perhaps have not." He looked at me closely for a while. "You are the same person that I saw before."

"Yes, I am."

He was too polite, perhaps, to look clearly disappointed and yet it seemed to me that he was masking just such a feeling. He said, "In the two months you have had, have you done anything about our discussion of, what was to me at least, last night?"

I said, "I have tried, sir. I have written of it, word for word, and it will be published."

"Written of it?" Franklin's aged fingers drummed briefly on his bedclothes. "Only that?"

"It is all I can do," I said. "I am not a member of the government."

He raised himself in his bed and leaned back against his plump pillows. "You read my mind," he said, frowning. "In this strange trance in which you and I find ourselves these nights, our communication does not seem to be by word alone."

I shrugged and felt the texture of the sheet that wrapped me. It seemed somehow faint to the touch as if it and I were not quite part of the same universe. I said, "Perhaps it is only a kind of dream, sir. That doesn't matter as long as we talk sense, does it?"

"What is your profession, sir?"

"I am a writer, Mr. Franklin."

"Like myself."

I spread out my hands. "I would not make that comparison."

"And what is it you write?"

"Many things. I am best known as a science fiction writer."

"That is an odd phrase. I am not familiar with it."

"I write romances based on science—or natural philosophy, to use the term familiar to you—as one imagines it to have developed in the future." I thought for examples that Franklin might know. "The third part of Swift's tales of Gulliver's travels," I said, "might be considered science fiction. Tales of flights to the moon, such as that written by the Frenchman, Cyrano de Bergerac, would be examples, also."

"Fantasies!" said Franklin, smiling broadly. "I see. A writer of such tales may say a great many things without being considered a dangerous madman. It is why I make contact with *you*, then; a certain madness is but to be expected of you."

I stiffened a bit, I think. "In the hands of a competent writer, these tales are *disciplined* fantasies."

"Ah, yes, you told me last night that men had indeed, and in sober truth, reached the moon. This statement of yours is not what you call science fiction now, eh?"

"No, sir. In truth and in fact, it is so. Even as I talk now, a man-made device is skirting the great planet, Jupiter, which is nearly two thousand times as far away from us as the moon. This device will take photographs of Jupiter—mechanically made portraits produced when light falls upon appropriate chemicals—that will be sent back to earth."

Franklin shook his head. "And your science fiction romances go beyond this unbelievable event?"

I said, "My world seems like a science fiction world even to those of us who have lived through the recent years to reach the present."

Franklin moved his candle to shield it more effectively from the draft. Dimly, I felt that it was colder in his part of the continuum that included us both than it was in mine. In his portion, it was a cold January night with only a smoldering fire to warm him. I felt that no warmth from the central heating in my apartment leaked across to him.

He said, "We spoke last time of launching a space vessel to celebrate the Bicentennial of the United States, but surely it should not be a mere flexing of human muscle. It should accomplish something. Might it contribute to health, for instance? What is the state of medical knowledge in your time?"

"Much more advanced than in your own, Mr. Franklin."

"Ah. I seem to gather as much," and again, as had been true on the first occasion, I felt that odd tickle or tingle that seemed to me to be Franklin's mind penetrating my own. "Yet we of the eighteenth century are not entirely ignorant. Consider our inoculation against smallpox!"

I said, a *trifle uneasily, for I hated to puncture* Franklin's complacency, "That inoculation was with smallpox itself, and it was a dangerous procedure. In only a few years after the moment in which you find yourself now in your world, there will be a new inoculation with the mild disease of cowpox instead. Vaccination, they called it, and from that true conquest of smallpox, medicine will march onward."

"Surely," and his eyes opened wide, "you have not found a cure for the aches in my joints or the occasional dizziness from which I now suffer and all the aches I have always been taught to consider inseparable from age."

"They are still inseparable, but we have made many strides and human beings live twice as long

Continued on page 138

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAUDI ARABIA

A mystical kingdom, holiest of holy lands, several times the size of Texas with the largest oil reserves in the world, remote, feudal, yet a long-time U.S. ally. But there are some who say it is all simply a mirage.

By Howard Dernton

It's a forbidding land, of austere desert and scorching heat. A forbidden land—when one thinks of Mecca, the center of the Muslim world. Saudi Arabia occupies four-fifths of the Arabian peninsula and governs half the population of that region. Founded in the 1920's by the purist Islamic Wahabis, to whom the ruling Saud family must still lend a furtive ear, this kingdom has brought unity to the area for the first time since Muhammad, in the seventh century. In the Mideast war of 1967, its allies, Egypt and Syria, bore the brunt of the military operations and the ensuing political wrangling. The aftermath of the Yom Kippur war was different. Once the Arab world decided on oil well diplomacy, to impose the fear of an energy shortage—or an energy catastrophe—on the rest of the world, it was clear that Saudi Arabia would become the leading political force.

The camel people scorn the **al-hadar**, *the sedentary folk of the town.*

Everything changes, nothing changes. The arc lamps of international concern beam down on this oil-rich kingdom while the realities of the desert and the ways of life of the majority of the citizens remain as they have for centuries.

The Arabian desert conjures up the delights of swirling chiffon, skilled amours and Copenhagen love. But its true face is tough, so different: the sand dune, not the divan. The life is puritan, stark, not luxurious; just—to the letter of the Koran—not corrupt; practical, not seething with feuds. The desert is harsh, inimical to anyone who has not learned to adapt; yet a point of return even for the city Arab.

Quentin Crewe, perhaps more than most authors, has captured this soul of Arabia, this spirit of the desert. He writes:

"The desert is a basic part of life for all Arabians. Every Friday (the Muslim Sunday) the inhabitants of Riyadh set out from the city in cars to picnic there.

"At first sight the desert is a sad disappointment to Europeans, whose eyes are trained to landscapes busy with incident and splashed with color. Presented with vast expanses bleached and robbed of shape by the high sun, they see nothing. All looks like a gigantic vacant lot, scrubby and dirty, lifeless and abandoned—miles and miles of drab sameness.

"A few days later you cannot imagine ever having this feeling. The desert becomes a place of infinite change and subtlety, alive and powerful. What seemed repetitive is now exciting in its delicate permutations. In moving across it, you get to know those places that can be safely driven over, and the patches of rippled sand that will snatch at the wheels of the car and bog them down. This means an hour's digging and pushing.

"Nowhere in the world does the time of day make so great a difference to the landscape. In early morning the sands are red and vibrant, instantly awake as soon as the sun gives shape to the dunes. The great crescents and domes look highest in the morning. The air is cold, crisping the knife-edge of the dune crests, and colors are sharper than you can remember them yesterday.

"By ten o'clock it is hot and the sun takes everything out of the desert. There are no shapes, no shadows—only the shimmering streaks of the mirages. The sun grips the desert until about four o'clock, when the white glare slants away from your eyes, revealing an almost glacial landscape. The shapes of the dunes return, somehow more rounded, perhaps blurred by the heat. Strangely, while the sands glowed in the cold morning light, now, in the hot evening, they look cold, reflecting the light.

The nomadic life of the desert conforms to* dirahs, *strict tribal territories defined by landmarks such as mountain ranges, hills, dry water courses, springs and waterholes. Close to the black goat-skin tents, camels peer from their large eyes. Majestic, yet spiteful, these animals are milked, fed and bartered by grateful owners.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Then it is dark, suddenly and conclusively, and the desert ceases to exist. There are only the stars—more vivid and real than you have ever seen them. This is a far cry from the seemingly drab waste of the first few days. But perhaps more important than the new meaning of the vast spaces is the recognition of the abundance of interest that lies within a hand's reach. The sand about you becomes a newspaper to be read and a thing of beauty in itself. At a glance you can tell who or what has passed that way—men and their camels, gazelles, scorpions, lizards, chameleons. In a short time one learns to concentrate on the smallest details. Having first had to absorb spaces greater than ever before, the eye then has to see the land more minutely than was ever necessary.

"The people who live in this desert are as hard and spare as the land they inhabit, for to survive demands unrelenting attention and a rigid code of behavior. To refuse a traveler is perhaps to kill him. To be refused may be a sentence of death. In this simple fact lies the basis of Arab hospitality. Every attitude is geared to survival. Various codes must not be open to question. A traveling companion must be totally reliable. If a Bedu is traveling with a stranger and they are attacked by the Bedu's family, he will kill his father and brother to protect his companion. No doubt is admissible.

"Once we had seen the way in which the nomads lived, we found ourselves accepting quite naturally the rules of desert life. We were some six hundred miles from even the smallest village when we first met the true nomads.

"We sat at a well. Suddenly, the men all vanished. They always saw things at least half a minute before we did. What they had seen was a Bedouin's head beginning to appear over the saucer rim of the depression in which the well lay. Before you could see the camel on which he was riding, our men had found their rifles, loaded them, and concealed themselves behind the trucks.

"For several minutes we waited. Then, one of our guides suddenly leapt out and advanced unarmed toward the rider, who dismounted. The two men kissed, rising slightly on their toes and bumping their noses together three times, but keeping their arms closely by their sides. It was our man's uncle, the outrider for a whole group of Bedouin. For nearly two hours they came, camels and people ambling gently, but certainly, toward the well. The group numbered about forty. They had spent the winter on the southern fringes of the great desert and were now crossing it to spend the summer at Jabrin, the only oasis in the Empty Quarter. There they would halt and a few of their party would go on to Riyadh or some large community to sell some

beat the heat... and the clock... with the SELECTRONIC

The SELECTRONIC portable microwave oven by Brown allows you to thaw, cook or reheat any food in one-half to one-eighth the time it would take you to cook by any other method. Since the entire unit is portable, you can move it around wherever you want to cook . . . it plugs into any 3-prong wall outlet. The special time setter dial lets you control precisely the amount of time, down to the second, and assures you of precision cooking every time. Anywhere you cook stays as cool as the rest of your home, since only the food inside, not the oven itself heats up. The big difference is time and sheer convenience . . . so, beat the heat and the clock with this super-capacity microwave oven.

relax, rely on BROWN

BROWN STOVE WORKS, INC.
CLEVELAND, TENNESSEE 37311

The microwave oven is easy to operate, you need only to follow these four simple steps:

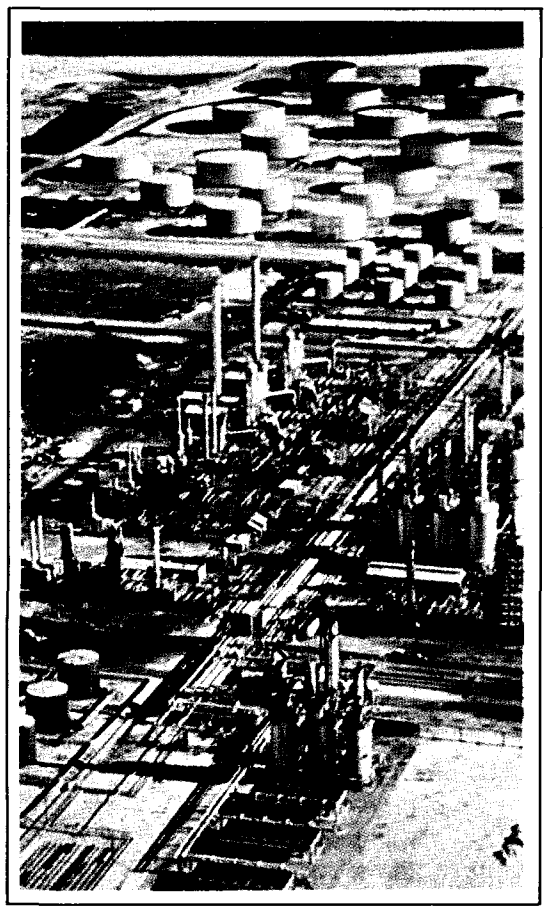
Put the food in the oven, making sure the door is closed.

Put "Cook-Thaw" switch in the "Cook" position. Switch on.

Set the timer.

Seconds or minutes later, serve.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



With 30 percent of the known reserves of crude oil, Saudi Arabia is the natural setting for the world's largest oil port at Ras Tanura.

of their two hundred camels. They would buy rice, clothing, sugar, flour, tomato paste, utensils, and perhaps a luxury, such as a rifle. Thus stocked for another year, they would gather dates at the oasis and wander forth again into the sands. Such was the regular cycle of their lives. For them we were an event. As each man arrived he came over to inspect us and, by the rules of hospitality, to share our lunch. The women, on the other hand, took great trouble to avoid us.

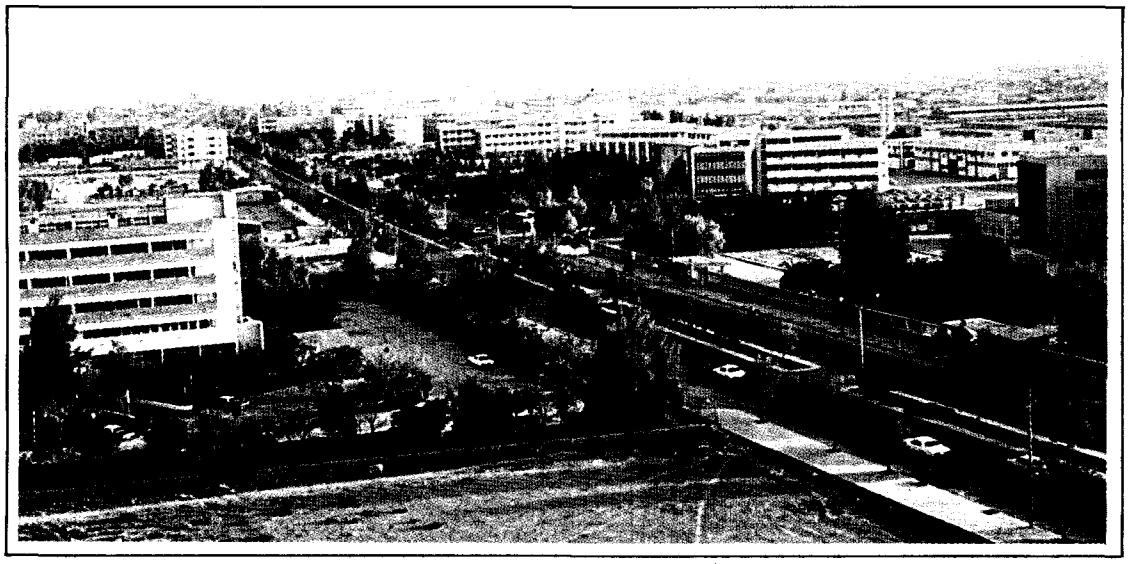
In olden days, such a "group of five" spelled danger. The khamsah, *made up of five generations of relatives, was the family arm in a blood feud.*

"Perhaps more important than anything else we saw in the desert was the unusual spectacle of a working religion. In Riyadh and in the villages around the desert, the strictness of the Muhammadan code seems out of place. Here, it appeared, it was an essential part of life. Very rapidly you learn not to be pained that a man to whom you give something regards it as Allah's bounty, not yours—for he would give you anything you asked for. Very easily you come to accept that if you have behaved today exactly as you behaved yesterday, then a misfortune or a piece of luck is the will of Allah. Fatalism, when indeed the slightest stroke of fate may change your destiny, seems not so feeble a concept.

"The Bedouin are a totally civilized people, if a primitive one. Their lives are guided by a simple, unfanatical belief in Allah. They kill easily but they are deeply shocked by torture. They have the universal Arab attitude toward sex—it is to be had as often as possible and as quickly as possible.

"As I watched a child working, a six-year-old boy who led a camel to and fro for an hour, pulling up the skin buckets from the well, I could not decide upon the rights and wrongs of his future. The children seemed never to have time to play, yet they were plainly as mischievous as other boys. I watched one of them, in the early dawn, creep into a huge water skin on a camel's back, hoping by hiding to be able to ride instead of walk for the first few hours of the day. His father found him, walloped him, and they both laughed."

The Arab way of life, rooted in the sands of the desert, has long intrigued anthropologists. But with the vast oil deposits underneath that desert linked to every gas pump in the world, Saudi Arabia takes on an economic significance that belies its centuries-old lifestyle. Not only will oil inevitably change the ways of the Saudis, but current events show its power to change the assumptions, attitudes and power of Western civilization itself.



Oil wealth has brought a construction boom to the cities. But movie houses and drinking places are forbidden. Women still wear veils and are not allowed to drive cars.

The new $75 million King Faisal Specialist Hospital in Riyadh, due for completion in early 1975, will provide the most modern health care for the people of Saudi Arabia and the surrounding Arab nations.

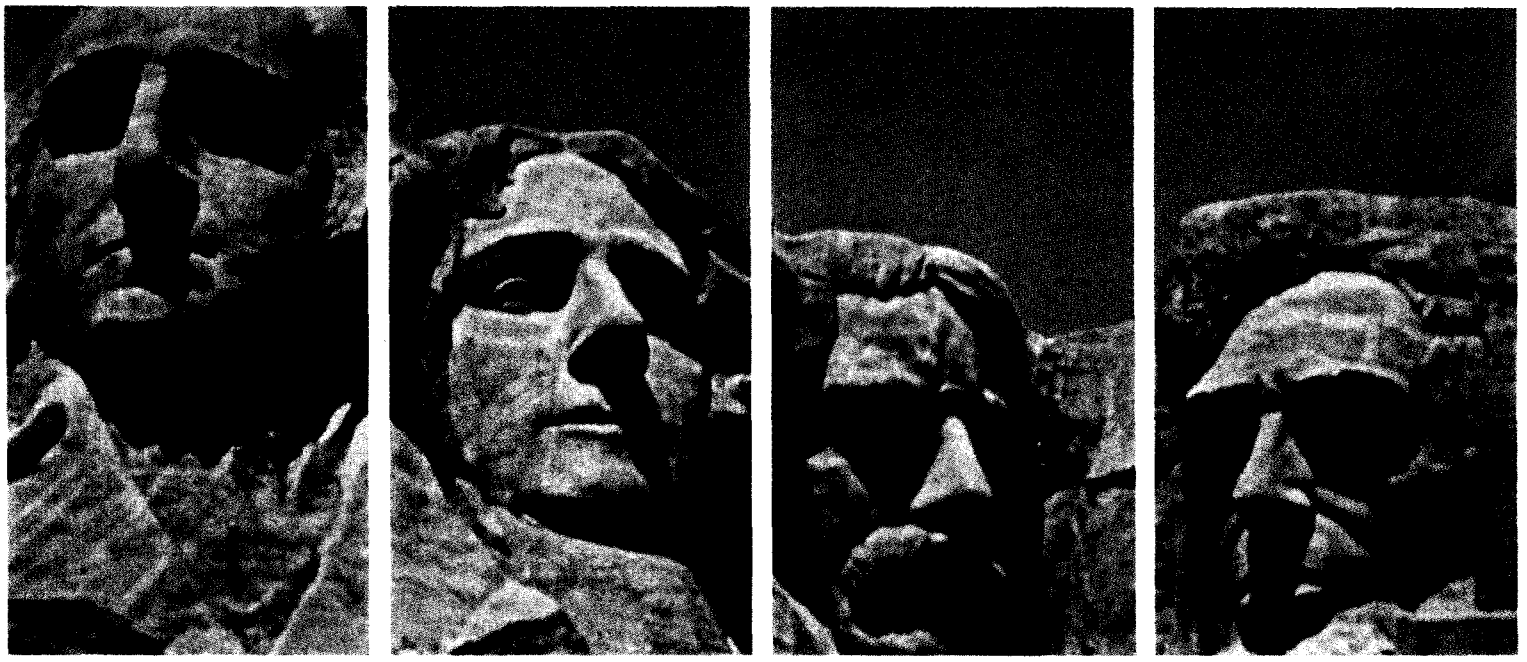
Soon after the establishment of the Saud kingdom in the 1920's, a severe economic crisis caused by the world slump hit the young state. No longer could devout Arabs find the resources to make the annual pilgrimage to Mecca—the nation's financial mainstay. For a mess of potage, in this case $120,000 in gold, King Ibn Saud granted an oil concession to what became known as ARAMCO, a consortium of U.S. oil companies. From the wells of eastern Arabia came the first oil in 1938.

The outbreak of World War II brought the next round of problems. The much-needed product could not escape the Axis U-boats. Again Ibn Saud turned to the United States for aid: his kingdom urgently required $10 million a year to survive. Washington was at first dubious but quickly saw that the well-being of Saudi Arabia was vital to the defense of this country. Harry Hopkins, Roosevelt's chief assistant, ruefully concluded that the money should be provided, although it was hard to "call that outfit a 'democracy.' " The money was duly handed over in return for a USAF airbase near the oilfields at Dhahran. America now had a base independent of the British positions at Cairo and Abadan and an installation larger than anything between Germany and Okinawa.

In February 1945, King Ibn Saud met the President on board a U.S. warship in the Red Sea. As a result of that meeting Saudi Arabia joined the Allied powers for the last months of the war. Shortly after the end of the war relations between the two countries declined again during the first "Arab oil scare." U.S. aid, however, continued unabated and by 1947 lend-lease

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

See Mt. Rushmore



Mt. Rushmore, Shrine of Democracy

and more...and more...and more...and more

Harney Peak | Ft. Randall Chapel | Northern Black Hills

and more...and more...and more...and more

Mail this coupon or phone us free. Our free South Dakota Trip-Pak tells you of camping, lodging, dude ranches! Buffalo, frontier forts, trout streams, agate beds! Gold mines, badlands, museums, cattle ranches! Canyon drives, rodeos, Indian powwows! Plus tours and maps to guide your family on a carefree adventure through the Old West!

SOUTH Dakota OF ALL PLACES

WRITE OR CALL FREE

© South Dakota Division of Tourism 1974

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

(Residents of Nebraska, Montana and South Dakota please call collect)

1-800-843-1930

South Dakota Division of Tourism, Dept. SEP, Pierre, South Dakota 57501

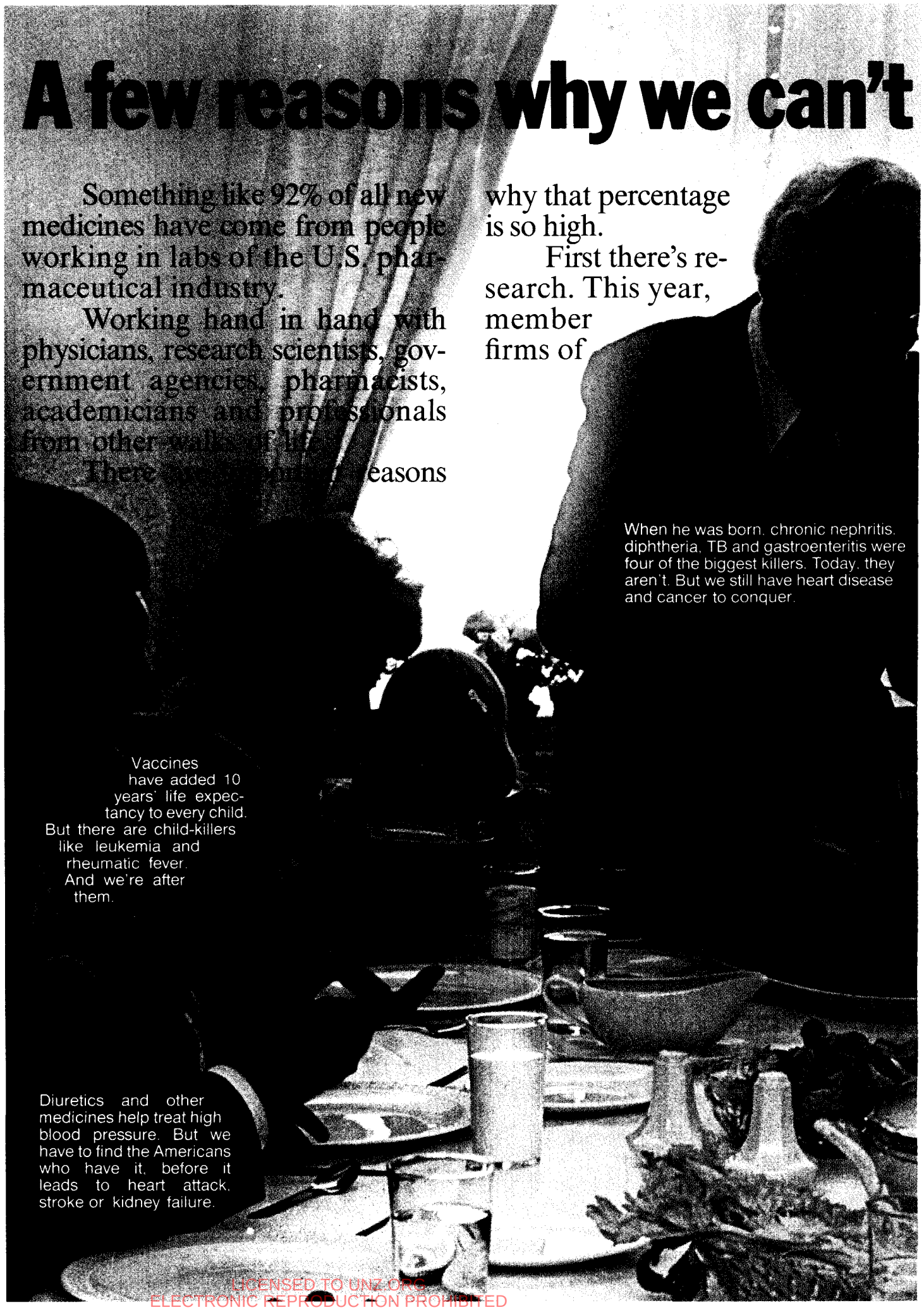
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

financing totaled $100 million. Industrial capital also poured in. By 1950, ARAMCO completed its $200-million Tapline oil pipeline which brought Saudi oil to the Mediterranean for use by the Sixth Fleet, among others. The company also furnished the king with a prestige railway from the oil-producing port of Dammam to the capital city of Riyadh. With some deft sidestepping into politics, for which some U.S. companies have since become notorious, ARAMCO also advised and trained pro-Saudi dissidents who were challenging British rule in the neighboring Sultanate of Oman.

The on-again, off-again relations between the two nations entered a new phase upon the death of Ibn Saud in 1953. Amid rising nationalism, Arabia courted Greek millionaire Aristotle Onassis and scorned the advances of the United States. The following year, in tones similar to the present ill feeling, Saudi Arabia complained that the $4.1 million figure for U.S. aid was too small in comparison with the aid being given to Israel. Instead of imposing an oil embargo, the government slapped United States fingers by placing a month-to-month renewal status on the base at Dhahran once the lease had run out in 1956.

With the Suez crisis in the following year, the international seesaw shifted again. The U.S. now attempted to woo the Arab conservatives through the Eisenhower doctrine, the new King Saud visited Washington, and the President broke tradition by going to welcome him at the airport. The cordiality paid off in a five-year lease of life for the base at Dhahran and Saudi Arabia received U.S. weaponry for an army twice its current size. Two short years later, Washington was busy supporting Prince Faisal in his bid to oust the king who had received such fanfare in the nation's capital. Once on the throne, Faisal set about repairing the ravages of his incompetent and wasteful predecessor—and making his kingdom a bulwark against revolutionary nationalism. In order to bolster this status quo, the U.S. sent jets and paratroopers to the country in 1963, when Egyptians attacking in North Yemen appeared to cast a hungry eye on the oil-rich neighbor.

Spurred by U.S. arms shipments and the threat of attack by fellow Arabs, the Saudis have built their forces to a strength of 36,000 infantry and 3,500 air personnel backed by seventy combat planes. Further expansion is currently planned. This military preeminence has enabled the country to dominate the surrounding states and


A few reasons why we can't
Something like 92% of all new medicines have come from people working in labs of the U.S. pharmaceutical industry.
Working hand in hand with physicians, research scientists, government agencies, pharmacists, academicians and professionals from other walks of life.
There are a few reasons
why that percentage is so high.
First there's research. This year, member firms of
When he was born, chronic nephritis, diphtheria, TB and gastroenteritis were four of the biggest killers. Today, they aren't. But we still have heart disease and cancer to conquer.
Vaccines have added 10 years' life expectancy to every child. But there are child-killers like leukemia and rheumatic fever. And we're after them.
Diuretics and other medicines help treat high blood pressure. But we have to find the Americans who have it, before it leads to heart attack, stroke or kidney failure.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stifle any possible internal opposition.

The industrial development of the Sixties can only be enhanced in this decade by the massive influx of wealth, already running at $8 billion annually, which will accrue from the steep increase in the cost of crude oil and the recently completed agreement to assume a 51 percent state control of oil production by 1983.

King Faisal will open a new $75 million hospital in Riyadh in early 1975. Riyadh is the largest city in Saudi Arabia. But it stands on the edge of Rub al Khali—the great Empty Quarter—where many of Arabia's fiercest and purest nomads live, maintaining the quality of life, the bare bones of existence, that have made the country a sort of moon-on-earth survival proving ground for the human spirit.

The hospital will serve both the urban population of Riyadh with its half million population and the vast mountains and deserts that still frugally nourish large segments of the country's people. There will be 250 beds with a large staff of doctors and technicians from western Europe. Within a few years most of these people will have trained Saudis to fill their positions, though it is anticipated most of the physicians will still come from Europe or America, or if native, be trained there.

Dr. Rifat Alsayed Ali, personal physician to the King, said, "We are building the best possible referral health care facility for the people of the Middle East, and we are determined to secure the most competent management available for our hospital."

The hospital is being built by Hospital Corporation of America, which has a contract extending to 1980 to recruit employees and medical staff and to manage the hospital.

There will be eight operating theaters, obstetrics, pediatrics, coronary and intensive care units, inhalation and physical therapy, emergency facilities, complete X-ray and laboratory facilities and a highly sophisticated medical computer system. The building is located on a ninety-acre tract, evidence of the vastness—even in its cities—of space in Saudi Arabia, which is half the size of the continental U.S.

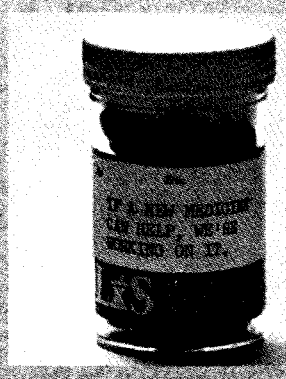
John C. Neff, president of the Hospital Corporation of America, sees the hospital as an international community which will heal ancient enmities as well as diseases. Because of the nomadic lives of the Arabs they often find boundary disputes—the cause of most wars—a displeasing concept which, in its turn, has displeased neighbors

possibly rest on our laurels.

the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association are spending about $810,000,000 of their own money to find new medicines.

In many ways, the second reason is more basic. It's knowing that if we don't keep on searching down as many roads as we can, there'll be more suffering and less healing. And, for us, that's a most significant fact of life.

We'd like to tell you more about pharmaceuticals in general. Send for our free booklet, "When It Comes to Rx Medicines, There Are A Lot of Questions You Should Ask." Write: The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, Dept. 2 PS, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.



The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association

Medicines can control allergies, diabetes, even cure venereal diseases. The big job: diagnose those conditions earlier.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who would engage in combat over lines drawn in the sand. But when one of the leaders of the Trucial States—say, Yemen, or Oman—is in Riyadh, ill, in a hospital, and the sacred duties of hospitality are being observed, flare-ups between the countries become unlikely.

Although the hospital will include a private utility system, commissary and housing for the hospital staff, it is hoped staffers will slowly pervade the cut stone squares of the city. And that the city will pervade—just as gently—the hospital compound.

One comes to Riyadh from Jeddah (the town closest to Mecca, still largely forbidden to Westerners), or from Dhahran (the ARAMCO's oil headquarters on the Arabian Gulf). Dhahran is almost a parking-lot city—a space of buildings and squares that had nothing to adjust to, since its beginnings never coagulated into the usual desert community. Jeddah is much more the mysterious East of purdah and pilgrimage. The houses jut out over the street like Elizabethan dwellings and almost touch each other toward their top stories. Carved wooden bays catch the few breezes that lift themselves up from the Red Sea and the mountains of Eritrea fifty kilometers inland from the opposite shore.

The new King Faisal Specialist Hospital is Hospital Corporation of America's first overseas operation, owning and managing fifty-two hospitals in twelve states. Neff is not worried about his organization's performance: "Although our management contract is for seven years, we are hopeful of developing a longer term relationship with this hospital."

In spite of the primitive way of life, by Western standards, of most of its people, Saudi Arabia, by throwing down its trump card dramatically, has achieved world power status overnight. She can manipulate her vast oil resources, her vast foreign currency reserves, at will. Given the present delicate balance of world power, other nations do not dare to overreact to her fanatical, even whimsical acts. This Christmas, when a bountiful Saudi Arabia deigned to allow oil to flow again—to friendly nations—a grateful world bowed obligingly and doubled its payments.

The future will see frenetic attempts by other powers to break this dependence on oil. For Saudi Arabia, the great test will come from within. The coffers of oil revenue lie locked beside the bed of the ruling Saud family. Can some portion of that money be dispensed quickly and equitably enough to allay the growing frustrations of an articulate, western-trained middle class?

No matter what happens, the desert with its mysterious beauty and strength will remain.

YOUR FTD EXTRA TOUCH FLORISTS PRESENT

Extra Touching Stories

MEANWHILE

LAST WEEK MILLIE BUSSE IN TULSA WAS EXTRA-TOUCHED BY HER BROTHER IN LOS ANGELES.

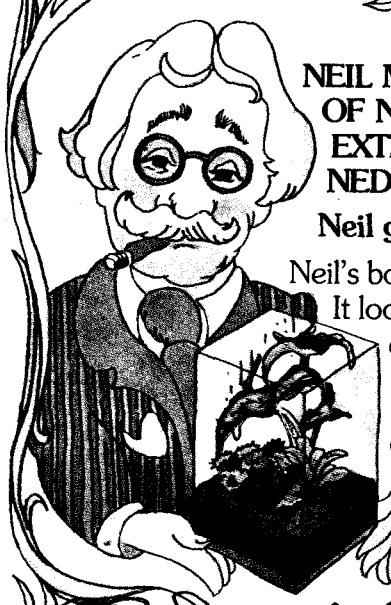
She made him cry, "Uncle!"

The new uncle did it by sending Flowers with the Extra Touch of Fondue-for-two. When she comes home from the hospital, Millie will use the Fondue-for-two ... for three.

NEIL McDONNELL OF NASHVILLE JUST EXTRA-TOUCHED HIS BOSS NED DOHERTY IN BIRMINGHAM.

Neil got a bonus!

Neil's boss loved the FTD Terrarium. It looks terrific on his big executive desk, and it's a breeze to care for. Nice going, Neil!



"Your Extra Touch Florist"

FTD

NANCY HUNTINGTON IN BOSTON WAS JUST EXTRA-TOUCHED BY HER EX-SWEETHEART IN FARGO.

He was a good loser.

Her "ex" sent Flowers with the Extra Touch of a hand painted watering pitcher. It was a winner.

Now send flowers with the FTD Extra Touch.™

The Extra Touch you see is the "extra thought" they receive, telling them "I care" or "I remember." Nothing could be easier. Just call or visit your FTD Florist. He'll Extra Touch anyone—almost anywhere by wire, the FTD way. Do it today. (Most FTD Florists accept major credit cards.)

©1973 Florists' Transworld Delivery Association

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to collect from Social Security at any age!

© 1974, Good News Publishing Co.

Would you like to know how much money you have invested in Social Security right to the penny? Then would you like to know how to get the most from that investment including all the brand new Social Security benefits? Now you can do both by using the short easy coupon at the bottom of this page. Here is the way it works. The left half of the coupon will be sent to the proper government office. They will run a check on your account and then send you a report in a confidential sealed envelope. This report will tell you how much of your earnings have been recorded in your Social Security account year by year. There is no charge for this service, not even postage.

The right half of the coupon will be used as a shipping label to send you a copy of a new book entitled, "How to collect from Social Security at any age." If you think that you have to wait until retirement age to start collecting your Social Security benefits, this book will really open your eyes. Here are some of the little-known facts about Social Security you will find out about in this book:

- How to increase the amount of your payment if you are already on Social Security.
- How to collect your share of the brand new Social Security benefits just passed by Congress.
- How to qualify for Social Security disability pensions at any age.
- How to increase your Social Security benefits.
- How to report your Farm income for Social Security.
- How to make your whole family eligible for Social Security benefits, even your youngest children.
- How to replace a lost Social Security card.
- How to replace a lost Social Security check.
- How to get a refund if you have overpaid your Social Security taxes. (Studies show that two out of three people overpay.)
- How to figure out what your Social Security retirement payments should be.
- Should you tatoo your Social Security number on your body?
- What papers do you need in order to file a Social Security claim?
- How ten million people who are only 30 years old, on the average, collect Social Security.
- Should you get a divorce in order to get more Social Security? (a lot of people already have.)
- Should you have two Social Security cards?
- How to get free services which are available from Social Security.
- How to make sure your employer is not cheating you on your Social Security.
- How you may be cheating yourself out of your Social Security benefits.
- When are the five times you should get in touch with your Social Security office?
- How to work and still get Social Security benefits.
- How to cash in on Social Security even if you've never paid a penny into it.
- How to get hospital and medical insurance for the aged.
- How students between the ages of 18 and 22 can get Social Security cash benefits.
- How to get the special Social Security benefits that are only for veterans.

Although this book can mean hundreds and perhaps thousands of dollars to you, it is priced at only $3.00. Remember, it is not enough to qualify for your Social Security benefits. To get your benefits you must know how to apply for them. The book tells you how to qualify, who to contact—including all necessary addresses, and what to say. This is a 100% no risk offer. If you do not like the book, return it and your $3.00 will be immediately refunded. You will still get the confidential report on your Social Security account.

If you do not take advantage of your new Social Security benefits, you are only cheating yourself, after all, you have already paid for them. It is easy to start getting your new Social Security benefits. Just fill out both parts of the coupon below. Mail the coupon and $3.00 in cash, check or money order to The Good News Publishing Co., 7576 Freedom Ave., North Canton, Ohio 44720. The book will be sent to you immediately by return mail. Your confidential Social Security report will be mailed to you separately as soon as the government has finished checking on your account. Checks and money orders should be made payable to The Good News Publishing Company.

REQUEST FOR STATEMENT OF EARNINGS

SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER →

DATE OF BIRTH → MONTH | DAY | YEAR

Please send a statement of my Social Security earnings to:

NAME { MISS / MRS. / MR. } _____

STREET & NUMBER _____

CITY & STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

Print Name and Address In Ink Or Use Typewriter

SIGN YOUR NAME HERE (DO NOT PRINT) _____

Sign your own name only. Under the law, information in your social security record is confidential and anyone who signs another person's name can be prosecuted. If you have changed your name from that shown on your social security card, please copy your name below exactly as it appears on your card.

1033

Please send me_____copies of your report @ $3.00 each "HOW TO COLLECT FROM SOCIAL SECURITY AT ANY AGE" to the address below:

Make check payable to **THE GOOD NEWS PUBLISHING COMPANY**
7576 Freedom Avenue N.W.,
North Canton, Ohio 44720

SHIPPING LABEL

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

1033

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAVEAT EMPTOR

"Let the Buyer Beware." Why we need consumer education now.

By Julie Nixon Eisenhower

Not long ago I read in a wire service report that Virginia Knauer, Presidential Assistant for Consumer Affairs, believes she has the most exciting job in Washington! I wanted to find out why. So Mrs. Knauer and I spent over an hour together talking about the now famous battle of the beef prices and what the consumer needs to know about conserving energy. But what I remember most about the conversation is the Oriental proverb which Mrs. Knauer quoted: "If you give a man a fish, he will have a single meal; if you teach him how to fish, he will eat all his life." That simple phrase expresses so beautifully the urgent need to provide every citizen with consumer education so that he not only is equal to the complexities of the marketplace in 1974, but also knows where and whom to turn to when he needs help. The words "most exciting job in Washington" make sense to me now. Exciting because Mrs. Knauer has the opportunity to reach people, to provide them with a wealth of information. Exciting also because she can change lives, and even a way of life, for the better.

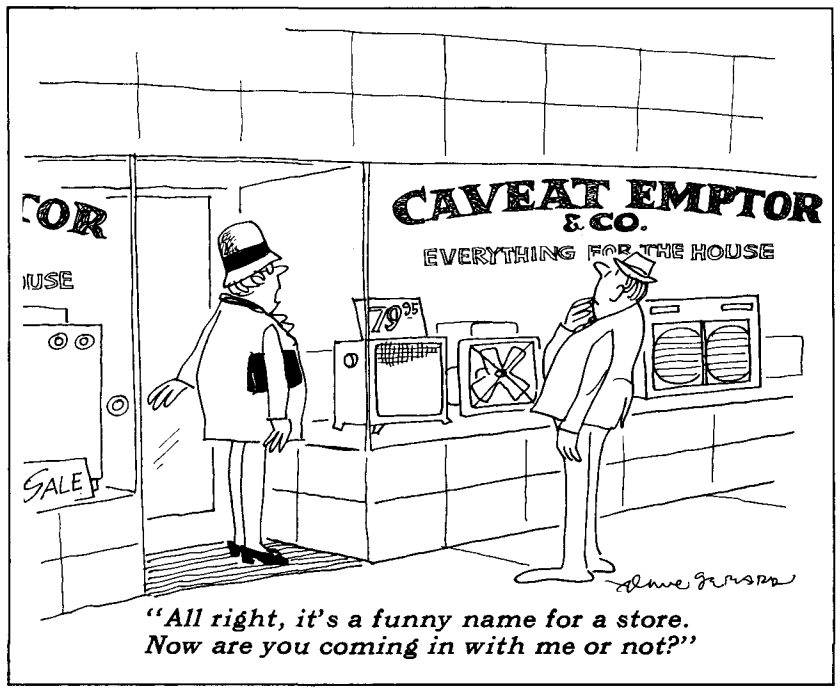
After meeting with Mrs. Knauer, I kept asking myself these questions: Why is one billion dollars spent annually, primarily by senior citizens, on worthless or misrepresented drugs, foods, and cosmetics? Why did approximately 200,000 non-business or family bankruptcies occur in the last year alone? And why does the consumer lose what is estimated to be billions of dollars each year because of fraud and deceptive practices in home repairs and improvements?

Virginia Knauer, after traveling one-half million miles and meeting with literally thousands of people in all fifty states, concludes that the questions posed above represent only a fraction of consumer injustices and difficulties. For example, while fraud and deception are the most dramatic and outrageous things that happen to consumers, in terms of total dollars Americans lose far more in simple day-by-day misspending in the marketplace. Consumer illiteracy, in Mrs. Knauer's words, is "the problem of rich and poor, the educated and the undereducated, the low income family and the upper income family, those who live in poverty and those who live in splendor." Official government figures indicate that 45 percent of the population over age twenty-five have not finished high school. These individuals need consumer education. Yet the wealthy retiree who buys a building lot without ever seeing it, and without looking into possible restrictive coverance and tax liens, needs consumer education just as desperately. The sad truth is that today less than 1 percent of the male population in the United States receives any form of consumer education, and only 35 percent of the women do, mostly because of home economics courses. And yet, never before has America had a greater need for consumer expertise and knowledge.

Until a few decades ago, children in our schools required and received a producer education. In other words, Americans had to know how to produce enough to satisfy basic needs. But the 1970's demand a new educational focus. Production is taken for granted by most people; the emphasis should now be on the consumer because of the increasingly complex marketplace. Without a doubt, the consumer faces a bewildering number of choices which are compounded by the added factors of credit cards and self-service. Each year the products we buy are more complex and difficult to operate. Advertising claims are harder to assess. And inevitably, the marketplace becomes more and more impersonal. Mrs. Knauer points out that the superficially simple act of purchasing a stereo hi-fi system can turn into a nightmare:

The term "watts" means different things to different manufacturers. The advertisement which reads "100 watts" can mean 100 per channel, 100-watt total for all channels, 100 watts only on one frequency band, 100 watts with a great distortion rate, or 100 watts with minimum distortion.

An average of six to seven thousand letters and four hundred phone calls pour into the Office of Consumer Affairs each month. These calls for help indicate an inability to use credit or to read a warranty; to recognize fraud and to manage income. And most of all they indicate we need consumer education for young and old alike so that the individual knows enough about consumer protection laws to demand his rights, and knows where to go when he reaches a roadblock.



"All right, it's a funny name for a store. Now are you coming in with me or not?"

Mrs. Knauer expresses the need in another way: "Unless consumers understand and use the tools that are made available to them in the marketplace, the development of those tools is a waste of effort."

It is a myth that the "little man," the average person, is left out of the consumer picture today. There is indeed hope—a place to turn—and a chance to be part of the action. For example, a toll-free hot line—(800) 638-2666—now enables the consumer to get immediate information about hazardous consumer products. In addition, you can use the telephone number to complain about a product if you think it is unsafe or to report injury caused by a dangerous consumer product. Twice a month, *Consumer Newsletter* is published with pertinent, practical facts on topical subjects such as how to save energy or how to guard against the flu. The newsletter is supplemented by the *Consumer Register,* which provides information on where to write to comment on proposed federal regulations. Virginia Knauer's theme—which she repeats whether she is meeting with the Pottstown, Pennsylvania, Rotary Club or speaking before the American Gas Association—is "speak up." The *Consumer Register* gives concerned citizens the opportunity to make known their views on various products. In addition, Mrs. Knauer urges consumers to form their own organizations and even points to a "how to" book published by the Office of Consumer Affairs. *Forming Consumer Organizations* is written in three parts: how to form an organization, how to operate it, and how to get it going with suggested projects and programs.

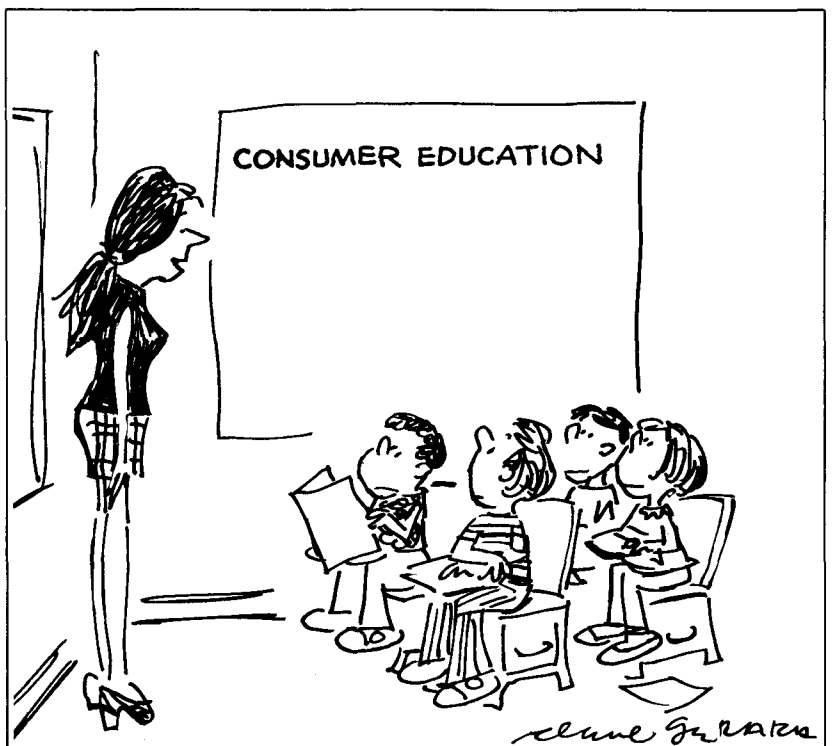
Sometimes you simply reach a dead end on a complaint; the store can't help you and the manufacturer doesn't answer your letter. There is new hope today because of four Consumer Action Panels made up of independent consumer experts. The makers of furniture, automobiles, carpets, and appliances are setting an example for other industries which do not yet have panels where consumer complaints can be worked out. If the manufacturer and the consumer, or the retailer and the consumer, cannot resolve their differences, it is vitally important that the consumer be able to turn to an independent forum. The Consumer Action Panels provide that forum. Since the formation of the appliance action panel, for example, there has been a dramatic decrease in the number of complaints about major appliances. Not only does the panel help the consumer, but it also helps industry foresee and perhaps even forestall consumer problems. One of the greatest advantages of using the panel is that direct government regulation is avoided. Industry is given a chance to voluntarily meet

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

consumer needs. Mrs. Knauer is hopeful that public interest and pressure will encourage other industries to form Consumer Action Panels.

In recent years, the saying "business got lost in the board room" was only too true. Even today many Americans feel that business is unresponsive, even uncaring. A Louis Harris survey indicates that confidence in business leaders since 1966 has fallen from 55 percent to 27 percent, a sharp drop of twenty-eight points. Part of the difficulty is that business is so big, half the time it loses touch with the average consumer. Consumer complaints about services and products are too often handled way down in the lower echelons of the company. Today, however, there is a hopeful trend toward hiring one individual on each board whose primary mission is to represent consumer interests. Happily, business is discovering that responsiveness to consumers and innovativeness pay off and even force the competition to imitate in order to keep up. A good example of business reacting to consumer needs is the advent of unit pricing. Because of vocal and effective leadership in support of unit pricing, today 95 percent of chain grocery stores voluntarily unit price their merchandise so that the individual knows the worth of each can of soup or box of cookies.

But what good will it do for the Office of Consumer Affairs and a small minority of citizens to urge grocery stores to unit price items and list nutritional components if the average consumer does not understand unit pricing or care about nutritional labeling? Ultimately the key to better product performance and service for the consumer comes down to education, the need to reach every American. Some states are already making use of the books *Suggested Guidelines for Consumer Education* and the *Consumer Education Bibliography*, which try to provide all information imaginable on consumer needs. One state, Kentucky, is bringing consumer education to people who can't or won't go to school. By means of "drop by" centers in church basements or in store fronts throughout the Appalachian region, individuals are getting help for everyday living. The ideas and manpower for another exciting consumer education project originated from the all-Indian Pueblo Council. The federal government has made it possible for the nineteen Pueblo villages in New Mexico to participate in consumer education classes and counseling. Beyond that, the program serves as a consumer advocate for the Indian people.



"Now the question here is, did Jack make a wise purchase when he traded the family cow for a magic bean?"

Virginia Knauer is convinced that informing the consumer is one of the greatest challenges facing this country. Most important of all is the goal of consumer education which begins in kindergarten and continues through grade twelve. Too often children are overlooked as consumers. As Mrs. Knauer expresses it, will our children be able to "avoid the gyps we were forced to endure, the voicelessness, the powerlessness"? She urges bringing consumer education out of the shadows and recognizing it as education for life. It is needed by children for each commercial transaction which lies ahead; it is needed for everyday living. Consumer education should not be relegated to home economics. *Suggested Guidelines for Consumer Education; Grades Kindergarten Through Twelve* was published by the President's Committee on Consumer Interests. From reading the booklet, one learns that there are many ways to approach consumerism, that perhaps the best way to handle the consumer subject is to integrate it into existing courses so that in a reading class, for example, the children spend several of their reading periods on books concerning money and buying decisions. The strength of *Guidelines* is its practicability: it is full of ideas on classroom projects and field trips, and it offers specific content areas for each age group. Only two states, Hawaii and Illinois, have requirements for consumer education. In the hope of nudging the other forty-eight states to require consumer courses for their residents, Mrs. Knauer strongly supports the appointment of a national director for consumer education in the Office of Education, someone who can give guidance and impetus to the concept of offering vital consumer skills for coping with life.

Beyond the specific course work, children must be encouraged to explore their values so that in making buying decisions they understand their needs as much as their wants. Self-confidence, so that a wise decision can be made, and awareness, so that one knows where to turn for help, are the ultimate goals of consumer education.

In the past, men and women have used the term "crusade" to mobilize public support for something they believe in deeply—the religious crusades. Dwight Eisenhower's *Crusade in Europe* and the crusades for civil rights come to mind. Consumer education—namely, reaching every American so he has facts about nutrition, income handling, and how to make the marketplace responsive to his needs—is also a great goal. Consumer education can change the quality of life in America. Let's support the consumer education crusade now.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FLORIDA FORAYS

Post roads to adventure in the most rewarding byways of a State of relaxation.

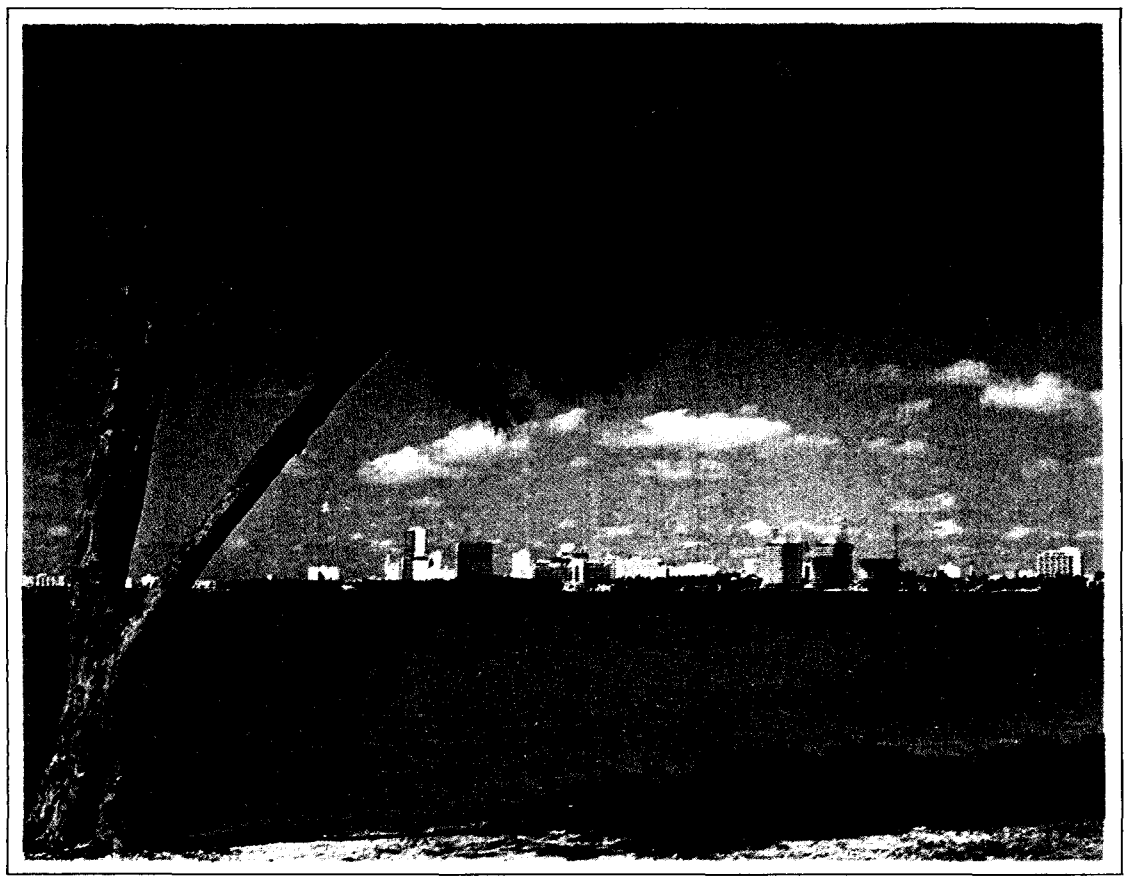
By Susan Couvillon

The myth dies hard. That Florida is Coppertone country. A thousand-mile strip of white sand on which families from small towns in South Dakota broil and sizzle next to families from small towns in Maine. Where each Christmas vacation the cults of the college lemming migration practice holiday rites under the Fort Lauderdale sun–and moon. To think of Florida as only beaches, and they are among the world's magnificent, is to miss the total beauty and diversity of the state. Florida is an acquired taste. Not to be sipped from a paper cup at a roadside stand. After all, Ponce de Leon sought the Fountain of Youth by plunging off the trail into the palm, bougainvillea, hibiscus and saw grass.

Jacksonville is a good place to break the spell of Interstate 95 on the road to Miami. Travelers from the Atlantic seaboard come across the sparkling city abruptly on entering Florida from the northeast. The robins like it. They arrive here a month before they venture farther north. The St. Johns River meanders downtown, past the nestle of skyscrapers; 827 square miles of space permit the city to breathe deeply. Home of half a million and site of the Gator Bowl. A museum and planetarium satisfy the children; adult fare at the auditorium ranges from Preservation Hall jazz to the Argentine Woodwind Quartet. And the adults aren't hanging moss: the average is less than twenty-seven years.

It is against the law to pick the sea oats. They keep beaches like Daytona flat and hard.

Art is long; life is short. Florida is miraculous in prolonging both.



Miami Beach, a sort of fixed ocean liner that moves eternally toward pleasure. Its birthday-cake whiteness dazzles; its sea and sky spell happy birthday every day.

After a tank of gas the driver should become stubbornly independent, turn a deaf ear to the sweet siren music of the endless interstate, and take the A1A coastal road which runs south from Jacksonville. In no time you are in the exclusive suburb of Ponte Vedra Beach. Slip down to the beach drive to window shop for an oceanfront mansion, a membership in a beach club. Homes dwindle as the sparkling water laps against the road leading south on both sides; the Atlantic to the left, the Intracoastal Waterway to the right.

St. Augustine, the nation's oldest city, lies forty-five miles away. The beachball myth of Florida bursts against the twelve-foot-thick battlement walls of the Castillo De San Marcos. The bright reds and yellows of Spanish halberdiers drift behind cannon nozzles. Below the walls, horse-drawn surreys jaunt through restored 17th-century streets. In the tiny buildings with their garlanded patios a weaver works on a 1797 loom; the *East Florida Gazette* newspaper is printed on a Franklin press. There's a master woodcarver, a blacksmith, a bayberry candlemaker. The city abounds in carefully restored antiquity: the nation's oldest schoolhouse, the Cathedral of St. Augustine which was served by Irish priests during the second Spanish occupation of Florida (from 1784 to 1821), an original 19th-century general store. As one resident mused, "I'm never quite sure if I'm living in the past or the present."

The modern history of St. Augustine began during the winter of 1883-1884 when Henry Flagler, a co-founder of the Standard Oil Company, visited the city and was struck with its charm and possibilities. He built the Ponce de Leon Hotel; the Alcazar and Cordova Hotels went up overnight (Arabian). With their opening the rich and fashionable settled in, and St. Augustine soon became known as the "Southern Newport."

Flagler bought the surrounding railroads at the time he started his hotels, thus beginning the Florida Coast Railroad which tracked its way down the east coast of the state, creating Palm Beach (Flagler's mansion there is open to the public–his tub molded from a single slab of sienna marble) and, in 1896, Miami. No fewer than 700 workmen were washed away in the final push to Key West.

If such men as Flagler created progress, it was progress at a price. In St. Augustine many old and storied buildings were uprooted to make room for new construction. Fires destroyed part of the city, in 1887 the Cathedral and much of the block north of the plaza, and in 1914 much of the older section hemmed in by the city gates. Not that the city cuddles only the past. For starters, Desco Marine, Inc. has made St. Augustine the world's largest producer of shrimp trawlers.

By continuing south along A1A and crossing the Matanzas River, one reaches Anastasia Island. Here the Spanish quarried coquina, a shell rock, to build their fort and homesteads in St. Augustine. Porous, the rock had to be coated to prevent moisture from coming through. And these

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

early settlers were not the sort to tangle with, for it was on these rocks that they slaughtered the survivors of a hurricane-wrecked fleet sent to attack the nearby city.

Perhaps retinas have become somewhat bleared by now and it is time to return to Jacksonville by an inland route. Already Florida is looking different from anything expected.

For the adventurous, a longer surfside tour affords more of the interesting and unexpected. Only sixty-one miles out of Jacksonville, still on route A1A, the tourist finds one of those unusual commercial attractions for which the state is famous. Marineland offers a porthole look at life under the waves. Having skirted the sea for miles, it is appropriate to pause before a display of ocean life. The oceanariums at Marineland were the first of their kind in the world: a circular one for mammals and fish—the deadly and the homey—and a rectangular one for colorful tropical fish. Underwater passageways at two levels provide visitors with a dry scuba dive into the ocean's depths as they rub noses with giant swordfish and angelfish through spacious portholes. What marine exhibit is without the playful porpoise? Only here in Florida they've added playful whales to the flip-flops in the stadium.

Daytona Beach, thirty-five miles farther south, is beach and racing. Today racing has moved to the Daytona International Speedway, home of the Daytona 500, a stock car classic that has become the best attended sports event in the South. But racing originated on the beach, the twenty-three-mile strand which for years rivaled the salt flats of Utah as the most favorable site for attempts on the world's land speed record. Racing began in 1902 when Ransom Olds and Alexander Winton were both wintering in Ormond Beach, north of Daytona. They shook hands on a bet over a car race across the beach. The machines churned through the sand and came to a splattery halt a mile away. Winton's "Bullet" was declared the winner at 57 mph. Thus began auto racing.

Should one be talking of cars after a 100-mile journey? Better to remind the traveler of the dazzlingly long beach, the ocean breezes, the carnival atmosphere of the boardwalk amusement park. Or maybe a mention of catching up on that especially Floridian sport—jai alai.

Where next? From beach hats to space helmets. Cape Kennedy is only fifty miles farther south. Detour on U.S. 1 to Titusville on the Banana River, then take the NASA causeway to dinner and dancing at the Mousetrap, to fishing on Miss Cape Canaveral, to Tom's Water Ski School, to the Oceanside Steak House. To Saturn, Jupiter, Mars. To where gravity is a faraway

When you live at Errol Estate you won't even want to drive anywhere on Sundays

There's an 18-hole championship course designed by Joe Lee, just for starters. Six-all-weather Lakold tennis courts. Safely-guarded swimming pools. Acres and acres of unspoiled nature trails.

True gourmet dining at a luxurious Country Club, from the spectacular Sunday Buffet Brunch to a candlelit dinner with friends.

At Errol, you can have your home custom built, or buy an existing one . . . move into a superb golf villa . . . or a prestige condominium.

There's only one thing you won't like about Errol Estate — leaving it, **any** day of the week.

Errol Estate
...the Great Estate
Exclusive Sales Agent Roberts & Gilman R&G

Roberts & Gilman, Inc. Realtors
P. O. Box 1208, Apopka, Florida 32703
Phone (305) 886-3030
One half mile north of Apopka on 441.
45 minutes from Walt Disney World

This offer void in states where prohibited by law. Obtain HUD property report from developer and read it before signing anything. HUD neither approves the merits of the offering nor the value of the property as an investment if any.

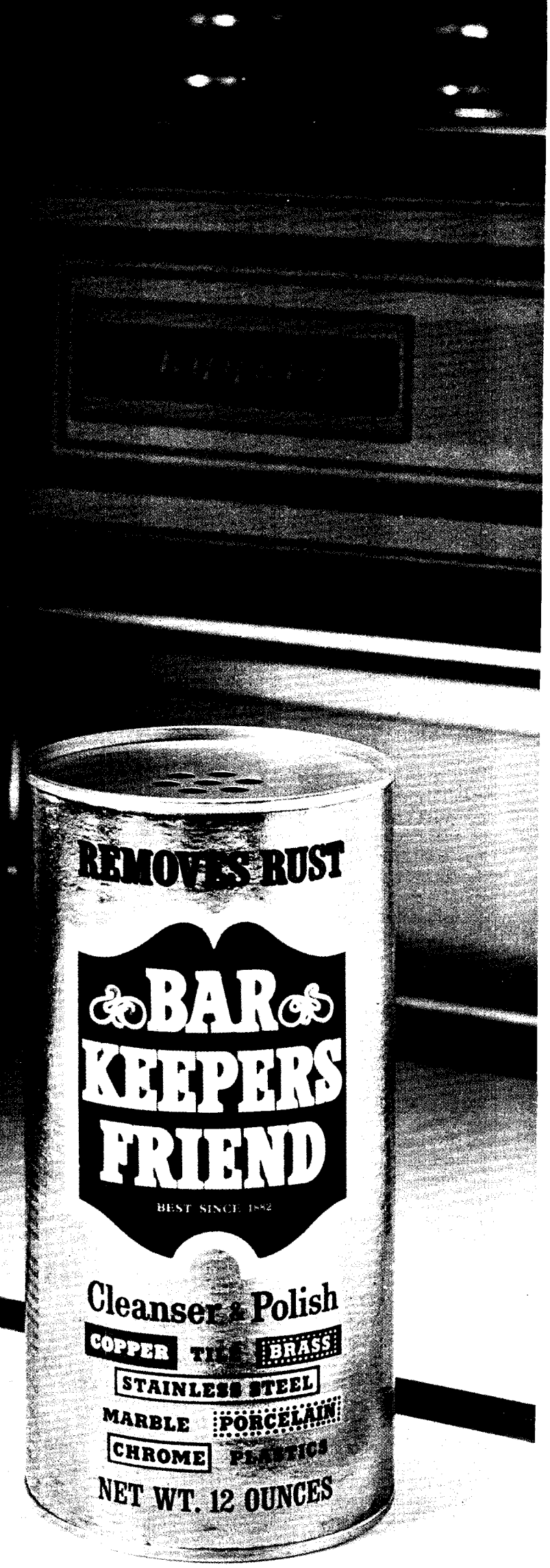
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tappan asked us to introduce you to Bar Keepers Friend

Forty-eight top-name household cleaners were tested on glass-ceramic smoothtop cooking surfaces by Owens-Illinois glass researchers. BAR KEEPERS FRIEND was found to be the best and the safest cleaner. It cleaned the smoothtop surfaces thoroughly without causing staining abrasions. That's the reason you'll find a free can of BAR KEEPERS FRIEND in the oven of every new TAPPAN smoothtop range and most other leading glass-top brands. They recommend BAR KEEPERS FRIEND be used on their products because it guarantees a safe and easy cleaning time after time. And it's phosphate free.

BAR KEEPERS FRIEND also restores and renews stained and rusted and or tarnished copper, enamel, brass, glass, marble and porcelain. It cleans and polishes stainless steel, chrome bumpers and grills, white side walls, vinyl tops, Formica-like plastic bar, counter and table tops.

Bar Keepers Friend . . . best since 1882.



Bar Keepers Friend is probably at your favorite store now, but if currently unavailable in your area please use our get-acquainted offer coupon below or see Page 129A for convenient tear-out order form.

4C

Bar Keepers Friend
c/o The Trading Post
P.O. Box 567B
Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

Please send me two get-acquainted cans of BAR KEEPERS FRIEND. I have enclosed $1.00 plus .25c for postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

memory. At Cape Kennedy one comes face to face with the crazy polarities of human existence. The cozy, limited world of earthbound man and the mind-boggling realities of space. An official two-hour NASA escorted bus tour provides the best views of the normally restricted launch pads, assembly buildings, and mission control tower. Afterwards, a stop at the Visitor Information Center (just south of Titusville) completes the education with launch movies and spacecraft exhibits.

Less than an hour away is another kingdom of space—that of the imagination. With a space-age hotel and monorail in the land of Mickey Mouse and Bambi. Walt Disney World, to the southwest of Orlando, highlights the diversity of Florida's attractions. From beaches to history to space—to fantasy. The multitude of rides available would satisfy every possible whim of the errant tourist mind: Mr. Toad's wild ride through Old London; Mike Fink's keelboat through the backwoods; a ride on Dumbo, the Flying Elephant; a Peter Pan flight; a stormy ride in a Mad Hatter's teacup; a trip in Davy Crockett's explorer canoe; behind the wheel at the Grand Prix Raceway.

All this journeying is but a nibble. The state stretches for many more miles to the south. If it's time to return to Jacksonville, past the fields of orange groves around Orlando, it should be done only after a walk along Park Avenue in Winter Park, a northern suburb of the city, featuring a display of the finest collection of Louis Comfort's Tiffany work, and after a tour of Bulow Ruins, a former plantation and sugar mill laid low by the Indians in the second Seminole War. A final halt can be made at Marco Polo Park on A1A, two miles north of the former Bulowville.

What new wonder this time? Marco Polo Park is one of the state's newest commercial attractions. It features Japanese gardens, Hong Kong sampans, oriental restaurants—a minitour of the Orient.

The weary eye rests on farms, palms, pine timberlands and cattle ranches for the touchdown back in Jacksonville.

"Well, that just about wraps up Jacksonville." Not at all. Point the car southwest and you start on an equally interesting, equally unusual journey. Take Route 21 to Middleburg, the second oldest settlement in Florida. Nearby is Mike Roess Gold Head Branch State Park—a mouthful, but worth a visit for the white beaches along Lake Johnson.

Gainesville, home of the spacious campus of the University of Florida and of the excellent Indian collection in the Florida State Museum, is situated seventy-five miles southwest of Jacksonville. And Indians are connected with Old Town, a small town some forty miles farther west. Here the first Seminole War ended when General Andrew Jackson defeated a chief with the unlikely name of Billie Bowlegs.

Hammocks, stretches of deep humus soil interspersed with hardwood vegetation, and cabbage swamps lend a brooding atmosphere to the drive on Steinhatchee, best approached along Route 358. A small village overlooking the Gulf Coast, blissful in its boast of having no town officials, no policemen, no firemen, its citizens are content to make a living from the sea trout and redfish that abound in the area. A touch of Connemara on Ireland's west coast? And a few miles north, a definite feel of Bardstown, Kentucky. The Stephen Foster Memorial Park borders the weak tea, pale highball waters of the Suwannee River at White Springs. From a 200-foot carillon tower, tubular bells peal the Foster melodies over the countryside, over the riverboat moored nearby—enlivening the animated dioramas of the composer's best known songs and the fine collection of antique pianos in the adjacent museum.

The return journey heads east through Lake City (the former Indian village of Alligator), through Olustee (scene of Florida's Gettysburg) and back to Jacksonville along Highway 90.

Tampa, halfway down the Gulf Coast of Florida, is another focal point for interesting excursions. In February of each year the city is overrun by pirates from Jose Gaspar's fully rigged sloop. The city puts up no resistance to the invasion but rollicks in the fun of having buccaneers parade through its main streets. The exuberance continues year round in the Spanish restaurants of the Old Madrid section, at the wild animal kingdom of the African veldt in Busch Gardens—and at Treasureland, where mutineers

Bicycles are for rent on most beaches. Family and Florida ride in tandem up both coasts, Gulf (here) and Atlantic.

join pirates aboard MGM's version of *H.M.S. Bounty*. Across the bay the state's largest deepwater port is St. Petersburg, dubbed the sunniest place ever in the *Guinness Book of World Records*. The local *Evening Independent* has offered its street editions free if the sun failed to shine within a past twenty-four-hour period. Since the inception of the scheme in 1910, the newspaper has had to ante up only 246 times.

By exiting north on U.S. 41 from Tampa, the motorist reaches Masaryktown, named after the Czech patriot. Here the transported Bohemian life is dedicated to poultry raising. Brooksville, a few miles farther north, is staunchly southern, for the town is named after Senator Preston Brooks of South Carolina. In 1856 he repeatedly struck a fellow member of Congress on the head with a cane for daring to call slavery "a harlot." The honorable gentleman from Massachusetts sank to the floor with injuries that incapacitated him for several years. Meanwhile, the South exonerated Brooks and rewarded him with reelection.

Perhaps too ugly an incident for comfort—so turn west on Route 50 among the tangerine groves to the junction of U.S. 19 to watch mermaids and aquatic acrobats at Weeki Wachee Springs to the south. Or turn north on 19 to Homosassa Springs, the former winter home of President Grover Cleveland. Thirty-four species of saltwater and freshwater fish mingle in the fifty-five-foot depths of the spring. The area around Homosassa is a tropical wonderland—of goats, monkeys, sea lions, otters, deer and wildfowl. And alligators. You feed them marshmallows.

The return journey south passes through Tarpon Springs. This time it's hats off to the Greeks. The Greek Orthodox Church in town is a replica of St. Sophia in Istanbul. In 1905, a Greek sponge fleet from Key West visited the harbor, stayed, and instituted a multimillion-dollar industry. Each hour boats leave from the dock to show visitors sponge-diving exhibitions.

Before returning to base in Tampa, push a few miles farther south along the coast to Indian Rock Beach. What nationality this time? The South Sea Islanders. At the Tiki Gardens, Polynesians with names like Tondelayo dance before replicas of their temples.

Another excursion in the Tampa area begins on U.S. 41 South. At Gibsonton, fifteen miles away, 90 percent of the nation's phosphates is produced. Bradenton nurtures the only sea cow born in captivity. By Sarasota, the road has stretched seventy-five miles.

In Sarasota, a resort for all seasons and the winter home of the Chicago White Sox, they tout the coolness of the tropical summer weather. Instead of praising their city as the sunniest spot on earth, the natives remind visitors that it was hotter in Portland, Maine, last summer than on their section of the Gulf. "It never shines as hot in Sarasota as it does in Cincinnati."

The late John Ringling must have liked the cool tropic breezes, for he built his sixty-eight-acre estate in town. Devotees of the Big Top will enjoy the Circus Museum, which tells the story of circus from Roman times to *The Greatest Show on Earth*. Somewhat incredibly, the Ringling Museum of Art houses the largest group of Rubens paintings in the U.S. There's the Asolo Theater (an 18th-century Italian edifice transported from Florence in 1940) and a Circus Hall of Fame which displays the coach given to Tom Thumb by Queen Victoria. Sure reminders of a past opulence. As a friend remarked,"John Ringling lived and worked and breathed baroque: and when the world was no longer baroque, he died." The road south loses itself among the swank homes of Boca Grande and the marshy wildlife sanctuaries of Cape Haze.

On past the coastal developments of Port Charlotte and Punta Gorda to Fort Ogden, from which soldiers in cypress canoes ventured into the Everglades to finally check the Indians in the Seminole Wars. The trip has already turned homeward on Route 17 North. Points of interest on the return journey to Tampa are the Myakka River State Park with its abundance of African wildlife and the Gamble Mansion Confederate Museum at Ellenton on U.S. 301.

Inland routes from Tampa offer similar variety.

Miami Beach. The surf, canals, mansions, Hotel Row along Collins Avenue, condominiums at $100,000 apiece. Hemingway adventures with marlin, bonito and mackerel out to sea; cocktail evenings beside multicolored pools. Easy to forget the very different world that exists outside the air-conditioned confines of tropic paradise put together by unreal realtors.

Continued on page 137

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COAL: AN ANSWER TO THE ENERGY CRISIS

Black, beautiful and bountiful fuel — our best bet

By Jep Cadou

With the energy crisis being cussed and discussed by just about everyone in the world, it seems most appropriate that the solution may lie in a four-letter word. It is spelled C-O-A-L. Coal is black and beautiful. But more important, it is bountiful; so bountiful that the United States has a supply which would last nearly 800 years under the present rate of consumption.

It is also phenomenally versatile. You can make just about anything you desire in the way of energy—petroleum, natural gas or electricity—from coal, providing you are willing to pay the price. The technology exists to use coal as the keystone of a national "crash program" to make up our energy shortfall, not in a decade or two but within the next two or three years.

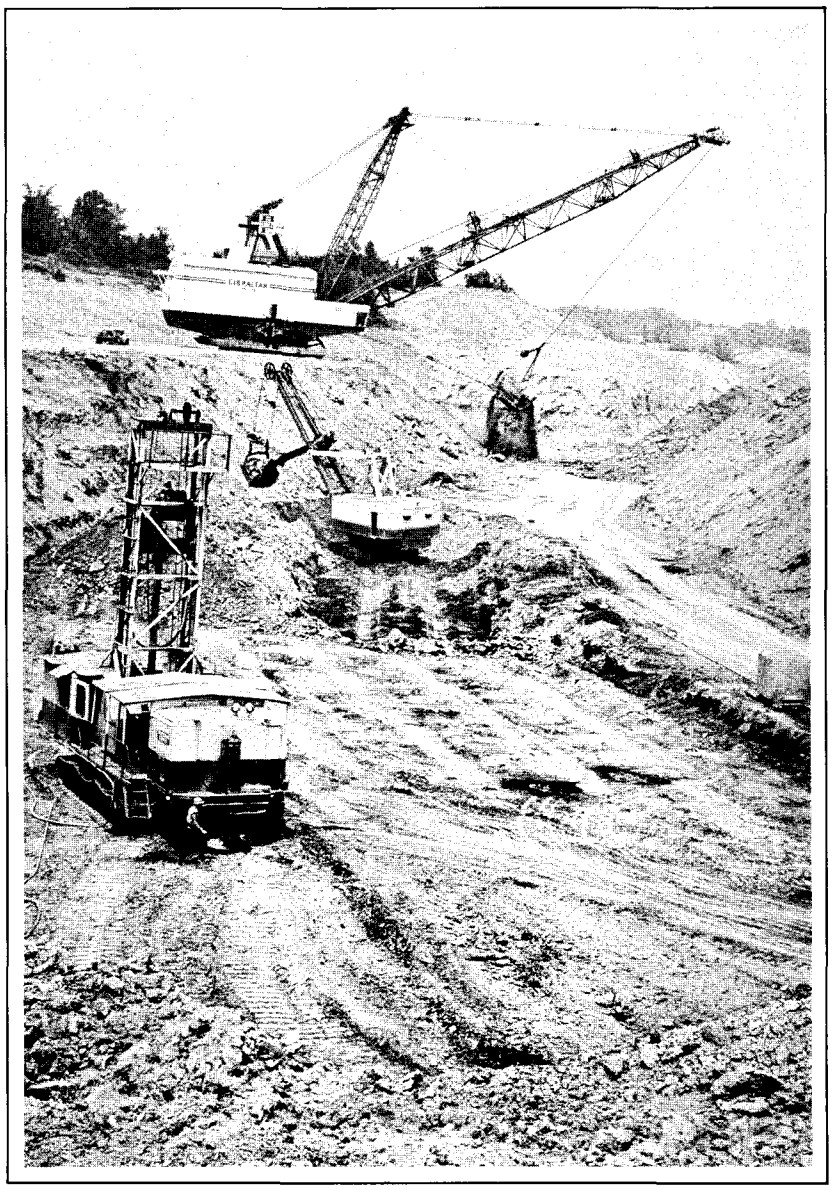
The main ingredients needed to make such a dream become a reality would be an investment in billions of dollars' worth of sophisticated mining equipment and a recruitment program to add upwards of 100,000 miners to the national work force.

Coal mining has undergone something of an industrial revolution of its own since World War II. "It's pretty hard to find a coal shovel around a mine now—and nobody's looking for them," says Don Stiffler, superintendent of the Chinook Mine near Brazil, Indiana. This is the oldest operating mine in Indiana and has been producing coal since 1927.

Manual labor has been replaced to an amazing degree by machinery. The general public's mental picture of a miner as a begrimed mole clawing the coal out of the ground with a pick and shovel is as obsolete as a photograph of a professional golfer playing with hickory shafts. You are likely to find today's miner pressing buttons or pushing levers to operate expensive equipment which removes the coal from the earth, cleans and sizes it and ships it to the user.

The United States is in prime position to exploit coal as Answer No. 1 to the energy crisis because it is by far the most coal-rich nation in the world. Total U.S. coal reserves are estimated at more than three trillion tons. That is more than seven times as much as the 425 billion tons of reserves estimated for Russia. It is almost fourteen times as much as the 217 billion tons estimated for China. It is more than sixty-three times as much as the 48 billion tons estimated for the United Kingdom. It is seventy-five times as much as the 40 billion tons estimated for Canada.

The Arab oil boycott fell upon us with almost the same lightninglike surprise as the Japanese betrayal at Pearl Harbor. Like that event, it has galvanized the American people's attention to a single purpose, combating the common enemy. In this case, however, the enemy is an abstraction—the energy shortage—rather than a nation such as Japan or Germany.



Bulky, multimillion-dollar equipment is used to work a typical Midwest strip mine of the AMAX Coal Company. The dragline at the top removes a 100-foot layer of earth exposing the coal seam. The machinery below digs out the coal and hauls it away.

The United States, in snapping back from the initial catastrophic blow in the Pacific, demonstrated its ability to get even the most monumental of tasks done quickly when its people work with a single purpose. In 1941, we were retreating on all fronts with the flower of our Navy on the harbor floor at Pearl. Scores of our aircraft had been destroyed and the nation was in disarray. Two years later, fighter, bomber and cargo aircraft were pouring from our factories in production numbers unprecedented in world history. Millions of men were in uniform, a large percentage of them overseas. Many squadrons of our planes darkened the skies over Europe and Asia. This nation, almost singlehandedly, smashed the tyranny of the greatest juggernaut the earth had ever seen.

All this was accomplished despite considerable loss of life and property visited upon us by formidable enemies. Without death and destruction to dilute our efforts, we could now concentrate all of our skills and other resources on building our assets and minimizing our liabilities.

Must it take us five years to build the Alaskan pipeline?

It certainly wouldn't take that long if the nation were at war and the oil from the Alaskan oil fields were needed to power our war machine. The job could surely be done in two years with an absolutely all-out "crash" effort.

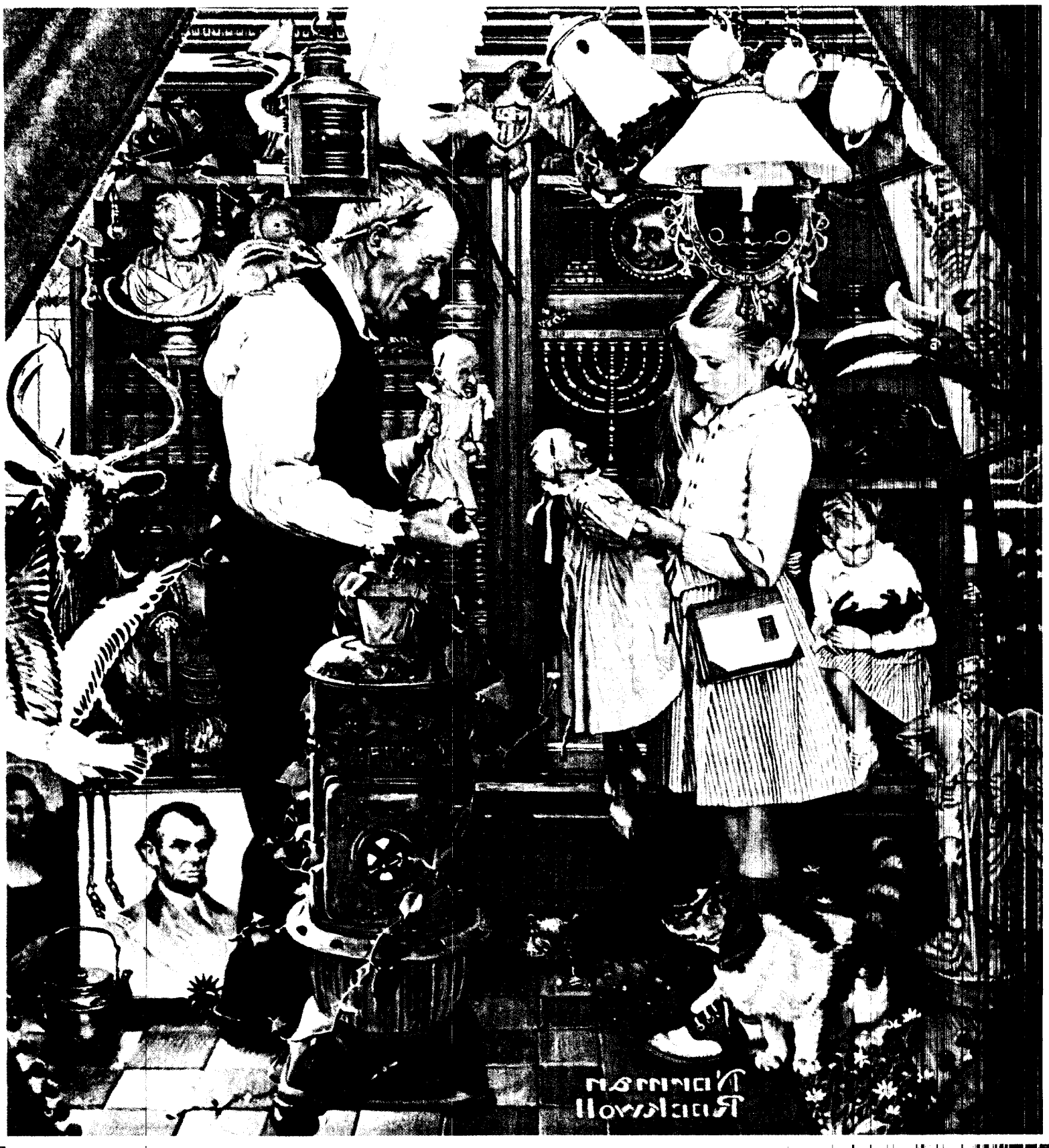
Must it take us until 1980 to develop our energy independence as a nation from the Arabs, or anyone else who might take a notion to suddenly dry up our oil supplies? Not if our machine-tool industry and manufacturing plants were to be geared up to the processes of extracting, transporting and refining coal products.

Perhaps the time is ripe for the President and Congress to declare a national emergency and to mount an all-out mobilization to cope with the energy crisis.

Dr. Carroll Wilson, a professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology who drew up a "Decade Program" for energy independence in *Foreign Affairs,* said: "It is a big job, but no bigger than the Manhattan or Apollo projects—in fact,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We wouldn't kid you—the *Post* today is the best-humored, most relaxing, most entertaining magazine around. We don't talk down to you, or up to you, but with you, one-on-one, as the magazine ladles out fiction that tells a story, interviews with famous people who really unbend for the *Post*, articles of special information, contemporary outlook and enduring inspiration by the best writers around. Not to mention beauty, mind you—the kind most magazines have already forgotten, served up on our giant pages in gorgeous photography and fine art illustrations. Yes, the *Post* is a complete experience, and completely enchanting. You owe it to yourself to subscribe now. (Use the blank adjacent to this page or the order form on page [illegible].)



you'll correctly list all of the errors deliberately placed by Norman Rockwell on his famous April Fool painting above, you'll win an exact replica of the original *SATURDAY EVENING POST* delivery bag worth $5.98 filled with April Fool surprises. We'd like you to subscribe, too, of course, but you don't have to in order to win this special contest. Just write: April Fool, P.O. Box [illegible], Saturday Evening Post, 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, Indiana [illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it's substantially less in proportion to the scale of the American economy in the 1970's and 1980's."

Wilson cited the adaptability and transportability of pipeline-quality coal gas as the basis for a massive crash program and capital investment in coal gasification plants. At the same time he recognized the environmental issues involved, including the need for federal standards covering strip mining, a provision for land restoration and a provision for pollution controls on coal gasification plants.

The area of strip-mining land restoration now is left almost entirely to the states, and the effectiveness and stringency of the state laws vary greatly. As a result, so does the relative quality of the restoration performed in various states.

The AMAX Coal Company, a division of American Metal Climax Company, is a recognized leader in the field and has won many awards for its work in land restoration. One subsidiary of the company, Meadowlark Farms, Inc., is charged with land management before mining and land reclamation after mining. The progress that has been made in the reclamation area in recent years is apparent from a visit to one of the company's mines in Indiana.

As you enter the 8,000-acre mining property, evidence of the "old way" of land reclamation is visible—literally millions of scrub pine trees planted on land that is still distinctly "lumpy" in terrain.

Nearer the "pit" where the strip-mining operation is being conducted, the terrain changes abruptly to a typical farming landscape with neat rows of crops planted on land that is quite level. This is the "new reclamation" as practiced by Meadowlark. In 1972 Meadowlark harvested over a million bushels of grain and marketed more than a million pounds of beef and pork. So, instead of the gouged, jagged earth that most persons associate with strip mining, you will see peaceful pastoral scenes of cattle and hogs grazing or feeding on grain in the wake of the AMAX operations.

Harry Mayle, who operates a dragline, a $5 million piece of equipment as big as a four-apartment unit, is a miner of thirty-two years' experience who likes to play golf in his spare time. Mayle compares the company's reclamation efforts with the courtesy shown by the thoughtful golfer who replaces his divot after he swings and takes turf. As Mayle's giant shovel scoops up a huge "bite" of earth and then deposits it on the top of a fill that will soon be planted in crops, he says, "That soil is called glacial till; it's great for growing alfalfa."

When Mayle started out as an "oiler" on mining equipment in 1941, he was making $1.12 per hour. He is now drawing $6.89 per hour as a dragline operator. And the oiler who assists him on the mammoth piece of equipment is making $6.34. The prevailing top wage rate for deep miners is $6.25 per hour.

Of course, the price of food that Mayle and his family buy at the grocery store and the other items that make up the cost-of-living index also have

Reporting for their shift at the Ireland Mine of the Consolidation Coal Company near Moundsville, West Virginia, bituminous coal miners board steel-topped "mantrip" cars to ride to the working face of the mine. Overhead lights every few feet give near-daylight visibility.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

increased greatly during the last thirty-two years, but not to the extent that the wages have. Like many of the workers employed in the U.S. coal industry, Mayle is a second-generation miner. His dad worked thirty-three years for the same company that now employs him. The senior Mayle lived on pension for fourteen years after his retirement and died at age eighty. When the younger Mayle, who now is fifty-six, started as a miner, there was no such thing as a pension; nor were there paid vacations.

So, the economic lot of the coal miner has definitely improved, and the back-breaking labor of yesteryear has been taken over by Gulliver-sized machines, almost in its entirety. One of these is the unit train—a train of 100 or more cars which hauls the coal from the preparation plant, after it is mined, cleaned and sized, to the user, which in most cases now is an electric generating plant. Its loading is entirely automatic.

Like the proverbial mountain coming to Muhammad, many of the larger electric utilities in the nation have built new plants close to existing mines, which greatly cuts the cost of hauling the coal. Huge diesel-powered transport trucks with capacities of 100 tons or more carry the coal from the mine to the preparation plant when there are considerable distances involved, as there usually are in strip mining. Conveyor belts or automated miniature trains may be used for shorter distances.

From the preparation plant, it may be sent to the utility in a unit train or by one of several other methods under newly developed technology. If the plant is very close, conveyors may be used. For greater distances, it can be sent by pipeline. One coal pipeline 108 miles long was built to carry a mixture of coal and water from a mine near Cadiz, Ohio, to a power plant in Cleveland, where the coal was separated from the water and fed into the boilers of the power plant. This operation was closed in 1963 when railroads lowered the rate for coal hauling, making it uneconomical. But further installations have been put into operation in Britain and other countries.

Pipeline transmission of coal is economical between areas where a large supply of coal is available and specific markets where large tonnages of coal are used at a fairly uniform rate. Electric power plants are a good example of such markets. Another pipeline for coal transmission has been built to carry the fuel from the Black Mesa area in the northern part of Arizona to Clark County (where Las Vegas, Nevada, is located) and is now in operation.

Coal can be converted into gas and petroleum to help make up for the shortfall in these two vital

FIND YOUR FLORIDA IN DAYTONA BEACH

Here's Where You'll Catch the Big Ones on Charter Boat, Pier or Surfside.

Tarpon. Sailfish. Pompano. Red Snapper. Dolphin. Bass. Catfish. Redfish. Snook . . . That's just a sample of the angler's Florida we've got in Daytona Beach. If you think the sample sounds great, just wait till you try the real thing. Trophy game-fishing from deep-sea charter and party boats. Pier fishing. Lake fishing. River fishing. And when you're not out reeling in a big one, you can discover the rest of Florida in the Daytona Beach Resort Area . . .

The beach. Miles and miles of it. The place for tanning. Swimming. Surfing. Diving. Sailing. Skiing and Sandcastle building.

Championship golf courses.

Fast, modern tennis courts.

Florida's best sightseeing just minutes away. Walt Disney World. Marineland. Kennedy Space Center—launchpad for America's new space shuttle.

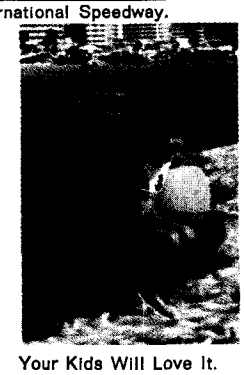
And nightlife that's worth staying up for. The dog track. Jai Alai. Nightclubs. Excellent restaurants. Theaters. International Speedway. And a year 'round carnival of fun on the Daytona Beach Broadwalk.

If you're angling for a great vacation, come find your Florida in Daytona Beach.

Home of the Daytona International Speedway.

21 Miles of The World's Most Famous Beach.

Year 'round Golf.



Your Kids Will Love It.

Gourmet Dining at Fine Restaurants.

For further information write to

DAYTONA BEACH RESORT AREA

P. O. Box 2169
Daytona Beach, Florida 32015

Rush FREE Information on Daytona Beach, particularly:

- ☐ Hotel/Motel Accommodations
- ☐ Fishing
- ☐ Sports events
- ☐ Recreation Facilities
- ☐ Attractions

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

Daytona Beach, Daytona Beach Shores, Holly Hill, Ormond Beach, Ormond-by-the-Sea, Ponce Inlet, Port Orange, South Daytona

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

energy sources. The two most promising methods for conversion are known as gasification and liquefaction. There are several processes available in each area.

Most prominent of the gasification techniques is the Lurgi process, which has been demonstrated in fourteen commercial plants which treat and purify gases originating from coal. It consists basically of cooking the coal. Altogether, fifty-nine different grades of coal from all over the world have been processed successfully. They include coke, anthracite, bituminous, lignite and peat. The five-step process has been performed with a wide variety of gasification agents, including mixtures of steam and oxygen, air and carbon dioxide. Two full-size Lurgi process plants now are under construction in New Mexico.

The end product of the process is synthetic natural gas (SNG), which can be used to make up the shortfall resulting from our limited quantities of available natural gas. Methanation is another promising process of making SNG. Several groups are now working to develop the commercial aspects of methanation. At least four major projects are underway.

The Conoco project is intended to demonstrate methanation on a large enough scale to establish its commercial practicality. Thirteen partners have joined Continental Oil Company to support a demonstration plant built at the Scottish Gas Board's Lurgi coal gasification installation at Westfield, Scotland. The plant will take a slip-stream of 10 million cubic feet per day of synthesis gas, pass it through a gas purification train and produce 2.6 million cubic feet of SNG.

Liquefaction is the process of making petroleum substitutes from coal. There are several methods, including dissolving the organic matter in a suitable solvent, addition of hydrogen to produce a hydrocarbon, or synthesis of petroleumlike compounds from hydrogen and the carbon monoxide produced from coal.

Pilot plants to demonstrate the liquefaction process have been built or are under construction now at Fort Lewis, Washington; Princeton, New Jersey; and La Verne, California. These projects hold forth the possibility of burgeoning new industries to process billions of tons more coal and to create hundreds of thousands of jobs to feed the economy and to replace jobs lost through cutbacks in the space industry, the airlines and other highly technical fields.

A huge training program would be required to get the job done. Not just anybody can mine coal, any more than just anybody can extract petroleum or natural gas from coal. The United States now has an estimated 150,000 coal miners. In order to mount the kind of effort that would be needed to launch a meaningful "crash" program to solve the energy shortage, their ranks would have to be nearly doubled.

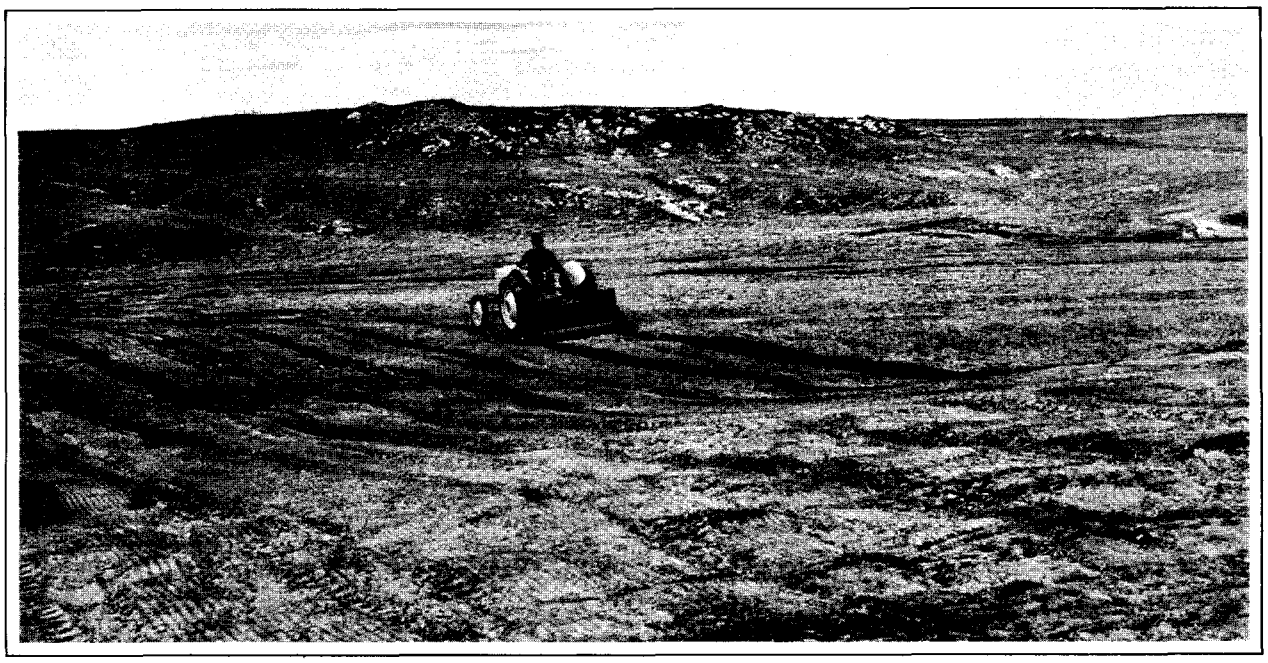
That, in turn, would probably require a substantial public relations program in order to make coal mining more attractive to the youth of America. The psychological stereotype of moles clawing out coal in pitch darkness under creaking timbers and in constant fear of their lives is too firmly implanted in the national mind to be easily erased.

Working conditions for miners have improved tremendously during the last quarter century, largely through the efforts of the United Mine Workers of America (UMWA) and through federal and state laws and regulations.

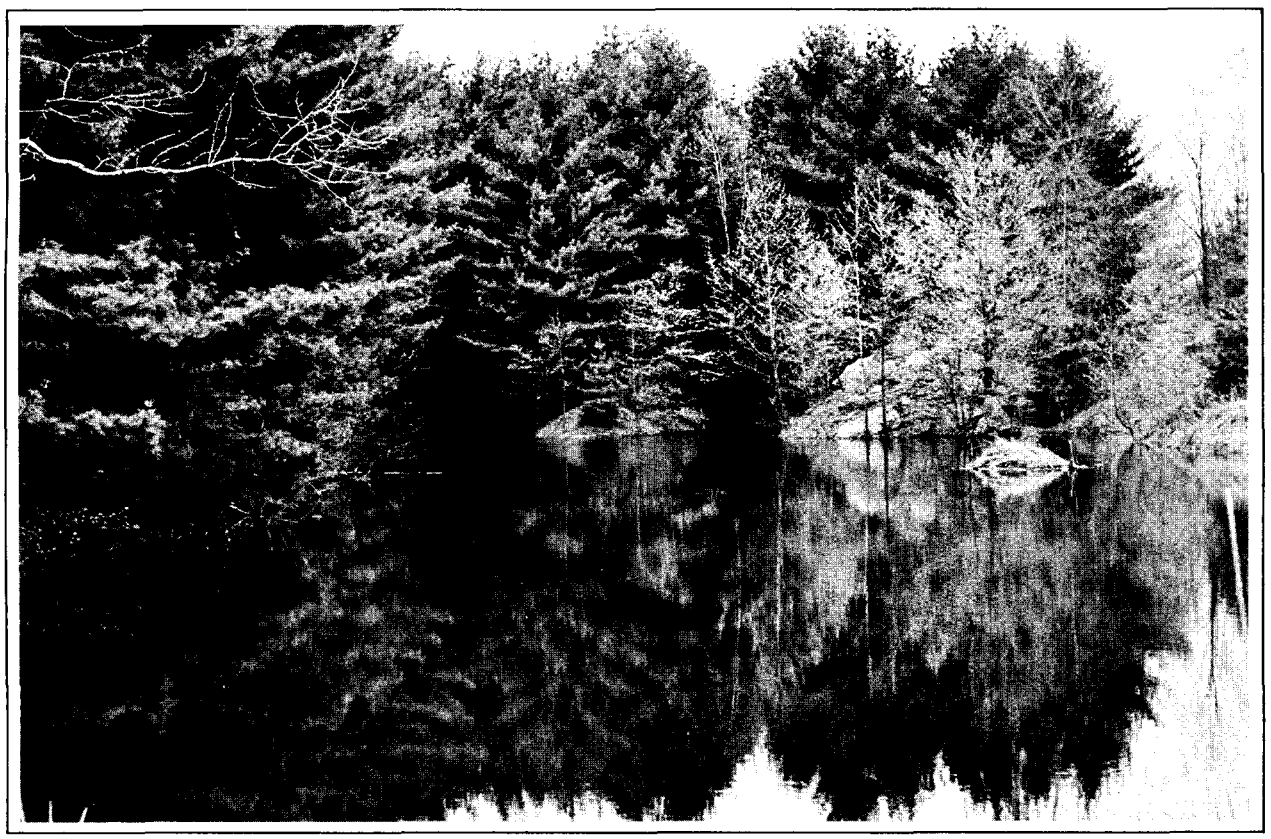
Mining is still a hazardous occupation, but it is growing safer all the time. The miners say so. And so do the cold statistics. There were 325 fatal injuries in coal mining in the United States in 1960, according to the Bureau of Mines of the Department of the Interior. There were 260 such deaths in 1970 and 180 in 1971, the last year for which statistics have been reported.

Such occupational diseases as the dreaded "black rot" still do exist in the mines, but there have been great strides in improved ventilation in the shafts to reduce the inhalation of coal dust. Much more progress is needed if the mines are to be able to attract the large numbers of new miners needed to meet the energy crisis demands.

Skilled engineers to build the necessary conversion plants and to find improvements over present methods also will be vital. The possibilities for creating new industries and new jobs appear almost unlimited. In the big energy poker game, it appears it's time for Uncle Sam to play his black ace—coal.

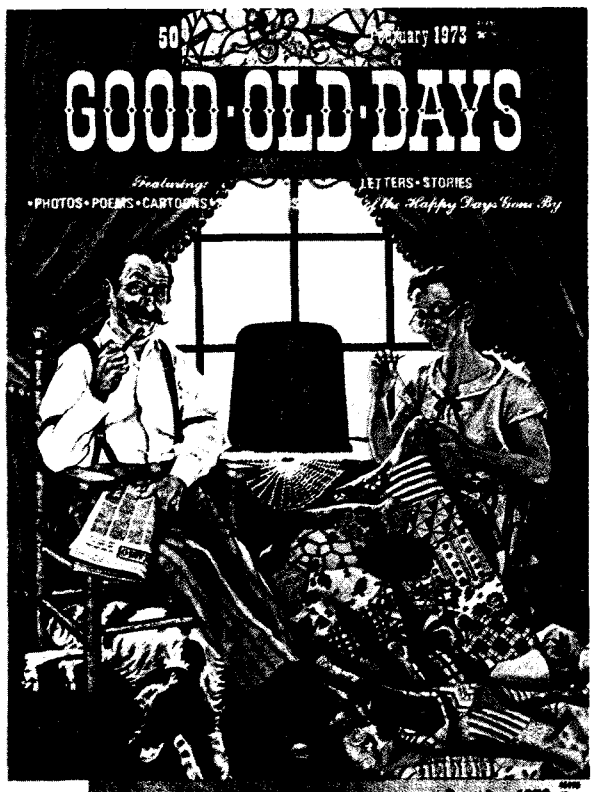


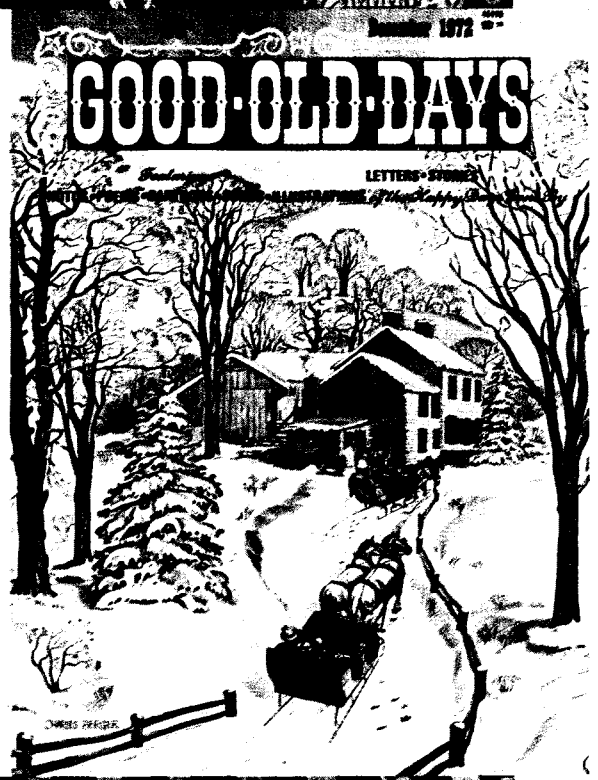
Land reclamation includes grading the land in the wake of the strip-mining process and then planting crops. This scene is at the Belle Ayr Mine near Gillette, Wyoming.

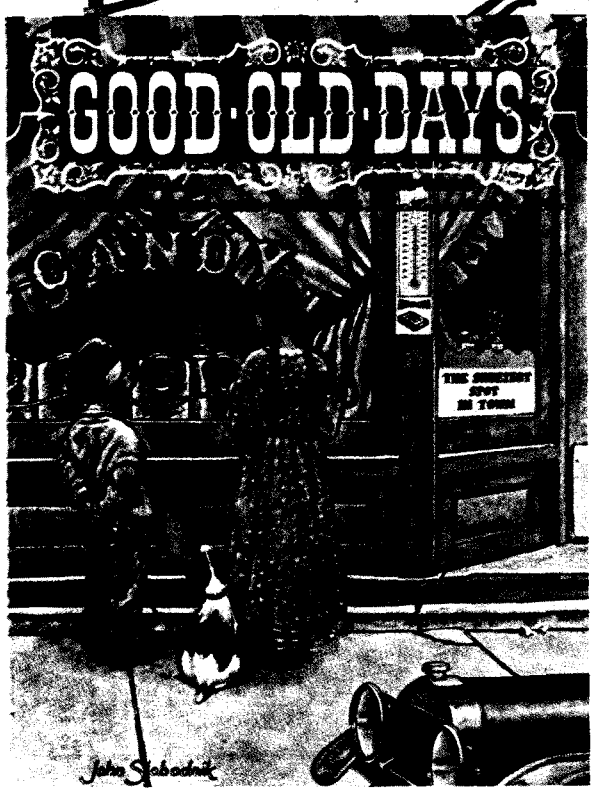


Another desirable conversion for strip-mined land is to develop beautifully wooded, man-made lakes which are turned over to state conservation departments for stocking with fish. This one is in Indiana.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED







Each month . . . A look into the nostalgic past through authentic photos, drawings, cartoons, comics, memories, features, songs, poems, letters, ads, etc., from the turn of the century up to a decade or so ago.

You'll relive those days and events through the pages of this one and only magazine of its kind.

For about the cost of a good movie, you can receive this big entertainment value each month for the next 12 months! We guarantee . . . that you will be thrilled beyond words . . . or you can have your money back!

Like old time comics?

You'll find complete comic pages from the past featuring such characters as: • Barney Google • Happy Holligan • Boob McNutt • Tillie the Toiler • Little Annie Rooney • Little Nemo — plus many, many others.

We're embarrassed by the kind words in letters such as these.

Dear Sir:

Frankly it's a good thing that "Good Old Days" is not harmful to our health because it certainly is habit-forming; also hard to find on news stands too. I'm breaking loose with the four dollars for a year's subscription. I believe anything as good as you've got deserves support. It's refreshing to see a magazine that can sell itself, without the use of sexy covers, lurid stories, and above all, a lack of violence.

Honestly, reading G.O.D. gives a feeling of peace no drug can match!

M.J.P. West New York, N.J.

JUST A FEW OF THE FEATURES PREFERRED DURING THE PAST FEW MONTHS.

- Thank heaven for Bisquits!
- Armistice Day of Long Ago!
- I remember Butchering Day
- Remember those Movie kids?
- Early 1900's Shoe Repair
- Looking Hollywood Way
- Growing Pains of a Country Boy
- My 5¢ nickel
- The Old Huckster Wagon
- Dry goods store — 1910 style
- Horse Hitching Posts
- Days of the Woodshed
- Bloomer girl
- Superstitions 60 years ago
- Straw ticks & feather beds
- They danced for 20 days
- Halloween Memories
- A little red schoolhouse
- Grandma what's a coalbin?
- Glorious Fourths, family style
- Oh women of yesterday!
- Shoe factory work in the 20's
- 1st women's lib — 1910 —
- Durable doll of yesterday
- Barn dance
- Grandma's house we went
- Christmas Memories

A subscription makes the best Christmas gift money can buy! Special — 3 or more 1 yr. gift subscriptions at $3.00 each!

GOOD·OLD·DAYS

$2.50 for 6 months = $4.00 for 1 full year

Your money back at once! If the first issue you receive doesn't please and entertain you beyond words!

GOOD·OLD·DAYS SPECIAL ISSUES

Four Big Specials A Year

- SPRING
- SUMMER
- FALL
- WINTER

Each big special loaded with the same kind of wonderful nostalgic material, but entirely different from the monthly magazines! JUST $2.00 buys a full year's "GOOD-OLD-DAYS" Specials!

GOOD OLD DAYS — BOX 428-CI. , Seabrook, N.H. 03774

Here's my
- ☐ 6 month subscription $2.50
- ☐ 12 month subscription $4.00
- ☐ 36 month subscription $9.00
- ☐ 3 or more 1 yr. gift subscriptions at $3.00 each.

☐ GOOD OLD DAYS SPECIAL ISSUES $2.00 FOR 1 YEAR

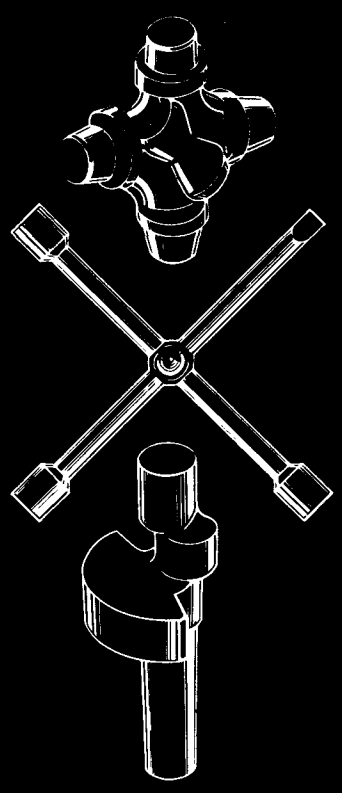
Past issues can be found in our Good Old Days Big Books (19 vols. in all)
$1.00 per vol. vol._____ Big Books

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NVF
NORTH VERNON FORGE

QUALITY FORGINGS
RIM WRENCHES
LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF 4-WAY RIM WRENCHES
FOR BROCHURE AND PRICE LIST WRITE:
DEPT 10
NORTH VERNON FORGE
NORTH VERNON,
INDIANA 47265

THE USES OF SLANG

By S. I. Hayakawa

If we are to love and cherish the English language—and I think we must, not only for the forcefulness of our writing and speech, but also for the clarity of our thinking—we must be observant of the ways in which language grows and changes at all levels. We must learn to take pleasure and pride in the English language—or, if you will, the American language—the suppleness of its syntax, its richness of vocabulary, its capacity for metaphorical expression, whether in poetry or science or slang.

The study of slang is, I believe, a necessary part of the study of language. New words in a language come from two main sources. First, they come from the learned—from authorities in science and technology, in law and literature, in finance and government, who originate such terms as "sulfanilamide," "cathexis," "exchange fund," "overkill" and "existentialism."

Secondly, new words come from the life and experience of the common people.

These are what we call slang: terms like "dogface," "disc jockey," "Mister Charlie," "jail bait," "freaked out," "groupie" and the like.

Slang always comes without benefit of approval from official scientific, social or academic sources. Gamblers are more likely to produce slang than bankers; jazz musicians than concert pianists; enlisted men than officers; high school students than teachers; thieves and prostitutes than businessmen or housewives.

Slang is always vulgar—in the strict sense of being of the "vulgus"—the common people. From sometimes shady origins, slang often passes into respectable usage, so that a thieves' expression like "case the joint" is now to be heard in the informal conversation of educated people.

The new words created by the anonymous creators of slang are often more vivid and memorable—and essentially more poetic—than official language. Official language called a certain World War II conveyance a "general purpose vehicle." GI's promptly named it the "jeep," after a mythical animal in the Popeye comic strip.

Generals could not have thought up such an appropriate and imaginative name for the vehicle in ten

"I think you mean 'break those *rocks', not* them *rocks, don't you?"*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years of protracted and dreary staff conferences!

Most American slang has this vivid and memorable character: "sorehead," "rubberneck," "lounge lizard," "loan shark," "egghead," "tank town," "Annie Oakley," "peckerwood," "city-billy," "goon," "pigeon," "hooker," "goofball," "yippie," "party-pooper," and "hard hat."

American slang is contributing more to the development of the English language than any other single influence—even more than science and technology, which are contributing such words as "maser," "laser," "nucleoprotein," and "Fortran." It is hardly possible to pick up a newspaper in England (to say nothing of Canada) without finding borrowings from American slang used as part of the accepted English language. Recently a British cabinet minister praised a colleague for "being on the ball."

I would not include with slang what philologists call "counter-words," which are simply repetitively used expressions that are a substitute for thought. A few years ago it was "Oh, yeah?"

More recently it has been "How about that?" with the emphasis on "bout." Other counter-words are "swell" and "lousy," which have since been replaced by "neat" (or "far out") and "bad" (pronounced "ba-a-ad") and "a bummer."

Real slang is imaginative and picturesque. It arises from specific group experiences—in the military, among jazz musicians, among gamblers, among truck drivers. It often describes things and events for which there are no other words.

Why the powerful impact of American slang? The reason is that in the twentieth century the English language is undergoing a powerful explosion in America, just as in the Elizabethan period it underwent an explosion in England. The rapid growth of vocabulary and the invention of new terms are closely associated with new activities and new ideas.

In Elizabethan England the expansion of trade, the revival of classical learning and the discovery of the New World gave a new zest to life—and *therefore to language*.

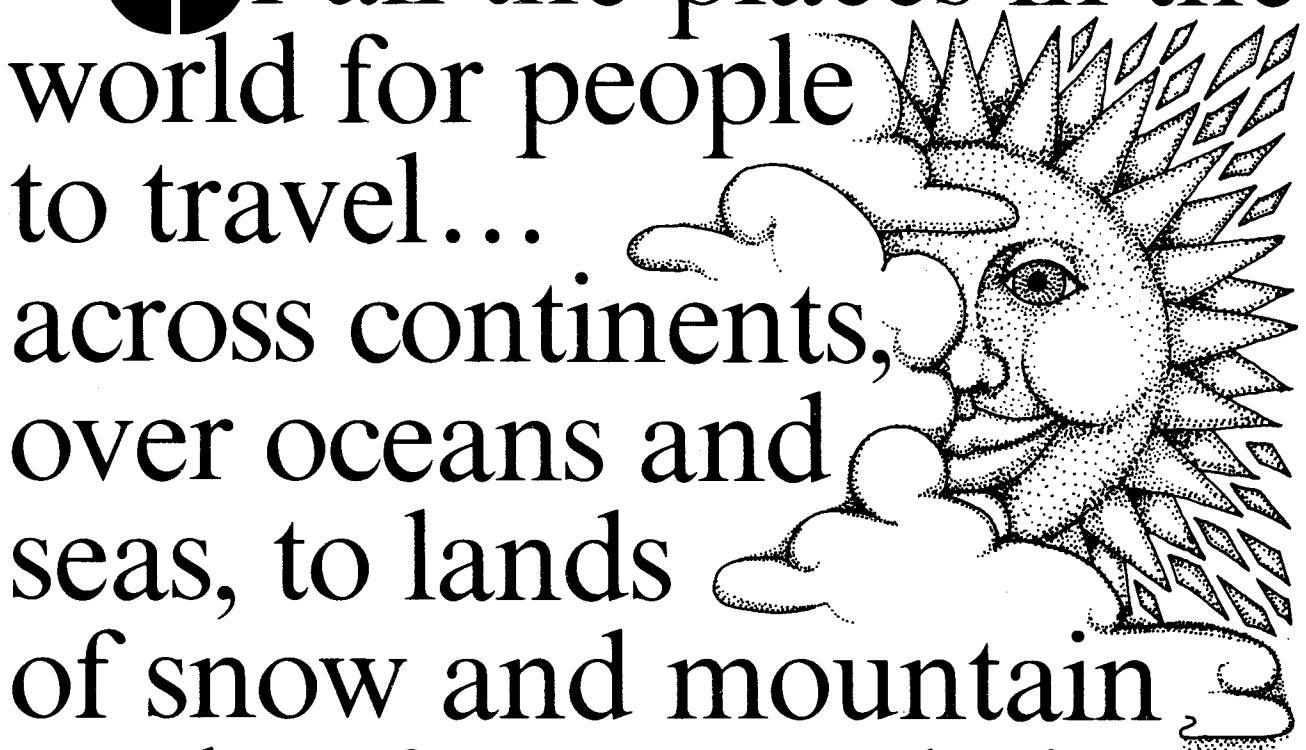
In America today rapid technological change and social change are likewise stimulating change in language.

The common people of America, apparently held back by fewer linguistic inhibitions than the common people of other English-speaking countries, are contributing richly to the explosion of the English language.

The American Heritage Dictionary (Houghton Mifflin) identifies as slang the following words, and gives definitions: "mainline" (verb), "to inject narcotics directly into a major vein"; "shrink" (noun), "a psychiatrist or psychologist"; "pizzazz" (noun), "flamboyance, zest, flair."

Doesn't "pizzazz" say it better than "flamboyance," "zest," or "flair"? That's what I like about the American language. It's got pizzazz.

Of all the places in the world for people to travel... across continents, over oceans and seas, to lands of snow and mountain peaks, forests and rivers, deserts and lakes, sand, surf and sun... more people visit Florida than almost anywhere else on earth. There must be a reason.



FLORIDA
THE STATE OF EXCITEMENT

Write for your FREE FLORIDA VACATION-MASTER Information Package
Florida Department of Commerce • Collins Building • Tallahassee, Florida 32304

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF BOB HOWE

"If a man has a talent and cannot use it, he has failed. If he has a talent and uses only half of it, he has partly failed. If he has a talent and learns somehow to use the whole of it, he has gloriously succeeded, and won a satisfaction and a triumph few men ever know."—Thomas Wolfe

No one would be more dismayed than Bob Howe at any comparison between him and an immortal painter such as Leonardo da Vinci. Our intent is certainly not that, but it is still interesting to note that the young Leonardo had a deeply definitive change in his artistic life, just at the point of a coming maturity. He became left-handed, which he had not been before. Thus a certain unique quality of his brush was introduced into his genius, and the mark of his line became the more easily decipherable.

What has happened to Bob Howe since he was first introduced in these pages as an eighteen-year-old phenomenon in our March/April 1973 issue is a kind of Vinciesque experience not unlike the mind's insistence that a left hand do the work, although the right had already demonstrated its proficiency. Bob's experience is also psychic/physical—a sense of humor has broken through the surface from somewhere deep within him and subtly taken hold of his painting hand. In a way, such a quirky thing is as deep-seated as left-handedness. It lies deep in the convolutions of the gray matter, twisting and turning back on itself, and suddenly emerging in the conduct of the mind's body.

Julie Eisenhower talks to nineteen-year-old Bob Howe, who illustrated "A Letter to Mr. Lincoln."

Those who have watched Bob Howe's progress in the *Post* will understand that this unveiling of a humorous twist in a paintbrush has a lot to do with our artist's coming of age.

Actually, in terms of time, it is not very long since Bob first walked into our offices and shyly offered his paintings as entrants in our contest for amateurs, and wound up as a *Post* cover artist, humbly following in the footsteps of such as John Falter and the giant Norman Rockwell.

Meanwhile, Julie Nixon Eisenhower has joined the editorial staff of the *Post*, and in the free-wheeling give and take of the editorial offices, it was inevitable that she and Bob would exchange ideas across the pages of a forthcoming issue, slowly and sometimes painfully taking shape in the art department.

Bob was overwhelmed at first, finding himself in an exchange with such as Julie. He had met David Eisenhower previously but that was man stuff. When you are not yet twenty, and redheaded, and shy, the fact that Julie is also a charming young woman, not many years older, can be a flustering and unsettling consideration.

Fluster gave way to comradeship almost immediately, as Bob began to relax under Julie's well-known directness of manner and keen interest in whomever she is talking with. It is not an applied art on her part, simply a genuineness which makes communication an easy and natural flow.

Bob Howe found this dimension in Julie so welcoming that he is still talking about it. "I don't really see how she manages to do it, but I found after being with her only for a couple of minutes that I was completely at ease, and anxious to talk over everything on my mind concerning the drawings we were examining. As a painter, I suppose I should say something about her refined bone structure, her delicate skin texture and the color of her eyes. But honestly, I couldn't even tell you whether they are brown or blue ***(Editor's note:** Julie's eyes are blue. Bob Howe, please note.)* because the main impact she was having upon me was one of personality rather than appearance."

Bob is especially struck with Julie's "concentrated gaze." "It just blocks out everything else, she applies herself so directly to the work at hand. This is reflected in quick movements, and in the alert response Julie has so immediately after seeing, say, a drawing or a projected cover idea."

The overlay of thought over what the eye observes is the beginning of the mature artist. In his *Treatise On Painting* Leonardo himself defines the process of creation from idea to manual transfer to final expression:

"Painting begins in the mind of the contemplator but cannot be accomplished without manual operation. The scientific and true principles of painting first determine what is a shaded object, what is direct shadow, what is secondary shadow, and what is light—that is to say, darkness, light, color, body, figure, position, distance, nearness, motion and rest. These are understood by the mind alone and entail no manual operation; and they constitute the science of painting, which remains in the mind of its contemplators; and from it is then born the actual creation, which is far superior in esteem to the contemplation or science which precedes it. . . ."

If you are a regular *Post* reader and have observed before the work of Robert Charles Howe, you have seen some gradual changes in his work, a metamorphosis into a more complicated artist and person, sometimes well covered by the word maturity. Or, rather than rush him into middle age before he reaches his middle twenties, at least an entrance into more mature work. The self-portrait reproduced on this spread is really quite a revealing thing in our story of this young man as developing artist. His first self-portrait was our cover of that March/April 1973 issue. If you have not seen it before, we can merely summarize it by saying that it was a piece properly entitled *Holy Cow!*, in which the very young artist, seated at his easel, immersed in hero worship of Norman Rockwell, the great *Post* cover artist, shows himself in almost idolatrous imitation, pipe in mouth and all, "making like an artist." Here is the self-conscious and precocious appeal of youth, hamming it up a little in the process.

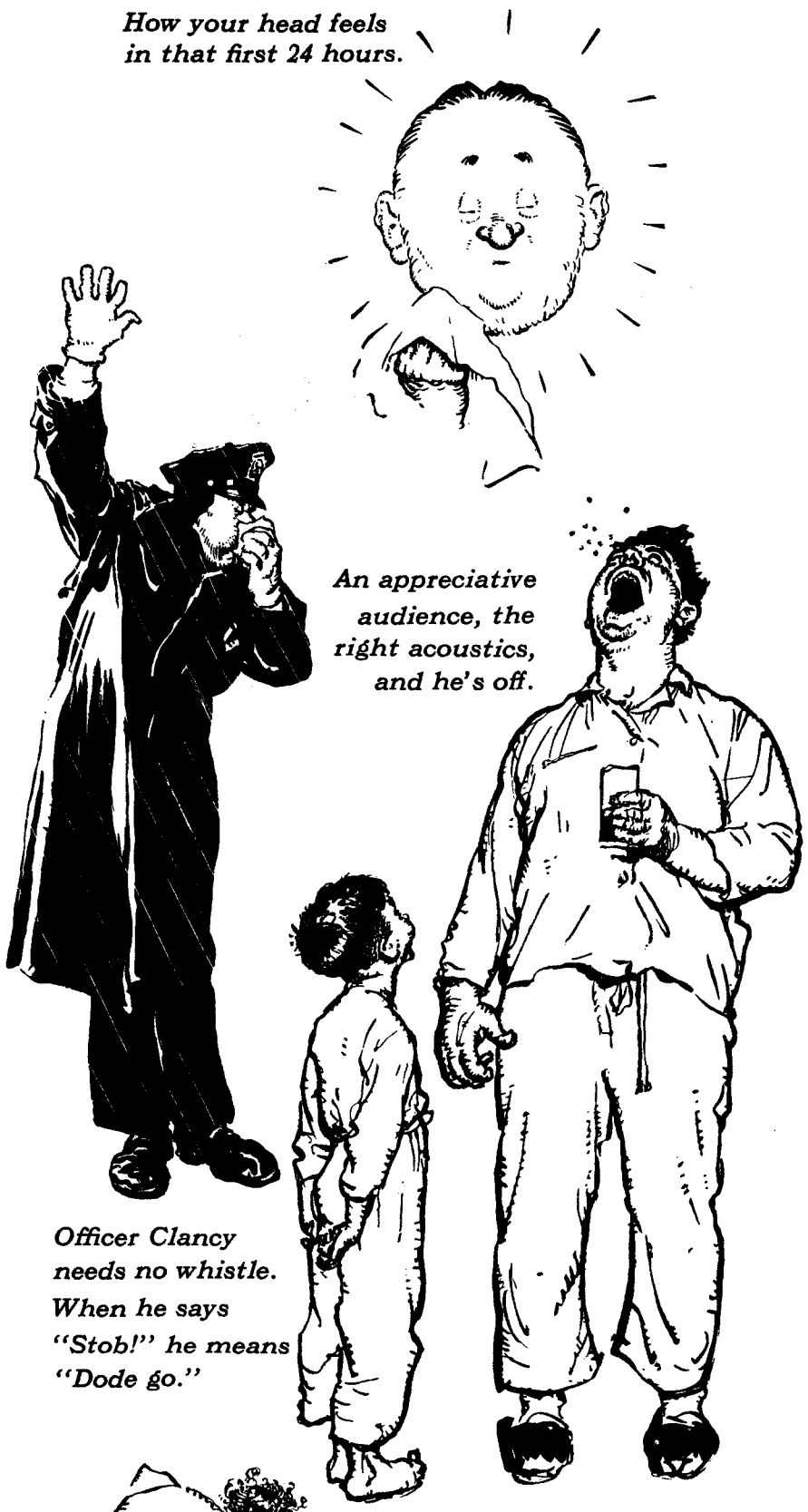
Now, take a look at the self-portrait by the only slightly older but much more experienced

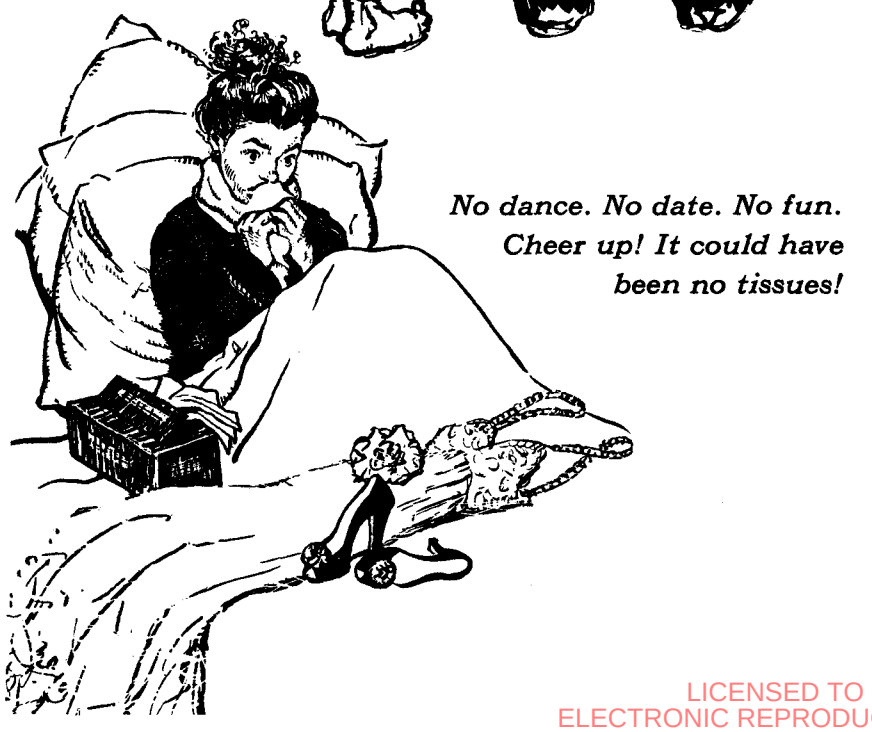
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bob Howe of today, as seen here. To begin with, there is physical change—Bob has moved out of the converted coal bin which his grandfather had hacked out of a space next to the family furnace, and now has a full-fledged studio on the ground level of his new family home, with doors opening to the countryside in the back of the house (he has seen an occasional deer there, even in this Chicago suburb). He has all the room he needs to paint, and to hang and store about him his several paintings-in-work—he seems to work well on a few at a time, like an omnivorous reader taking on another book in each room in a house simultaneously. The clear-toned north light you see in this fresh work is something new, therefore; coal bins are noted for electric lights these days but not much more. Bob's early attack upon the color spectrum was more like a hammer taken to a fluorescent panel. Now he breaks light into its components, and a Vermeer-like sheen shimmers in the background tones. His line is firmer, too, possibly because his hand is steadier and stronger these days, with practice and physical growth.

But mostly the change is in "the mind of the contemplator," to borrow Leonardo's phrase. Bob now sees himself not as a mirror image but as something from which truly springs "actual creation." In this case, it is a wry inventory of himself, inside and out. There is something of *American Gothic* here in the serious face, complete with blemishes, the oddball hat, the pipe unlike any other. But the artist has turned the joke on himself. Bob Howe bought the blowsy hat for less than a dollar in a joke shop where you buy funny noses and false moustaches. The pipe is a good one but carefully selected for character rather than modishness. There is something wonderfully hilarious about this picture, something beautifully done, something excitingly discovered. You know—it just could be manhood. That is the further adventure, and perhaps the finest adventure, of any boy. And especially a boy named Robert Charles Howe, with the world at his fingertips, waiting to be captured on canvas. ⚖

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


How your head feels in that first 24 hours.
An appreciative audience, the right acoustics, and he's off.
Officer Clancy needs no whistle. When he says "Stob!" he means "Dode go."



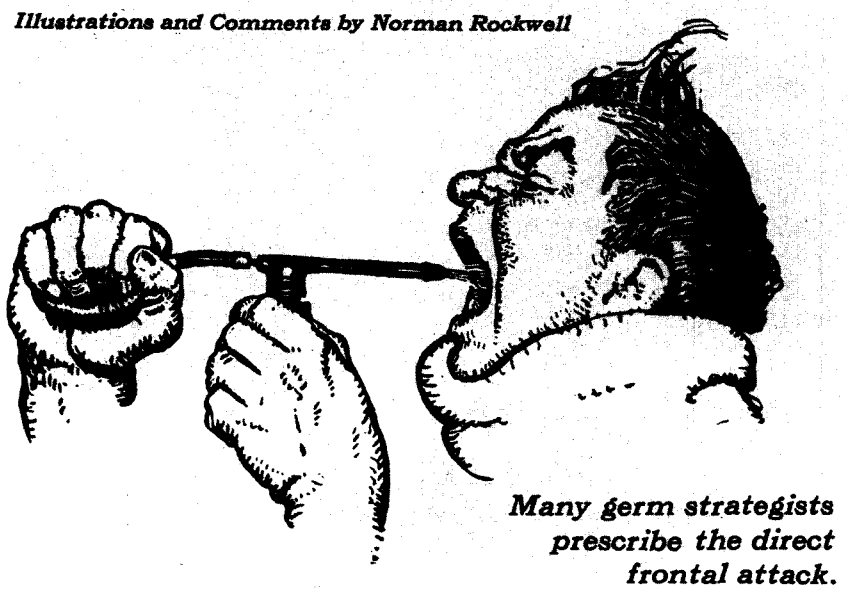
VITAMIN C AND THE COMMON COLD

By Cedric Wilson

Since 1971 Linus Pauling has been proclaiming the benefits of vitamin C (ascorbic acid) as a prophylactic against the common cold. He concluded that the vitamin has considerable anti-cold effects, after analyzing collected data on the subject presented in the journal *Nutrition Reviews* in 1967. Pauling's view was in direct opposition to an editorial in the same issue of the journal which concluded that "there is no conclusive evidence that ascorbic acid has any protective effect against, or any therapeutic effect on the course of, the common cold in healthy people not depleted of ascorbic acid." Since 1967 there have been many reports on the anti-cold efficacy of vitamin C, some of which support Pauling's hypothesis, some of which do not. A drawback of many of these trials is that they take no account of such factors as sex, age, and vitamin C status of the subjects studied. My colleagues and I in Dublin are soon to publish results of extensive investigations on vitamin C—in both humans and animals—in which we report that the vitamin does indeed have marked prophylactic effects against the common cold. We also find a significant difference between men and women in their metabolic utilization of vitamin C.

Investigations into the relationship between the common cold and vitamin C have provided questionable results in the past because it is difficult to precisely define the common cold and because people have not taken account of the fact that vitamin C is a normal constituent of human tissues. We have now taken care to define these symptoms and their relationship to one another. The previous studies reported in *Nu-*

Illustrations and Comments by Norman Rockwell



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

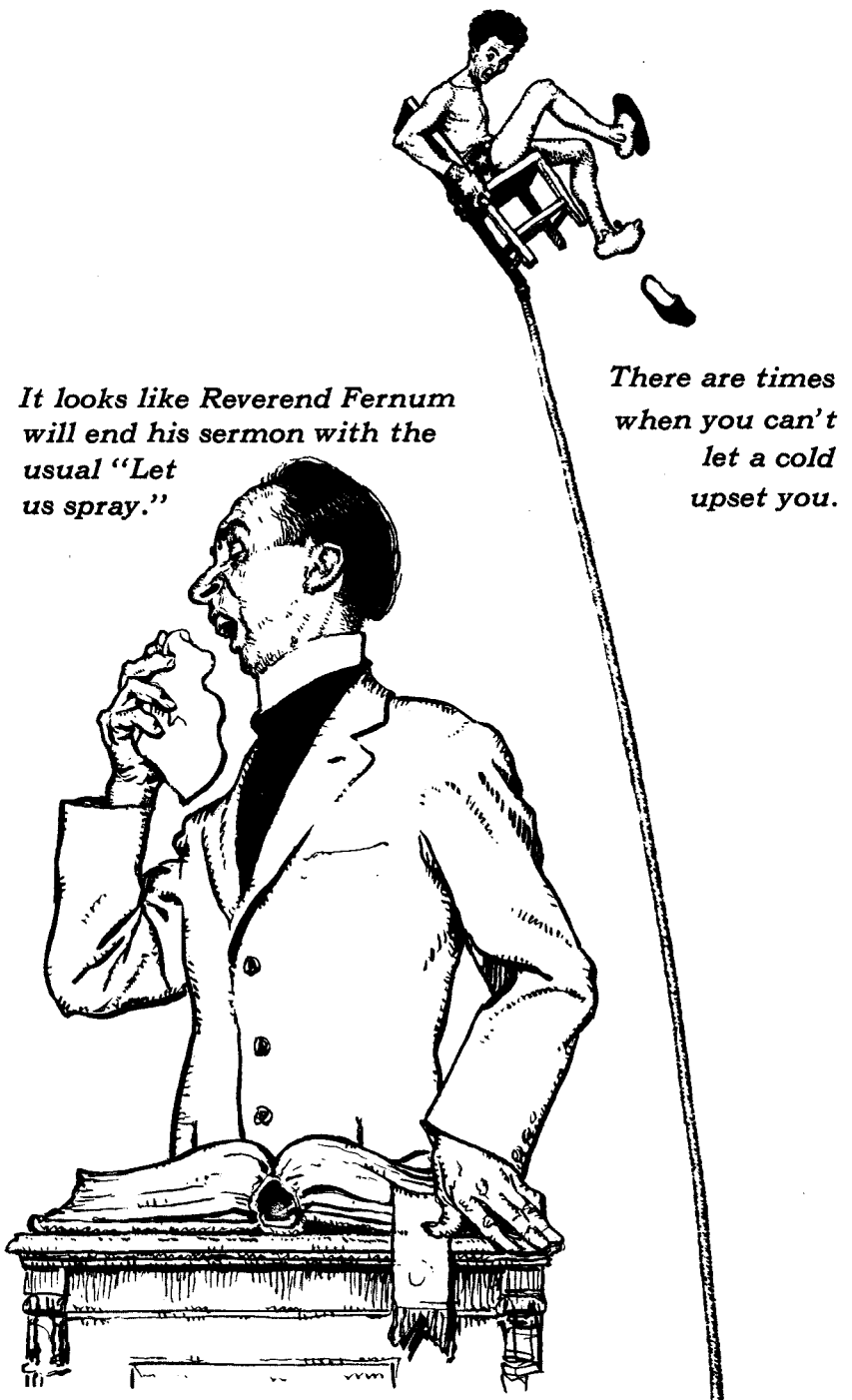
trition Reviews describe the effect of vitamin C on the numbers of colds occurring in groups given vitamin C or dummy tablets, but other characteristics of the symptomatology of the common cold are not discussed. In our trial on boarding school children in Dublin we asked the pupils to record daily over a nine-month period the occurrence and severity of the symptoms listed below.

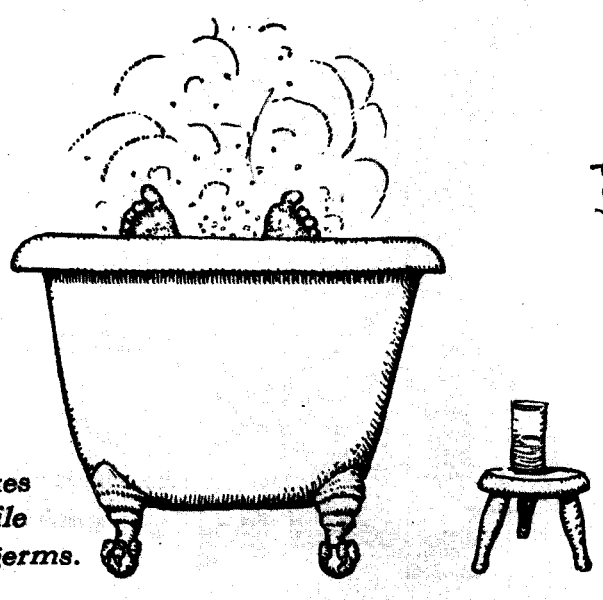
Toxic symptoms	Catarrhal symptoms
Headache	Cold in head
Feverish	Cough
Out of sorts	Nasal obstruction
Sore throat	Nasal discharge

During this period we gave the children in two male and two female boarding schools either dummy or 200 mg tablets of vitamin C, or 200 or 500 mg tablets of vitamin C on a double blind clinical trial basis. We confirmed that the children absorbed the doses by looking at the level of vitamin C in their blood. We discovered, somewhat to our surprise, that the girls attained higher blood levels than males and utilized the vitamin differently. When they were given dummy tablets the girls tended to get more intense colds of longer duration than boys, but the boys' symptoms tended to be more complex than the girls'. In the groups receiving 200 mg vitamin C daily we found that severity and intensity of catarrhal colds became significantly reduced in girls, and it fell still further when we gave 500 mg. The complexity of the girls' colds was also reduced. On the other hand, even the larger doses of vitamin C did not alter the intensity of symptoms in the boys. In fact, the dose of 200 mg appeared to exacerbate them. With the dose of 500 mg, symptom intensity again reverted to that in the untreated boys given dummy tablets. Vitamin C did, however, reduce the complexity of boys' colds and so produced some beneficial effect in them.

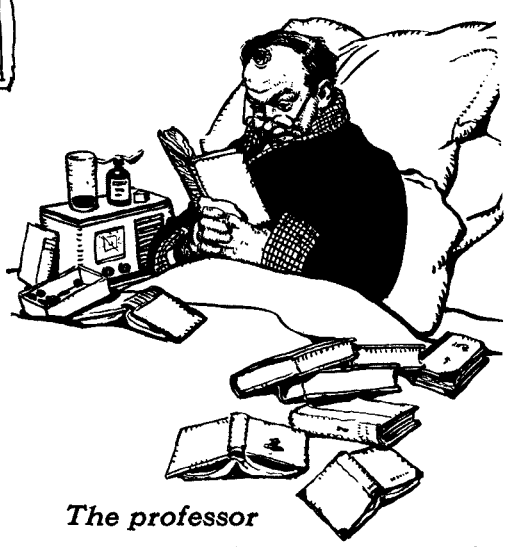
Because of a genetic mutation, guinea pigs and man are unable to synthesize the enzyme gulonolactone oxidase—which is used to manufacture vitamin C—so they depend on vitamin C in their food. Scurvy and ultimate death result from a dietary absence of vitamin C in man and his metabolic companion, the guinea pig. There is, however, considerable variability in guinea pig requirements for exogenous vitamin C to prevent the development of scurvy. Researchers, using both experimental investigations in which volunteers are given scorbutogenic (scurvy-forming) diets, and clinical observations, find that humans also vary in their need for the vitamin.

Irwin Stone has suggested that since vitamin C really does act as an essential food factor in guinea pigs and human beings, it should be relatively easy to determine the extent of the defect in genetic inheritance by observing the development of scorbutic symptoms and measuring ability to synthesize ascorbic acid while subjects are on a scorbutogenic diet. We have now completed such an experiment on guinea pigs. We found that all male guinea pigs on the diet died of scurvy after 30 days. In contrast, the majority of female guinea pigs died after 36 days; moreover, in a number of these experiments some females lived for as long as 150 days. It turns out that these females activate a small amount of gulonolactone oxidase—the enzyme needed to manufacture vitamin C—in their livers.


There are times when you can't let a cold upset you.
It looks like Reverend Fernum will end his sermon with the usual "Let us spray."



The tub treatment relaxes the patient while drowning the germs.



The professor welcomes the chance to curl up with some good bacilli.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We have administered gulonolactone—the precursor of vitamin C—to female guinea pigs and we discover that they can convert it to vitamin C and therefore survive longer. We conclude from these results that in conditions when excessive demands are being made for vitamin C, female guinea pigs can activate their gulonolactone oxidase and synthesize limited quantities of the vitamin. They can therefore survive the critical twenty-seventh to thirty-sixth days of the diet when vitamin C deficient males normally die.

Vitamin C, in addition to iron and folic acid, is necessary for formation of hemoglobin, the iron-containing protein in red blood cells. When iron is given to humans for the treatment of iron deficiency anemia, the tissues also require folic acid and vitamin C to produce hemoglobin. Folic acid comes for this purpose from the tissue stores. Vitamin C is withdrawn from the stores in the white cells and platelets (the buffy coat of the blood). When iron is given daily to elderly male patients, hemoglobin rises to a value of 5 percent above its initial level after sixteen weeks. Their vitamin C stores fall consistently to 86 percent of their initial value over the same period. When elderly females are given the same dose of iron, their hemoglobin rises to 110 percent of its initial value after sixteen weeks. Their vitamin C stores fall sharply to 63 percent after six weeks, then rise to 133 percent of their initial value at the end of the trial. It seems, therefore, that women also react to a tissue demand for vitamin C by instituting a metabolic readjustment which activates vitamin C synthesis, and that males do not have this capacity. This suggestion is supported by the clinical evidence that women show less pronounced symptoms of scurvy than men, and have a lower incidence of the disease.

Vitamin C remains as a labile store in the buffy coat of the blood, and can be rapidly transferred into the plasma from whence it passes into the tissues for metabolic use. A small stable pool is maintained in the buffy coat, even when an animal is dying from scurvy. This stable pool is used by the white cells to maintain their viability and sustain their defensive action against invading organisms. When a loading dose of 500 mg vitamin C is administered during a cold, the plasma vitamin C rises but not to the same extent as after recovery from the cold. This indicates that the loading dose is being absorbed from the gut. However, it is excreted in the urine less during the cold than after recovery from the cold symptoms. We have demonstrated that during a cold the vitamin C labile store in the buffy coat is significantly reduced. A loading dose of vitamin C does not go into the buffy coat in either males or females, but metabolic turnover of vitamin C in the tissues is more pronounced in females. When a loading dose of 1000 mg is given during a cold, females can replete their labile stores for up to six hours, but males' vitamin C stores remain at a diminished level. This indicates that vitamin C utilization is enhanced while cold symptoms are present. We find that there is a direct correlation between utilization of ascorbic acid and severity of cold symptoms. It also demonstrates that the larger supplement is incapable of compensating for the increased vitamin C utilization in males during colds, although this dose can compensate for a period of about six hours in females.

When catarrhal symptoms predominate, vitamin C is absorbed chiefly into the inflamed naso-pharyngeal tissues. When toxic symptoms predominate, vitamin C passes into the body cells to combat toxic effects of the virus. In females, vitamin C primarily combats the damage associated with catarrhal symptoms, and excess vitamin C is utilized during the control of toxic symptoms. Of a dose of 1000 mg of vitamin C during a cold, a small amount of the vitamin is stored for a maximum of four hours in males but for six hours or more in females. Our results suggest that 2000 mg of vitamin C six-hourly will maintain a normal metabolic turnover rate of the vitamin during a cold, and that 2000 mg daily should have a beneficial prophylactic effect against the common cold in about 90 percent of females, but that males will require about 2500 mg daily. We conclude from our investigations that vitamin C utilization increases during a cold because the vitamin is required to enhance immunological defense mechanisms, maintain phagocytosis, and promote tissue healing. Females require smaller doses than males because of their more efficient metabolic readjustment to tissue demand for ascorbic acid during a cold.

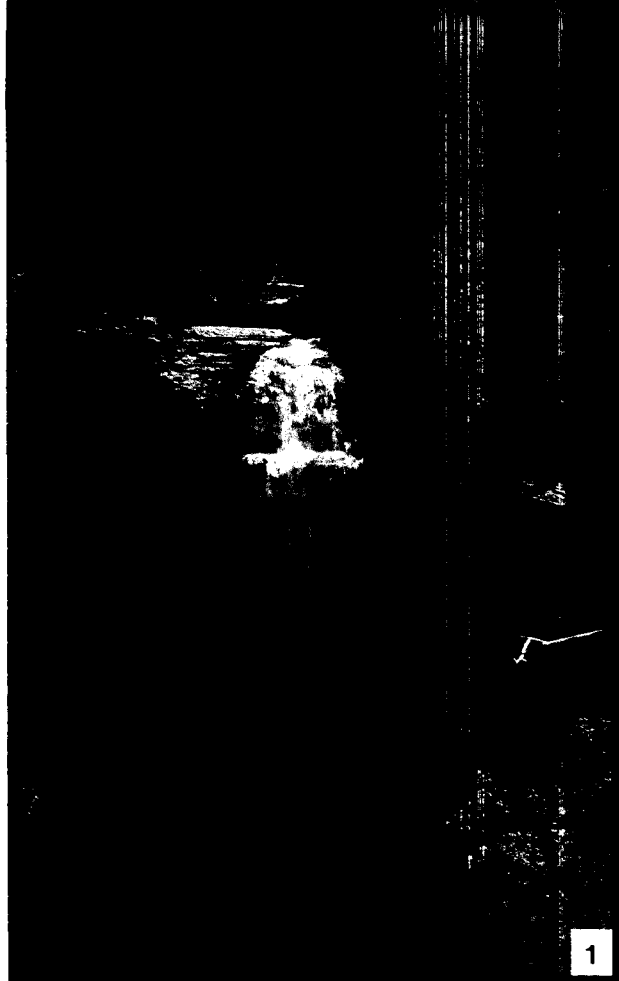
When the United Kingdom Panel on Recommended Allowances of Nutrients (1969) discussed the possibility that human beings should be maintained in a constant state of tissue saturation with vitamin C, it said that there is no evidence that man derives any benefit from a daily dose of the vitamin adequate to maintain such a state. The panel therefore recommended that an amount of the vitamin sufficient to prevent signs of deficiency (scurvy), and having a safety margin to allow for individual variation and for stresses of everyday life, is adequate as a dietary intake. They recommend 30 mg daily for adults of both sexes of fifteen years or more. Pregnant women should take 60 mg a day. These levels must now be seen as inadequate.

Our investigations demonstrate that cold symptomatology can be assessed in terms of symptom association and that this method of analysis appears to be more sensitive than measurement of the syndrome in its entirety. It provides a method of relating the cold syndrome to concurrent changes in ascorbic acid utilization. The therapeutic effect of vitamin C on the common cold cannot be assessed by standard clinical trial methods because vitamin C is a normal constituent of the tissues and plays an essential role in maintaining the viability and normal health of the tissues. This must be taken into account in any clinical trial dosing. To maintain this healthy state the tissues must be saturated with ascorbic acid at all times. We have shown that females have an innate ability enabling them to maintain this state of saturation more efficiently than males during conditions of stress. This type of sex differential has previously been reported to characterize certain types of drug metabolism, but it has never previously been demonstrated to be characteristic of a vitamin. ⁂

The only thing worse than a cold is what Ma gives you to prevent it.

The all-out remedy for the patient who is all in.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

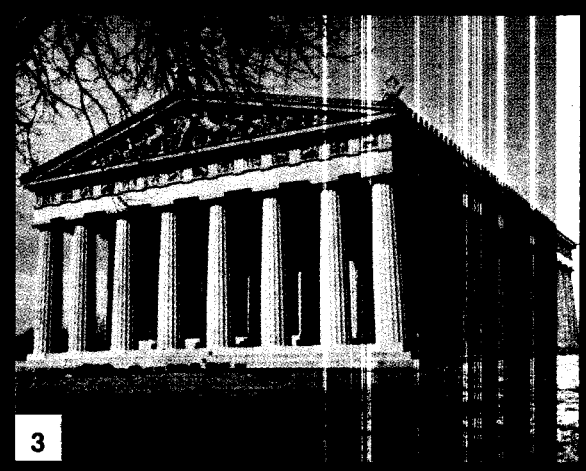


1

Fall Creek Falls. Highest waterfall in Eastern U.S.A. South of I-40 between Cookeville and Chattanooga.

2

Reelfoot Lake. Mysterious, beautiful lake formed by an earthquake 150 years ago. Extreme Northwest Tennessee border.



3

The Parthenon. An exact reproduction of the original Athenian Temple built in 48 B.C. in Nashville.

4

Cades Cove. Preserved settlement. Illustrates mountain life as it existed 100 years ago. In Smoky Mountain National Park.

5

Look-Out Mountain. Scene of a pivotal Civil War battle with a magnificent view of 7 states. In Chattanooga.

6

Davy Crockett Tavern & Museum. Pioneer American folk hero. Bear hunter, humorist, Alamo martyr. In East Tennessee near Morristown.

Only in Tennessee

3 1 5

Tennessee Tourist Division, Dept. SP-4, Andrew Jackson Bldg., Nashville, Tenn. 37219.
Please send information on following areas:
(check desired ones) 1☐ 2☐ 3☐ 4☐ 5☐ 6☐
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
Your Travel Agent also has information.

Land of family fun

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE STING

By Milton Krims

As if you didn't already know, there is much talk today of credibility gaps, put-ons and ripoffs. The con game, we are told, is a way of life and respectability, a measure of survival. We hear that morality is a reflexive preoccupation and virtue a subjective exercise. Today's disciplines—especially psychology and sociology—provide computerized conclusions about current social ailments, undoubtedly valuable as statistics. But how much do they really tell us about the individual human being? Even the computer is not equipped to explore every living cell in the immeasurably vast body of society. And even if it could, it does not speak in the simple, nonscientific language of the people.

For successful communication with our times, we turn to the arts . . . the painter, the writer, (collectively) the theater, films. The scientist is pragmatic, justifiably concerned with the end result, the revelation that ends, after long and often tedious research, with success or failure. The artist is instinctive, offers the facts of the human situation as he sees them, hoping he will lead his audience through reflection to revelation, never forgetting his first responsibility is to entertain. For without entertainment there is no audience and without audience the artist wastes his endeavor on emptiness.

All of which is intended as preface to discussion of a film titled *The Sting*. It's about a "big con," meaning a swindle involving sizable money, success depending on imagination, ingenuity, courage and expert psychological manipulation to lead the "mark" (victim) to the "sting" (taking his money). It is from first to last a total "put-on," contriving people into places and postures with the felicitous ease of a "Mission Impossible" charade . . . except that it has good reason for being and most of the time makes good sense. And much suspense. It is a kind of filmic reflection that leads to post-film revelation . . . if one is of a mind to update its well-hidden admonitions.

The place is Chicago, the time 1930. But it actually begins in Joliet, Illinois, because of a professionally ludicrous mistake. Johnny Hooker (Robert Redford) and Luther Coleman (Robert Earl Jones), partnered in a small time "short con" operation, use the old money switch to sting a (unbeknownst to them) numbers runner out of money belonging to a big time New York mobster named Doyle Lonnegan (Robert Shaw). Lonnegan is outraged by such lamentable dishonesty among thieves, sends a couple of hoods to Joliet to repossess the money and teach the offenders proper respect for stolen money. For small time short con men, the bundle is indeed the pot at the end of the rainbow, big enough when divided to make an honest man of Coleman, who announces immediate retirement to peaceful family life. But Hooker, he thinks, is ready for the big time, names a friend—Henry Gondorff—in Chicago who will teach him how to climb from the short con up to the big con. Hooker promptly loses his money to a crooked roulette wheel, pays off a blackmailing cop with counterfeit money and starts running. En route, he stops by Coleman's place, finds him murdered by Lonnegan's executioners. He runs again, this time for his life, followed by the killers and the irate cop, losing them somewhere between Joliet and Chicago. Or so he thinks.

In Chicago he makes contact with Henry Gondorff (Paul Newman), taking cover in a bar-brothel to avoid the results of a misplayed con game. But he is wonderfully untroubled by his circumstance, long experience having taught him that what goes up comes down and what is down goes up, so—in the immortal words of Don Marquis's philosophical Mehitabel—wotthehell. But the murder of a good friend and gentle soul such as Luther Coleman raises hackles. And the murderer's name stimulates thoughts of retribution. The con man is and always has been nonviolent, proudly taking the mark with skilled hands and sharp wit. So what greater punishment for his crimes than to set up a big con to bilk Doyle Lonnegan out of $500,000, this being an amount large enough to bring shame and disgrace to an egomaniac with killer-supported delusions of grandeur. It will be a dangerous caper . . . but the con man, being among the greatest psychologists since the beginning of time, plans with relish, knowing the bigger the con the greater the greed (and dishonesty) of the mark. Or, to put it differently, he knows as a fundamental precept that no con man can ever successfully cheat an honest man.

A big con is a meticulously planned extravaganza as carefully staged as any top theatrical production. To begin, the mark must be studied for his weaknesses. Doyle Lonnegan, rich and powerful racketeer, ruthless disciplinarian, congenitally suspicious, has a weakness for poker and is a notoriously bad loser . . . which is why he is a compulsive cheater, as adept as any grifter at dealing from the bottom of the deck. This indicates the wire game as most likely to succeed. Success depends on convincing him that his newfound friends have a way of delaying race results to bookie joints, thus giving him a sure-thing bet on a completed race before the bookie even knows the race has started. This, in turn, necessitates setting up a "store," a replica of a well-established, efficiently functioning and flashy bookmaker's room crowded with prosperous people making, winning and losing large bets. All this takes money. And they're all quite short at this moment. But love will find a way.

It is a delightful irony that the mark himself pays for the setup. How is for you to see; enough to say cheater Lonnegan is outcheated by cheater Gondorff with money picked from Lonnegan's own pocket, thus creating complications about the payoff, which brings Hooker into the situation with an offer to double-cross his partner Gondorff because he wants the joint for his own.

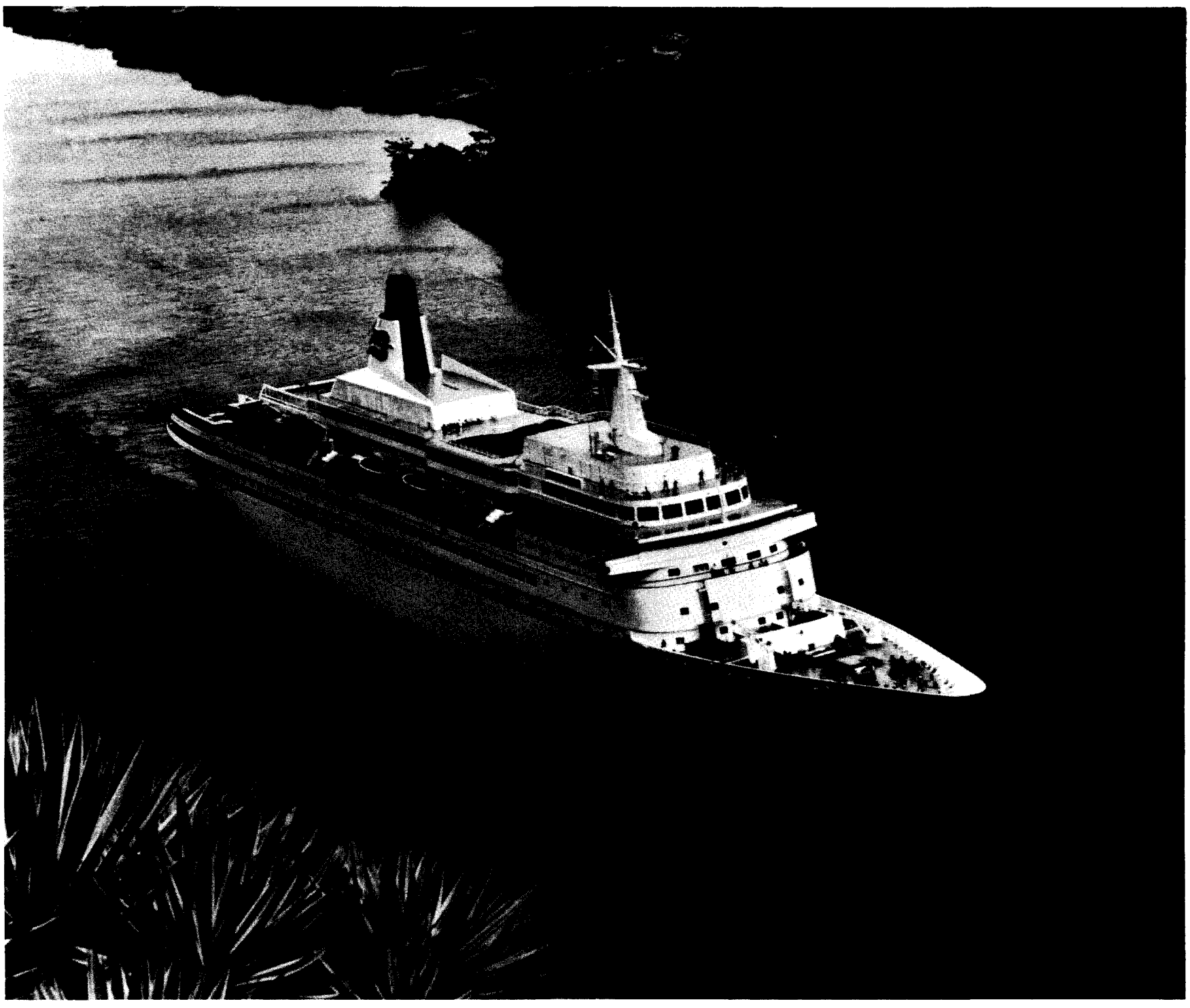
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

See the Panama Canal from your living room window.

See it on a Royal Viking Line Caribbean/Mexico/Trans-Canal cruise this Spring or Fall. And see suntanned islands like Aruba and Guadeloupe, enchanted ports like Puerto Vallarta and Mazatlan, as well.

You'll see everything beautifully from the all new, all first class *Royal Viking Star, Royal Viking Sky,* or *Royal Viking Sea.* Of Norwegian registry. And spirit. Your living room is a spacious, elegant main lounge, high on an upper deck and virtually walled with windows. Your dining room offers the same horizon-to-horizon view—and single seating at each meal. You'll probably even have a view from your stateroom; 94% of our passengers do. Amenities? You'll have a heated pool, superb cuisine, nightly entertainment, and art everywhere. Plus a crew that's very Norwegian in attending the ship, very Continental in attending your wants and needs.

You can take a Royal Viking Trans-Canal cruise from San Francisco and Los Angeles to Ft. Lauderdale—or vice versa—in 12 to 20 days. Or you can take the round trip in about a month. Fares begin at approximately $76 per day per passenger in an outside double. For full details and reservations, see your favorite travel agent. Or call us: 800-227-4246 toll free (N. California & Canada, 415-398-8000 collect; S. California, 213-627-1365 collect). For our 92-page full color brochure on all Royal Viking world wide cruises, write Royal Viking Line, Dept. E-68, One Embarcadero Center, San Francisco, California 94111.



ROYAL VIKING LINE TRANS-CANAL CRUISES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And he knows just how to do it. (See wire game, above.) Lonnegan nibbles . . . and the game begins.

The empty barrel is now filled with Lonnegan's money to pay for setting an elegant stage on which to perform this intricately structured play. Amiable delinquents populate the stage, happily responding to the tribal call for help. Everyone is elegant, well-dressed, opulent; even our two con artists are correctly dressed in smart dinner jackets, wing collared and black tied. Waiters and barmen are respectful and efficient. The masquerade is played with such perfection one almost begins to lose the ability to recognize fact from fantasy. Lonnegan is constantly suspicious, testing and retesting the dependability of the delayed returns; Hooker is in constant danger, even though one begins to doubt the legitimacy of the threats. Yet a woman who tries to kill him is killed by a supposed enemy who, it turns out, is an assigned bodyguard. If we are confused at times, I dare say it is by deliberate intent, for the "put-on" is a vagrant kind of exercise, even when sternly disciplined by a master showman such as Henry Gondorff, ably assisted by student Johnny Hooker and an intriguing cast of characters playing an intriguing cast of characters.

Confidence man Gondorff (Paul Newman) takes on racketeer Lonnegan (Robert Shaw).

Robert Redford is Johnny Hooker, a small time con who comes to Chicago in the 1930's to learn the fine and intricate art of the Big Con. His teacher is none other than his **Butch Cassidy** *partner, Paul Newman.*

Paul Newman and Robert Redford are wonderfully convincing (and droll) as two practitioners of the gentle art of separating a sucker from his money, playing the game with purposeful charm, insouciant good humor and persuasive flimflammery. That they are unmitigated, conscienceless scoundrels enjoying every ploy of the big con is of secondary consideration; after all, their intent is commendable and there is no harm in cheating a cheater, especially when the cheater is Robert Shaw, who stalks through the deception with exquisite nastiness. I realize this is not a recommended moral attitude. However, in today's world, I am often led to wonder what is.

The screenplay by David S. Ward is sharply definitive, colorfully dialogued and tightly structured. I found the very last "put-on" disappointing, feeling reality would have given substantive irony to the story. Since it's a surprise, I won't discuss it any further. George Roy Hill's direction is precisely lighthearted, keeping pace and people in quick tempo and avoiding the cuteness that so often betrays the validity of the play within the play.

We are told that in recent years "the big con has become less a criminal activity and more the domain of politics and big business." Perhaps *The Sting* should be seen as a historical document reflecting a past that reveals much of the present.

For Your Consideration

Ash Wednesday tells us plastic surgery will not restore a husband's lost love. It does, however, restore Elizabeth Taylor as a superb actress and a great beauty. Everything about this film is lavishly beautiful—the clothes, the sets, the locations, even the operating room where the camera shows us up close and with sometimes stomach-turning detail the gory processes of total plastic surgery. I would have preferred less surgery and more story. The film is the first act of an unfinished play. We know now it takes more than plastic surgery to resurrect a dead marriage. But what happens to the frumpish woman of over fifty who's restored to a lush, beautiful thirty-five or forty and divorced by a husband she still loves? Nevertheless worth seeing for Elizabeth Taylor's sympathetic portrayal of a brave woman who gambled and lost.

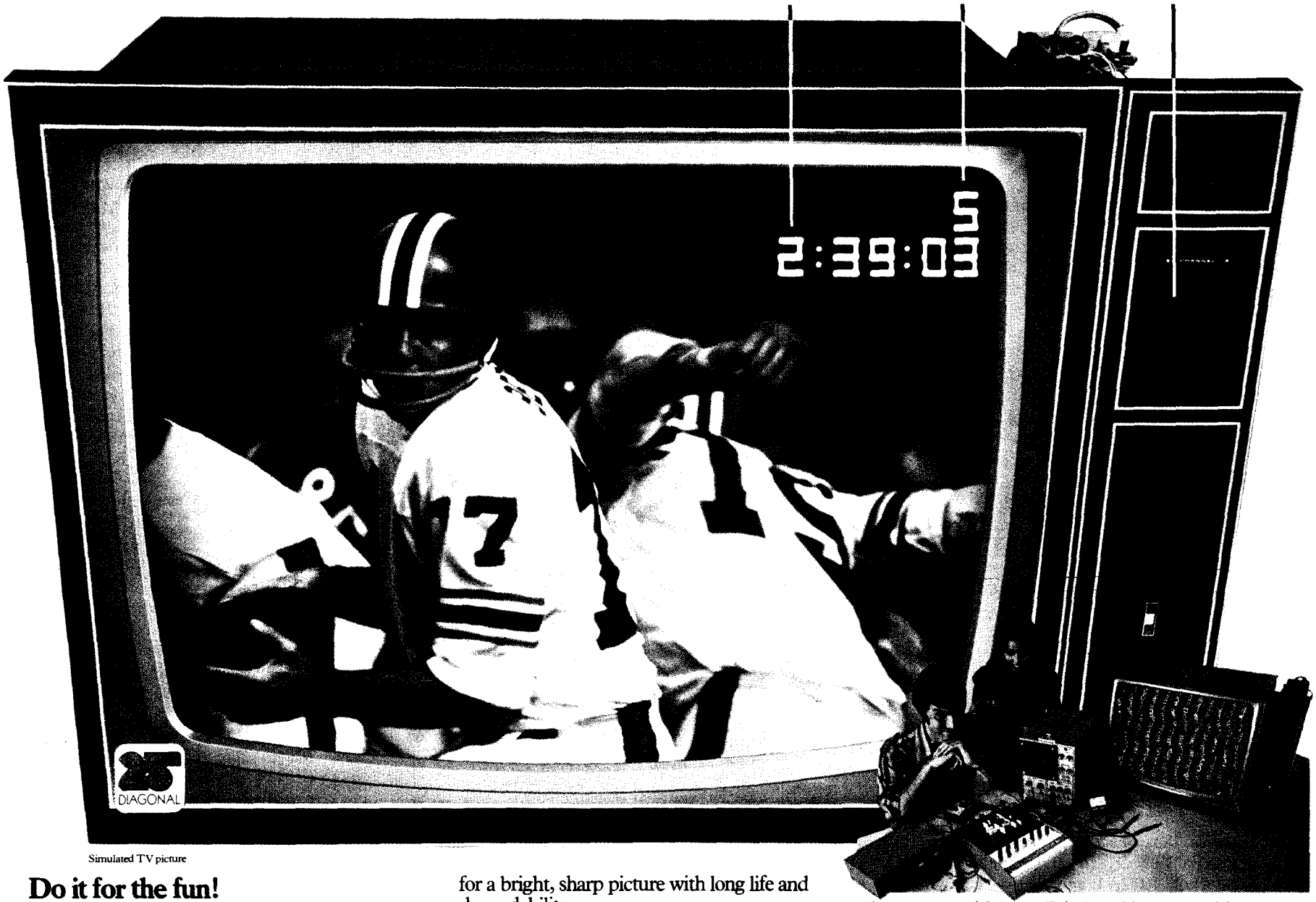
Cinderella Liberty is a somewhat overly sentimental story about the lonely sailor on shore leave who falls in love with the golden-hearted hustler. What, again? you ask. This one is rather different because the sailor, sympathetically played by James Caan, is fundamentally a gentle soul who abhors vulgarity, is clean-minded and honestly decent, yet totally believable as a man and a sailor living his own ethic without forcing it on others. Nor does the girl, appealingly played by Marsha Mason, have any illusions about herself. She is second generation tart, mother of an illegitimate ten-year-old half-black son well on the way to juvenile delinquency, now carrying another by some unknown male. Kirk Calloway plays the boy with extraordinary sensitivity, transformed from hostile introversion to outgoing love by the friendly understanding of the sailor. There is a sense of loneliness here, an almost despairing cry for the therapy of love and friendship to cure decay already decimating young lives. Love, it seems to say, is not easy for those who have never before known it. Well worth seeing. Not exactly for the kids . . . although one wonders if they wouldn't learn something of value from it, more than they do from the violence of most TV they are allowed to watch.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's new! It's digital!

Build it yourself!

Bell & Howell Schools introduces
a giant-screen digital color TV
with these amazing features:


Digital clock that flashes on screen
Channel numbers that flash on the screen
Automatic pre-set channel selector
2:39:03
25" DIAGONAL

Simulated TV picture

Do it for the fun!

What a thrill to spend your spare time actually building your own color TV! Especially one with features made possible by the technology of digital electronics!

Like channel numbers that flash right on the screen! No more squinting to see which channel you're on or want to turn to.

An on-screen digital clock! Just a push of a button and your TV tells you the time of day in hours, minutes *and* seconds!

An automatic channel selector that you preset to skip over "dead" channels and go directly to the channels of your choice.

Plus . . . all-electronic tuning, reliable integrated circuitry and a 100% solid-state chassis for a bright, sharp picture with long life and dependability.

Do it for the money!

After you build your TV, cash in on all the new skills you've learned! This new Bell & Howell Schools at-home program gives you up-to-date skills in home entertainment electronics and digital circuitry that could lead to extra income, full or part time. We even include a complete volume on how to start your own TV service business!

Do it now!

Find out how you can build and keep this Bell & Howell 25-inch diagonal *digital* color TV – plus our exclusive Electro-Lab® electronics training system with new digital multimeter, solid-state "triggered sweep" oscilloscope and design console.

Find out, too, about the Lab Starter Kit that gives you "hands on" experience with your very first lesson – and about our toll-free phone-in assistance and in-person "help sessions" to assist you every step of the way.

Mail the postage-free card today for full details, free!

"Electro-Lab" is a registered trademark of the Bell & Howell Company

An Electronics Home Study School
DeVRY INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY 644
ONE OF THE
BELL & HOWELL SCHOOLS
4141 Belmont, Chicago, Illinois 60641

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRANK AND ME AND L.B.J.

A brief encounter in Stockholm turns into love and marriage at the L.B.J. Ranch.

By Jayne Brumley

On June 1, 1972, I bounced out of New England Baptist Hospital in Boston secure in the knowledge that I was in tip-top physical condition.

My destination was Stockholm, Sweden, and the United Nations Conference on the Human Environment.

My goal was to become the best informed female international environmentalist.

I was a recent widow with one college-age son. I was determined, even committed, to sane judgments, a full-blast career and, most importantly, to be a burden to no one. Looking at the very brightest side of my situation, 1972 was the year of the woman and of the environment. And I was a woman on the staff of the President's Council on Environmental Quality. With my new no-nonsense attitude, and a lot of hard work, the future was practically assured.

The month before departure was a frantic one, as I was dedicated to leaving absolutely no stone unturned in my personal affairs to be free to concentrate on my new goal.

My son Bryan, age twenty, was working in a national park in California, my house was rented, my bills were all paid two months in advance, my dental work was up to date, I'd taken out a large insurance policy so that if the worst happened Bryan's financial future would not be chaotic.

But the two things that most assured me that I indeed had everything under control were that I exercised every morning for an hour (the absolute end in discipline for a former reporter) and that I left for a month-long trip to Europe with high expectations and only a single suitcase.

I was determined, yea committed, to sane judgments. He was six-foot-five with curly hair, the kind of person who has never met a stranger.

It had to be obvious even to the most casual observer that this Jayne Brumley was not a person you needed to worry about. In the vernacular of 1972, I apparently "had it all together," or so I was convinced.

The first clue that this was not quite true was when I arrived in Stockholm to learn that my new eye for detail had not included looking at my passport, which had expired in February. After that, actually nothing was quite like I planned it. I even carried a poster and marched in my first demonstration, an effort to save whales.

Six weeks later in Austin, Texas, I was married and a former President of the United States planned the wedding feast and wedding night. I was also retired, a mother-in-law twice, grandmother, and had learned that Shirley Temple Black was the world's best informed and most respected female environmentalist.

On June 7, 1972, I left for Stockholm feeling that I, Frank Ikard, had a very pleasant and good personal life and a life with great professional challenges yet ahead.

A widower who had just seen his second and last son, Bill, graduate from law school and who knew that both of his sons were happily married and on their own, I was utterly free of family commitments.

The critical energy situation was now very evident, and I felt that for the rest of my working life I would be deeply involved in this because of my job as president of the American Petroleum Institute.

It was a great honor to be selected as one of the delegates to the United Nations Conference on the Human Environment. The subject was a challenge, and the fact that the conference was even being held was exciting.

My departure had been delayed a few days because of complications at the office. When I finally boarded the plane bound for Stockholm, we were delayed several hours on the ground. The delays continued when we landed in Norway, and by the time the plane arrived in Sweden, it was not the scheduled early morning but mid-afternoon. The car that was supposed to meet me was not there. The temperature was in the nineties. I had had no sleep and was deep in the throes of jet lag by the time I located the car and set off for the Grand Hotel.

As I mulled over the goals of the conference, my car was suddenly halted. We sat and sat and sat in the heat. I was thirsty, I was very tired and didn't understand the delay, although I had been warned there might be protests in Sweden. The delay turned out to be caused by a protest march to "Save the Whales." My blood boiled. I wasn't opposed to whales, but I wanted to get to the hotel and clean up and get some sleep.

We sat an hour longer. We would not be able to go on until the whales parade was over, the driver explained. This was the last straw.

Then some female person passed the car carrying a bouquet of lilies of the valley and jiggling a poster with a silver whale on it in front of my window. I had dark thoughts about various ways that I would like to torture her, and I knew exactly what I would do with that poster. The parade ended.

Two years later that same whale poster is framed and hanging in my kitchen and once again I have a son in college. I married the demonstrator carrying the poster.

The American delegation to Stockholm, headed by Russell E. Train, Chairman of the President's Council on Environmental Quality, was generally acknowledged to be the best and hardest working at the conference. One reason for this was that Russ had a full delegation meeting every morning at 8:30 at the American Embassy.

The meeting was conducted at a very large oblong table. There was a permanent place for each delegate marked with a large printed name sign.

The place assigned to and signed "Frank Ikard" had been vacant several mornings, much to my annoyance. I was annoyed because I was still on my self-styled efficiency kick and one of the notes on my mental check list nagged "be very nice to Frank Ikard."

Now environmentalists are not usually nice to anyone who is the president of the American Petroleum Institute, obviously, but he was a special case. This Ikard was a friend of my very dear friend, Margaret Mayer, Washington-based bureau chief for the *Dallas Times-Herald*. She had, in fact, made a very strong point to me: "If Frank Ikard invites you anyplace, go; you'll like it."

Finally on Friday, June 9, there was a very large body topped by a very large curly head sitting behind the sign that read "Frank Ikard." He looked rugged and tired, but not like the ogre his title suggested.

Quickly I penned a note that read "Margaret Mayer said to say hello," and signed it. So much, I thought, for Frank Ikard.

About 2 p.m. that same hectic day (with three widely separated meeting places for the Conference, every day was hectic), my Boston conscience reminded me that I had treated the friend of a friend in a very cavalier fashion that would win me no brownie points with Margaret.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

♈ Aries

Mar. 21-Apr. 19

Your ruler is Minerva, Goddess of wisdom, war and the liberal arts. Your planet is Mars, called "the red planet." Your color is red, your metal iron and your element is fire! You are energetic, impulsive, enthusiastic, and steadfast. Your mineral is realgar/orpiment.

♒ Aquarius

Jan. 20-Feb. 18

Your ruler is Juno, queen of the heavens. Your planet is Uranus, a primary planet, bigger than the earth. Your color is purple, your metal rare uranium and your element air! You are honest, curious, broadminded and humane. Your mineral is amethyst quartz crystal.

♊ Gemini

May 21-Jun. 21

Your ruler Apollo, is god of light and heat. Historically he represents the highest form of masculine beauty. Mercury rules your metal quick-silver. Your color is blue-grey and your element is air! You are restless, versatile, clever and expressive. Your mineral, one half of a pair, is the geode.

♋ Cancer

Jun. 22-Jul. 22

Your ruler is Mercury. Your planet is the moon—fitting for the sign of a water creature. Your colors: iridescents and the heraldic "tincture of purple." Your metal is silver and your element water. You are tenacious, patient, sympathetic and influential. Your mineral is chalcopyrite.

♍ Virgo

Aug. 23-Sep. 22

Your ruler is Ceres, goddess of growing things. Your planet is Mercury, smallest star and nearest to the sun. Your color: grey-blues, your metal quick-silver and your element earth! You are good-humored, industrious, intelligent and tender. Your mineral is flourite.

♉ Taurus

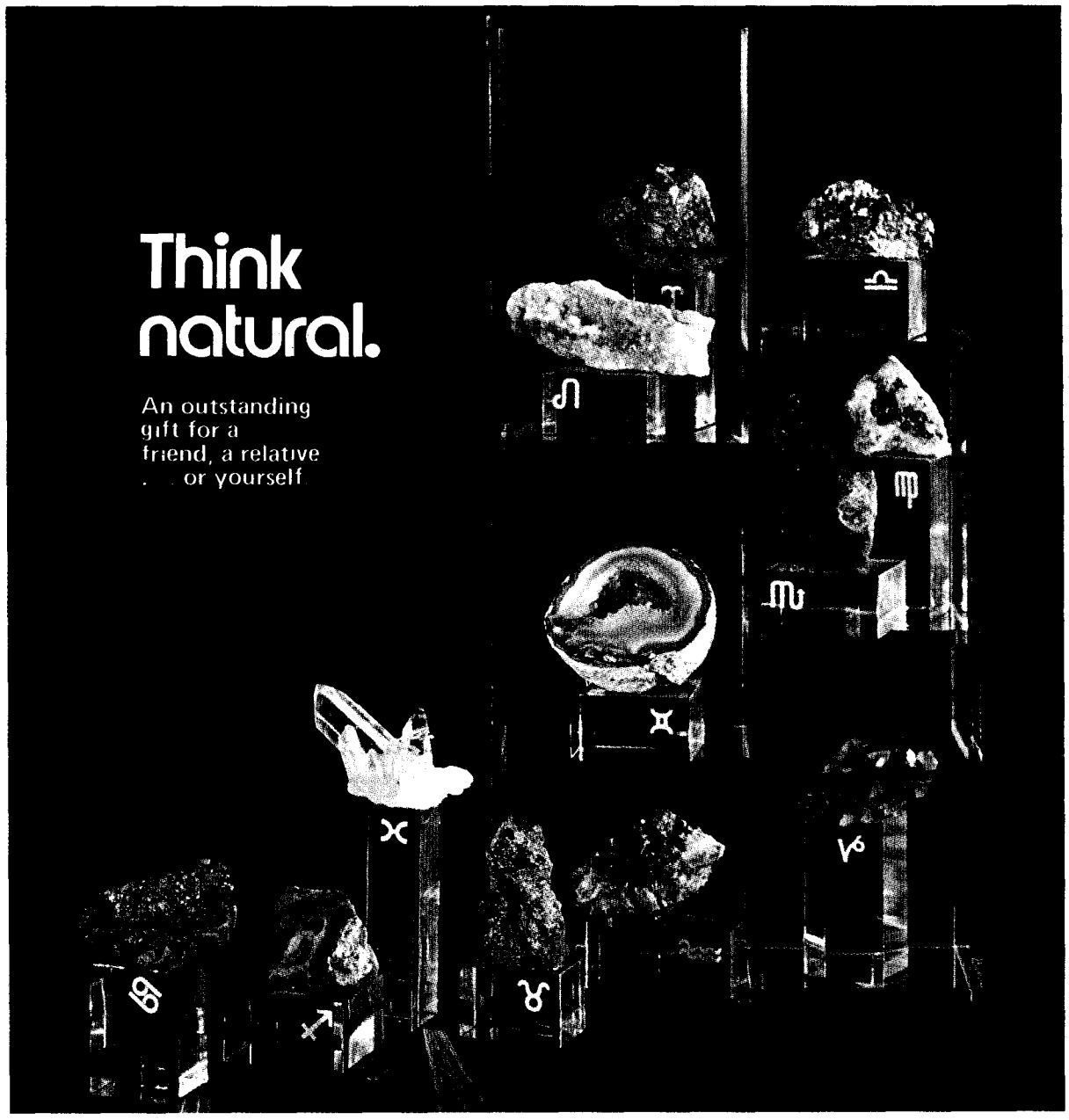
Apr. 20-May 20

Your ruler is Venus, goddess of beauty and love. Your planet is Venus—the most brilliant star. Venus rules your metal copper. Your color, from heraldry, is the "green tincture" verd. Your element is earth. You are adamant, persevering, kindhearted and musical. Your mineral is malachite.

♎ Libra

Sep. 23-Oct. 22

Your ruler is Vulcan, god of fire. Your planet is Venus, "the morning and evening star." Your color is light gold, your metal is copper and your element air. You are just, artistic, painstaking and affectionate. Your mineral pyrite is commonly called "fool's gold."



♏ Scorpio

Oct. 23-Nov. 21

Your ruler is Mars, god of war. Your color, from heraldry, is deep red as in the coats of sovereign princes. Your metal is steel and your element water. You are energetic, independent, genial, with strong likes and dislikes. Your mineral is vanadinite.

♑ Capricorn

Dec. 22-Jan. 19

Your ruler is Vesta, goddess of the hearth. Your planet is Saturn. Your colors, from heraldry, are black and brown. Your element is earth. You are ambitious but cautious, diplomatic and have great understanding. Your mineral is dog-tooth calcite.

♐ Sagittarius

Nov. 22-Dec. 21

Your ruler is Diana, goddess of the chase. Your planet is Jupiter, with a disc that's blue. Your color is bright blue, your metal tin, and your element fire! You are impulsive, candid, generous and sport and nature loving. Your mineral is chrysocolla.

♓ Pisces

Feb. 19-Mar. 20

Your ruler is Neptune, god of the sea. Your colors: ocean blue or sea green, your metal tin and your element—water! You are sensitive, kind, ebullient, and idealistic. Your mineral, clear as water itself, is rock quartz crystal.

♌ Leo

Jul. 23-Aug. 22

Your ruler is Jupiter whose domain is the sky. Your planet is "giver of life and energy and center of all celestial bodies"—the sun. Your color is yellow (as the sun), your metal gold, and your element fire! You are generous, energetic, proud and assertive. Your mineral is sulphur.

From the dawn of history, mankind's development has been guided by the elements. Astrology is based on the principle that the position of the planets and the signs of the zodiac have much to do with what is happening here on earth. Ancient astrologers tell us that to certain people, born at a certain time, a particular stone will bring fortune, happinesss and good luck. Now you can have your personal sign of the zodiac and its corresponding mineral for good fortune.
These are geological jewels gathered from the mines, caves and lake beds throughout the proverbial four corners of the world. Mounted on crystal clear lucite, imprinted with your own astrological sign. Carefully cut and displayed, a *very personal* gift.

Included with your zodiac mineral is a copy of "The Basic Elements of Astrology", considered by many as the finest introduction to astrology. The nature, quality and rulerships of the planets are described in detail, and the signs and houses are completely explained. Thorough, informative. Yours as a gift with each zodiac mineral.

For your convenience use the perforated order form on page 129A.

Trading Post, P.O. Box 567B, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206 4C

Please rush the NATURE'S SCULPTURE ZODIAC mounted on a crystal lucite base that I have indicated below. I understand my cost is only $16.50 plus $1.75 shipping charges per sculpture. Total: $18.25.

Quantity_____ Zodiac Sign _____ Price _____

_____ _____ _____

☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard

Charge my Account No. _____

My Signature: _____

Sub Total _____
Tax _____
Postage _____
Total _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip ____

Send your gift list to us. We will ship the gifts direct to your friends.

Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Anxious to give her a good report when I returned to Washington, I decided to ask this Ikard to join fellow delegate John Rollins, his winning daughter Kathy, and me for dinner that night, making it very clear that he was not to reach for the check. It was twenty-three-year-old Kathy's last night in Stockholm and I wanted to entertain her as she was my very special, my favorite unofficial delegate.

We had dinner at a country inn and returned to the Grand Hotel where there was dancing nightly. Frank Ikard asked me if I'd care to dance. The dance lasted four steps, because I saw one of Kathy's favorite bachelors in the lobby and dashed out to be sure he knew that she was there. Mr. Ikard spent the evening talking with Mr. Rollins.

The next night, Saturday, was to be my only night free from any official duties during the conference. Copenhagen was a short hour's plane flight away. When Frank Ikard invited me to have dinner with him that same evening, I explained that I was going to take my dinner in Denmark. "That's fine," he remarked very casually, "I'll just check the plane schedules and let you know what time I'll pick you up."

And off we went to wonderful, wonderful Copenhagen for dinner. We talked and we talked and we talked, with me acting as though I'd taken some kind of truth serum. I even told my age, my correct age, before the first course. Frank Ikard is a gentle giant of a man who looks as though he has already heard everything twice—so don't put him on. He is the kind of person who has never met a stranger.

One of the things we talked about was children and Christmas and how widows and widowers handle this. "I am going to pack up Bryan Brumley and get away from it all this year. We're going to Jamaica," I explained.

"That," responded the enormous stranger very matter-of-factly, "is a great idea. I'll just pack a suitcase and go along with you and Bryan."

"Christmas," I thought, "is a long way off, and with our professional differences we doubtless won't be speaking by then."

Back in Stockholm the weather was the most glorious for June that it had been in eighty years. There was sunlight and there was moonlight so that the fast-rushing canals sparkled and swirled twenty-four hours a day. And there were lilacs blooming so tall that a New Englander could well have died and been in heaven.

It was a glorious time. For four evenings Frank and I had long, late dinners. We discovered we were two soft cynics who agreed on most everything. Then he went back to Washington and I went on to London for two weeks of the International Whaling Commission meeting preparations and sessions.

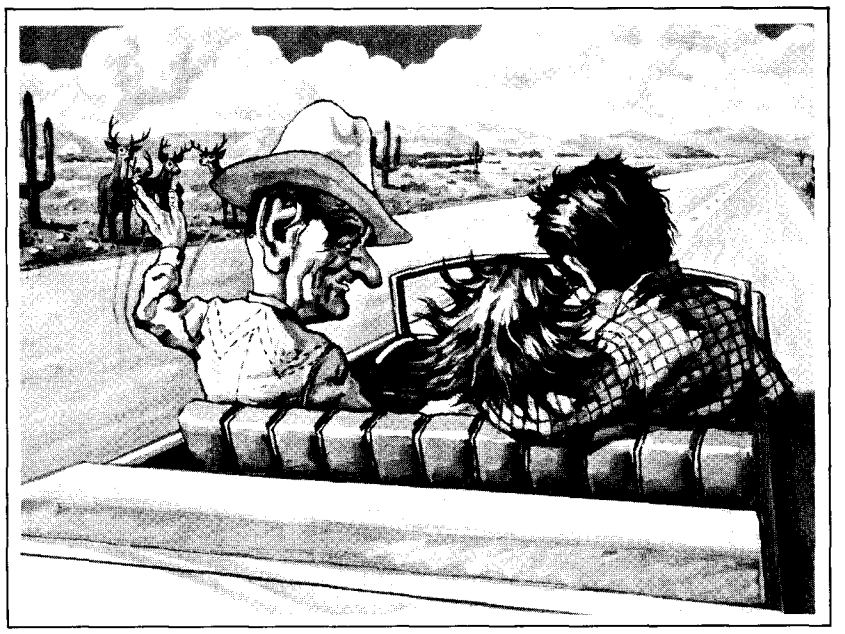
Frank Ikard met me at Dulles Airport when I returned to Washington on the Fourth of July weekend. He then proceeded to pick me up in Georgetown and deposit me at the office each morning thereafter and to take me to dinner each night. This lasted for two weeks.

Feeling that events were overtaking me, I sought help from old and trusted friends.

First, I called a young, very stable lawyer, who was a Georgetown neighbor and long-time friend, Phil Olsson. Phil and his wife, Diane, had met Frank. "Phil," I said, "I think that this Frank Ikard has moved into my life and is taking it over. Do you understand what is happening?" Good old sensible Phil, he would give me sound advice and bring this to a screeching halt. "Well, Jayne," he said with some amusement, "you have lived a pretty fast pace all of your life and at last you've met someone who's two steps ahead of you," and sounding very pleased with himself, he hung up.

A woman would be more helpful, I decided. I would call a wise friend, Ray Hoagland, and get some guidance from the Beacon Street of Boston viewpoint. "Ray," I began, "I have met this really nice man and events seem to be overtaking me."

"That's marvelous, honey," she said. "Now just drop whatever you're doing and run right out and get your hair done and buy all new clothes." How could she?



The "road that looked too wide for the country" turned out to be the LBJ Ranch airstrip, long enough to handle multi-engine jets.

There was one more place to try—*Newsweek*—to which I'd happily given ten years of my life. Reasonable, reliable John McAllister, the editor who hired me as a reporter, would be able to turn this around.

Quickly and desperately, I dialed *Newsweek*'s New York office. "John," I said, somberly, "I met this man in Stockholm who lives in Washington and I think that things are getting out of hand."

"Really," he asked in tones which suggested that at last I had someone's full and considered attention. "Well, well, well. How old is he?"

"I don't know," I responded.

"Is he rich?"

"I don't know."

Here there was a long pause, a very long pause, during which time I calculated that John thought I was losing my grip, cracking up from the emotional strains of the year.

"How tall is he?" finally came the ever so careful question.

"Six feet five," I answered, grateful that, at last, I had one I could handle.

"Good gracious, that is tall," sighed my former mentor with feeling. "Perhaps," he added, "you'd better come up here and spend a week with me and the family."

That wasn't possible, so I moved briskly to Elizabeth Arden's, had my hair done and bought all new clothes. My saleslady, Mrs. Johnston, was ecstatic. "What's gotten into you," she exclaimed after ninety minutes of fittings. "We never could get you to stand still long enough before to fit anything properly." There was no use trying to explain. That was Monday, July 17th.

That evening at dinner at the Kennedy Center, Frank Ikard, ever cool, produced the most beautiful emerald ring surrounded by diamonds that I had ever seen. "I had it designed while you were in London. It's a small token of my esteem and I hope that you like it."

Thursday I headed for San Antonio, Texas, to give away some federal property as part of an impressive example of a good government program that President Nixon inaugurated. Under the Legacy of Parks Program, surplus federal property was given to cities, counties, and states for parks at no cost to the recipients.

Friday, Frank Ikard arrived in San Antonio to attend a meeting of the Board of Regents of the University of Texas. At the meeting, another member of the Board of Regents, Mrs. Lyndon Baines Johnson, invited Frank to the nearby LBJ Ranch Saturday morning to see his old friend, the former president of the United States. Frank had been a Democratic Congressman from Texas and had worked closely with Johnson through the years.

Friday evening we had dinner with Frank's elder son, Frank, and his wife Carol. And my ever-candid escort told these attractive young people that sooner or later we would probably get married.

"Great," they cried almost in unison. "What's stopping you? Neither of you reports to anyone. Why don't you get married tomorrow? What time tomorrow would you like to get married?"

"Now hold on," said the senior Frank. "We have to go out to see the President in the morning and there's a three-day waiting period in Texas. I have to go to Arkansas to make a speech Sunday morning. Jayne has to go back to Washington. We won't be here in three days."

The young people told us not to worry. They would take care of everything in time to go to the LBJ Ranch with us. All they needed to know was what time to set the wedding ceremony.

"Four o'clock would be nice," I said, with gay abandon, having had little opportunity to say anything else.

Frank assured me that no one could arrange a wedding that fast in Texas and we all had a good laugh. Texas has a three-day waiting period between obtaining the license and getting married.

At exactly 9:08 the next morning my phone rang. It was Carol. "We certainly hope that you're serious because we have everything arranged except that we may have a little trouble getting you a wedding dress if we go to the ranch," she said cheerfully. Carol and Frank had prevailed upon a friendly judge to sign a waiver for the waiting period and a priest to agree to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

marry us in Austin at precisely 4 p.m.

Then it was on to the LBJ Ranch. We all pretended great calm, but none among the four of us could decipher the road signs from San Antonio to Austin and we made four false starts before we got it straight.

We finally crossed the famous Pedernales River about 11 a.m., drove past stately old oak trees and pulled up to the LBJ Ranch itself. It is a century-old sprawling white ranch house with the modern touch of a swimming pool tucked in beside it.

Mrs. Johnson met us and took us into a cheerful living room done in earthy colors of bronze, gold and beige. A huge old fireplace dominated the room. Copper bowls filled with fresh flowers were scattered about tastefully. There was a guest book which we signed. It was a thoroughly comfortable setting, so comfortable, in fact, it was difficult to be nervous even if you were only hours away from a sudden marriage.

Frank told our very gracious hostess about the afternoon's plans.

Then the former President strode in, seeming to bring the whole outdoors along with him—maybe even the whole State of Texas. He established himself in a tan reclining chair, his favorite, and after a few pleasantries, Mrs. Johnson said, "Lyndon, Jayne and Frank are going to get married."

Our host said all the proper things and then, beaming at the five of us, issued an invitation: "Let's take a tour of the ranch."

"Lyndon," interjected our hostess, "they're going to get married at four o'clock this afternoon."

"Well, that's fine," he said. "Now let's take a short tour of the ranch." He was immediately on his feet ushering us all out the back door, insisting that we stay for lunch. "We'll just put on four more hamburgers. You have to eat someplace and it will save you time if you just do it here."

We were ushered out the back door and into the well-known white Lincoln convertible, piloted by the boss man himself. In cowboy boots and light-colored Stetson, he was expansive and in his element as ultimate Comptroller of Everything. I was wearing the beige cotton suit, trimmed in orange and blue, that I had arrived in—and no hat. This last I was to regret, for as LBJ drove down the wide-open ranch roads, the wind quickly wrecked whatever pretense of coiffure I thought I had. At one point during the ride I inevitably put myself in the doghouse with Frank and LBJ by remarking that we were driving along a "road that looks too wide for the country." The two large Texans patronizingly informed me that we were on the LBJ Ranch airstrip, long enough to handle multi-engine jets.

For me—a New Englander more at home with sand dunes and the sea than in the rolling boondocks of central Texas—the ride was fascinating. We saw dozens of deer, running free on the ranch. In addition to native deer of several types, there are exotic deer from Cambodia, Japan, and India; rare old English red deer with beards; and many more of all colors and sizes, gifts to LBJ from all over the world—a dazzling display.

To be given a sight-seeing tour of the ranch by LBJ was an overwhelming experience. He was a generous and kindly "take charge" host, as proud of his "spread" as a small boy of a new catcher's mitt. Bubbling with enthusiasm, he drove us for miles with sure control of the car, talking all the while, gesturing first with one hand and then the other, assuming without question that you were enjoying everything as much as he was—and we were.

As the day moved along, my admiration for Lady Bird increased by the hour. Living with this whirlwind of a man, I thought, must be at once exhilarating and exhausting—something like being a tumbleweed caught in a tornado.

At the end of the ride my hair was shot, but I was loaded with information about the flora and fauna of the great state of Texas.

If LBJ had not appeared to give the subject of marriage his full attention before lunch, he plunged into it full blast during the meal.

The oval walnut dining room table had fourteen Queen Anne chairs with each seat upholstered in needlepoint in a different wild flower design. The hostess was at one end, the host at the other, with me and then Frank to his right. The other chairs were occupied by Park Service officials, and some business associates of the President's. Regrettably, due to happy confusion, I was never quite sure who was who.

There was a green telephone at LBJ's right, as close to him as a knife. And once it became clear to him that a few post-wedding details had not yet been attended to, phone lines out of the LBJ Ranch began to hum. Lyndon Baines Johnson and the telephone seemed to become one. With five fast phone calls he had arranged our living quarters for the night at another ranch house he owned twenty miles away, transportation in his own plane for the next morning, a driver to take us to the plane, our wedding dinner, and a moonlight boat ride on Lake LBJ.

Between two of the calls, Mrs. Johnson got his attention long enough to chide him with a "Lyndon, I do think that you're taking over this wedding."

"That's right," he announced with zest and went back to the phone and the arrangements.

In all of these rushing, memorable hours, LBJ was completely in character. Everything I had heard and read about him was true, but there was a great deal more. At last I could appreciate the full dimension of this remarkable man—his warmth, his enthusiasm, his overwhelming sense of person. He was, to use a word that's fast become archaic, "paternal" in the best sense.

As we left the ranch, LBJ handed us printed instructions for Haywood House, our destination for the night. It was covered with his own additional handwritten instructions to be sure that we wouldn't be lost approaching it from Austin. He was thorough and he followed through on things, too.

This endlessly expansive man also gave us our first wedding present, two silver mint julep glasses stamped with his initials on the bottom. He told us how to have each one inscribed and quipped, "You'll have to pay for the engraving yourselves because you didn't give me much notice."

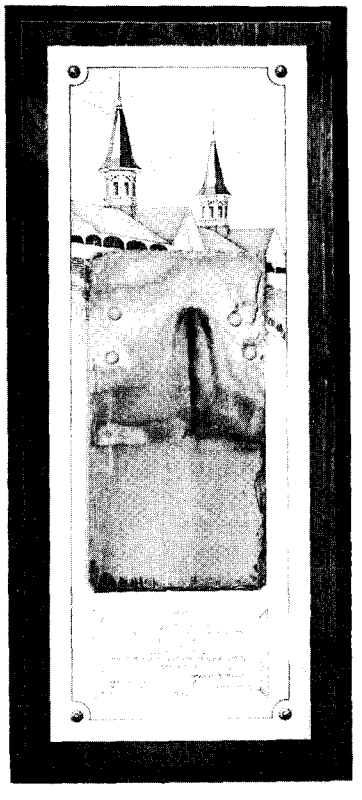
We went to Austin, were married, and headed back to LBJ's lake house.

On the way back, as instructed by the former President, we were to pick up, in the words of LBJ himself, "the best barbecue in Texas." Cecil Presnell, a former carpenter at the LBJ Ranch, had opened "The Ranch House" at nearby Round Mountain, and naturally his old boss was his most enthusiastic booster. We also learned that our sponsor had called to be sure that our food would be ready when we arrived.

The barbecue was still warm when we reached nearby Haywood House, a small white frame house set among oak trees and surrounded by a white picket fence—a frontier home, but comfortably furnished. The beds, however, seemed to have been constructed for people of an earlier day--and Frank is extremely long-legged. Later, after we had left, we learned that LBJ had visited Haywood after our departure to check up on the arrangements he had made. Noting the narrow, single beds that he had forgotten about, he said to a foreman, "My God, I've done Frank Ikard no favor."

We both treasure the Johnsons' silver glasses, yet to be engraved. And the directions to Haywood in Texas are framed along with the poster of the silver whale from Stockholm. All the memories are golden—the conference, Stockholm, even the whales—but most of all, we'll remember LBJ. ☒

Commemorating 100th Running
of the Kentucky Derby - May 4, 1974
ORIGINAL 1895 ANTIQUE TILE
From the Famous
TWIN SPIRES of CHURCHILL DOWNS



only 1267 exist
EACH NUMBERED AND CERTIFIED AUTHENTIC

No. 1 to hang in Kentucky Derby Museum
No. 100 goes to winner of 100th Kentucky Derby
Mounted to solid brass and solid walnut, 12" x 27½".
Virtually certain to multiply many times in value.
Price $125.00 incl. Freight & Ins.
Limit one (1) per person.
Kentucky residents add 5% sales tax.
Refund in 2 weeks if not satisfied.

Derby Gallery, 7013 Graymoor Rd., Louisville, Ky.
$_____enclosed
Please send 1895 Antique Tile Plaque
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A° D° 1728

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
1100 WATERWAY BOULEVARD
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, U. S. A.

BEURT SERVAAS, EDITOR
CORY SERVAAS, EXECUTIVE EDITOR
FREDERIC A. BIRMINGHAM, MANAGING EDITOR
JOHN BURKHART, EDITORIALIST
STARKEY FLYTHE, JR.,
ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR

The Energy Crisis—Another Pearl Harbor

It came quickly, unexpectedly and without warning, or so it seemed, and there has been much casting about to find a scapegoat. Perhaps in the Arabs we have our perfect villain . . . remote, foreign and easily made to appear sinister.

But the greatest value to us of the perfect scapegoat is that it could put us on a "war footing."

Just a bare two years after the flower of our fleet sank in ignominy to the depths of Pearl Harbor, airplanes, tanks and armor were pouring from our factories, millions of men and women volunteered or were inducted into "war" work or the armed services, and the nation was moving mightily toward its goal of world peace.

Consider that somehow the "enemy" has dealt us another Pearl Harbor in the form of a power crisis. Could we not lay away, for the moment, our internal differences and mesh our economy into the equivalent of a war economy? Can't the Alaska pipeline be built in two years instead of five; our railroads rehabilitated quickly; our coal production doubled and tripled and in turn converted to gas and oil; our automobile factories immediately converted to the production of low-energy vehicles; our conventional armed forces increased to protect our national interest and to reassert our leadership of the western world?

Truly, America needs a continuing goal to insure her greatness. To reestablish our power for good and for humanity we must be strong again. With 70 percent of the world's known coal reserves and self-sufficiency in atomic energy we need only apply ourselves as free men under an enlightened government . . . but we must do so in the manner of the patriots of World War I and II.

The Wonderment Of Our Times

Future historians may well designate ours the Age of Utter Asininity. Such an identification would seem equally apt whether our society succeeds in surviving or whether it simply softly subsides into inconsequentiality.

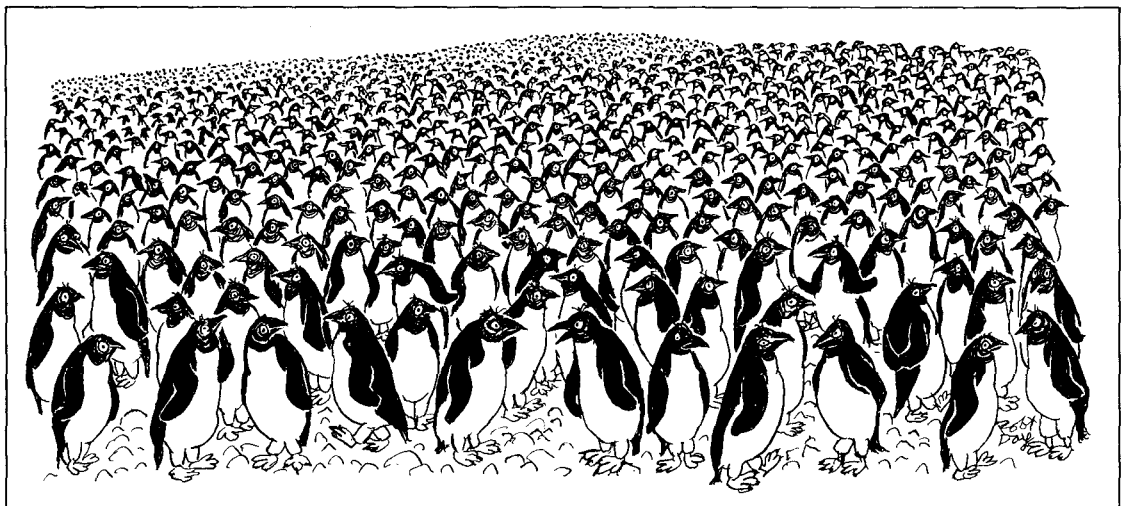
Among the many enterprises that might be cited as justification for labeling our age asinine, none will be harder for future generations to believe, much less understand, than our forays into group therapy.

No one has given us a better overview of these shenanigans than Sigmund Koch, a professor of philosophy and psychology at Boston University. Writing in the Phi Beta Kappa quarterly, *The American Scholar*, he has effectively summarized the movement as "the most extreme excursion thus far of man's talent for reducing, distorting, evading and vulgarizing his own reality."

He recalls a symposium held during a meeting of the Association for Humanistic Psychology at which the originator of "nude-marathon group therapy" personally related one of his improvements—"crotch-eyeballing."

"Thus two group members aid in . . . the 'spread-eagling' of a third member and the entire company is instructed to stare unrelentingly and for a good long time interval at the offending target area. Each group member is given an opportunity to benefit from this refreshing psychic boost. . . ."

How sad primitive societies must feel to be deprived of group therapy, a device possible only in the most advanced civilizations!



"Do you know what we need around here? A take-charge guy."

Even Fingerprints Differ

Much of the wrangle that tears us apart derives from ideas that individual analysis would quickly ascertain to be absurd but which, collectively, we accept, support, promote.

No subject illustrates this contradiction better than the notion of equality. No one who has lived very long can think that all men are equal in physical prowess, mental capacity, willingness to work, or save, to assume leadership, to design or invent new products or processes, to get votes, to preach sermons, to play the violin, or even to make love.

Yet the whole thrust of our society as expressed by our university faculties, our ministers, our media, our political leaders, and our voting patterns is that essentially we are all alike and ideally should be equally fed, housed, educated, employed, and rewarded.

Thus we (somewhat) agree that pay differentials may be justified between a corporate head and, say, his secretary. Yet we continue to attempt to erase this differential through a highly progressive income tax.

Even though nature patently makes each of us different, man, by due diligence, may be able to make us identical. Kurt Vonnegut shows us how in his story "Harrison Bergeron":

"The year was 2081 and everybody was finally equal. They weren't only equal before God and the law. They were equal every which way. Nobody was smarter than anybody else. Nobody was better looking than anybody else. Nobody was stronger or quicker than anybody else. All this equality was due to the 211th, 212th, and 213th Amendments to the Constitution, and to the unceasing vigilance of agents of the United States Handicapper General."

Inflation Here To Stay?

All of us abhor inflation. Or say we do.

Not too many months back the right and left, the rich and poor, business and labor largely agreed that price controls were needed to bring a halt to rising prices. When the government finally responded it was sidely assumed that the problem was ended and that we could turn our attention to other things.

Now, of course, our hopes are once again shattered. While there is substantial disagreement on most things, there is a surprising agreement on one thing—that 1974 will be a banner year for dollar dilution. This is all the more remarkable since the predictions are that our general economy will slow down, maybe even turn down, and that unemployment will rise.

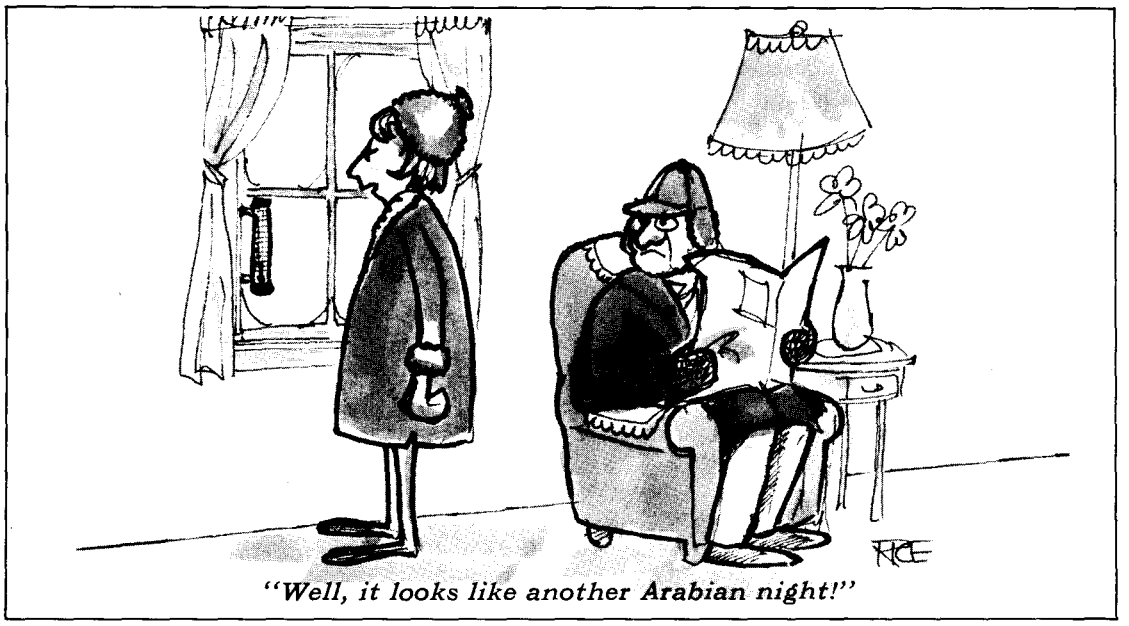
Perhaps most ominous of all, there seems to be a growing acceptance of inflation as a way of life.

Part of the problem is that, superficially at least, opinions differ markedly on the causes of inflation. But basically the trouble is that every segment of our voting public has aims and aspirations that are loaded with inflationary consequences.

Most people oppose government deficits. But they belong to groups, or associate with ideologies, which believe that welfare, or education, or national defense, or foreign aid, are so necessary that they justify deficit spending.

Minimum wages, welfare payments to striking

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Well, it looks like another Arabian night!"

workers, barriers erected against competitive imports, administered business prices, subsidized mortgage interest and subsidized housing—of such stuff is inflation generated.

Inflation is destruction intensive. It enriches a few while impoverishing most. It distorts business decisions. It creates ever-growing household anxieties.

Yet there is nothing visible that suggests it is going to end.

The Free Market

A very good case could be made for having an editorial on the free market in every issue of every publication. If someone could write it right it could always be the same editorial. Maybe then, someday, a full understanding of this marvelous mechanism could be achieved and we would enjoy an infinitely happier existence economically, politically, socially, and about every other way.

Even in earlier, simpler, and much, much smaller societies it is doubtful that a planned economy could have been very productive. Certainly today in a land of 200 million people, with an economy that produces hundreds of thousands of products, with the flow of materials and goods truly worldwide, it is not remotely possible for a planner, or a planning team to ascertain the ripple of effects that will follow any planning decision.

In past months price controls have once again proven their futility. (Why do we have to repeat such attempts so many times?)

And now comes the energy crisis with planners dutifully determining who will get what when. No one knows, or can know, all of the effects of any given petroleum allocation plan. Left alone, a free market would quickly establish what people regard as most important and the pricing process would quickly send supplies in that direction.

Death Claims Us All In The End Except For Cancer Cells, Which Are Immortal

One of the most certain events in life is death. Why animals should die has occupied philosophers and students of evolution for a very long time, and how they die—why animals age—is proving to be one of the most perplexing problems in biology today. In test tubes, normal human cells grown in a special medium will multiply and divide happily about fifty or sixty times. Then they die. Cells from older tissue die sooner. A new theory has been advanced and confirmed that as cells divide, errors occur which result in defective proteins, and once errors exist in proteins that are important for the production of more proteins, the number of errors is compounded until it rises exponentially. Cells can cope with a certain amount of defective protein, but once the steep rise begins—the error catastrophe, as it has been dubbed, causes the cell functions to break down and death occurs. Cancer cells, however, appear to be immortal—they go on dividing forever. How? If cell life is normally limited by a built-in program, the immortality of cancer cells would seem to result from a change in this mechanism. If the error theory of cellular death is right, cancer cells must operate some kind of selection system by getting rid of the cells which contain protein errors, leaving error-free cells to replenish the population. Whatever is the answer, cancer cells may hold the key to life.

Are U. S. Embassies Prepared?

With the specter of economic warfare between the new "have not" nations possessing few energy reserves and the energy "rich," the President might well reappraise the caliber and experience of our government business spokesmen abroad. Our nation and our nation's businessmen could be better served by more experienced traders and negotiators to assist them in the hard bargaining for raw materials and trade preferences. Recent events now compel our commercial allies and adversaries to work much more closely with their embassies and consulates.

The Japanese Premier, for example, has just asked his Diet to create a new "Economic Ministry." Said the Prime Minister: "The oil crisis has caused us to realize how little prepared we were. Foreign trade is too important to Japan to be left entirely in the hands of private businessmen." This is the chief spokesman of one of our principal international competitors—himself a practical, no-nonsense industrialist and business negotiator. At least we are forewarned.

Signs Of The Times

"As to the politics of Washington, the most striking thing is the absence of personal loyalty to the President. It does not exist. He has no admirers, no enthusiastic supporters, none to bet on his head. If a Republican convention were to be held tomorrow, he would not get the vote of a state. He does empire in a great crisis. This is felt by all, and has got down through all the layers of society. It has a disastrous effect on all departments and classes of officials, as well as on the public."

Nixon? No. Lincoln. Words written by Richard Dana about President Lincoln in 1863 when his standing was at the lowest level of his presidency.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PROBLEMS OF SUCCESSION

Six political leaders in the world are around eighty. Who will their successors be?

By Otto von Habsburg

On May 24th Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito will celebrate his eighty-first birthday. While the old man still has the outward appearances of health, the attrition of age is increasingly obvious. People close to him admit that he now tires after ninety minutes to two hours of daily work, so that only the most important problems of the State can be submitted to him. This, of course, creates bottlenecks and favors the small group of men in his entourage who determine what is essential and what is not.

These facts remind us that today there are six political leaders in the world, around age eighty, whose succession is becoming acute. They are Mao Tse-tung and Chiang Kai-shek in China, Generalissimo Francisco Franco in Spain, Emperor Haile Selassie in Ethiopia, President Jomo Kenyatta in Kenya and Marshal Tito. In each of these cases the succession problem is different and has more or less far-reaching political implications.

Mao Tse-tung's succession, in spite of the old man's incomparable prestige, will be no problem. Like his rival Chiang Kai-shek on Taiwan, Mao Tse-tung is the visible expression of a firmly entrenched ruling oligarchy. Authority is based on a broad consensus of the power elite, so that when the top man dies, succession will not mean a fundamental change in either personnel or policies.

Generalissimo Franco has been for many years keenly aware that he is not immortal. This is why he has selected Prince Juan Carlos of Bourbon, has educated him systematically and has gradually introduced him into public life. Because of this an overwhelming majority of Spaniards accept the young man and he enjoys genuine popularity. Juan Carlos himself has so far shown good judgment by placing himself in a position where he represents both the continuity and the change rendered necessary by the rise of new generations. He furthermore may benefit, in case of trouble, from one of the greatest structural assets of Spain. The country has two areas of turbulence, the Basque Provinces and Catalonia. Both are more than 500 kilometers from the nerve center of the state, Madrid. Any disturbances, therefore, are likely to remain marginal. This is not the case in most other European countries, where the epicenter of tension is the capital—as for instance Paris. Madrid, one should not forget, was a District of Columbia of centuries ago, since it was Philip II who first conceived the idea to establish a great country's political capital far removed from the economic and social focal point.

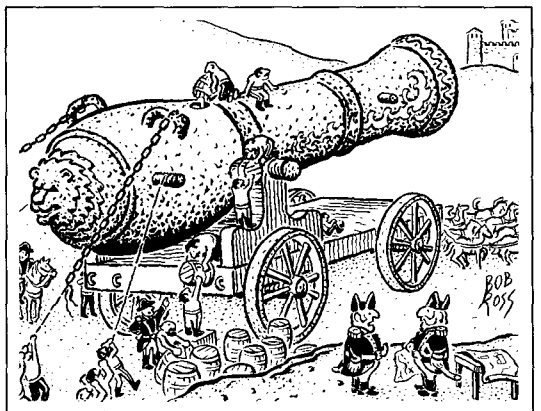
Emperor Haile Selassie has an official crown prince, Prince Asfa Wassen. It is an open secret that the latter is not worthy of his father. A weak and sick man, he will be ill suited to cope with the problems of a country where there are acute tensions between an antiquated power elite and an explosive infrastructure. Most observers who are familiar with the history and problems of Ethiopia are convinced that serious events will occur after the old man closes his eyes.

Even more fraught with danger is the situation in Kenya, where tribal tensions have been kept temporarily under control by the unique authority of President Kenyatta. There is no visible successor to the old man since Tom Mboya was assassinated. Kenyatta's present deputy, Arap Moi, has not the personal weight to really dominate the centrifugal forces. Kenya may well have to pay the price for the British period when borders were drawn without due regard for tribal realities. The latter may well take a bloody vengeance, as we have seen already in the Nigerian civil war and the Burundi massacres.

The situation in Yugoslavia is different from those mentioned and probably more ominous. As history goes, the country is young. It was put together after World War I. It has problems of national hatred not dissimilar to the tribal rivalries in Kenya. In the short epoch of the Karageorgevich monarchy, the state was held together by the dictatorial rule of the Serbs. This led to the catastrophe of World War II, when Yugoslavia collapsed in record time before the onslaught of the German forces, because the remaining nations, notably the Slovenes, Croats, Dalmatians and Macedonians, refused to fight for a country they did not consider their own. In the course of the war, furthermore, the nationalities were at one another's throats, creating new causes for a bloody feud.

After the war, Tito, who had been backed by the Allies, took over. It is a matter of record that the Communist leader was one of the few leftists who had really fought the enemy and had not ridden into his capital on the coattails of the Red Army. He thus gained not only indisputable personal prestige but also a more or less free hand in dealing with Stalin—an independence which finally led to the famous break and the creation of an autonomous Yugoslav Communist way.

Besides this, Tito has not forgotten that he was once a soldier in Emperor Franz Josef's army. He thus had lived within the old tradition of a multinational state. There he learned the technique of being acceptable to all nationalities and not identifiable with any one of them. This is one of the strongest foundations of Tito's authority; one could almost say that he is today the only genuine Yugoslav in his country. An Italian journalist has referred to him as the "last remnant of Austria-Hungary" and it is hard to refute this statement.



"Cannonball? I thought you brought the cannonball."

Austria-Hungary, however, in coping with the same problems as Tito, had one advantage: its dynasty had learned for centuries to stay outside the nationality squabble. This was possible in a system of succession from father to son or nephew, where the supranational attitude was taught from earliest childhood. This is not the case today in a country like Yugoslavia. Thus, Tito finds himself at the end of his life without a visible successor. His efforts to find a strong personality, as in the case of Alexander Rankovič, have failed. Today he is more isolated than ever, and the men who are officially in line, like Vice-President Ribicic or the Slovene economist Edward Kardelj, do not have the authority needed to replace him.

The old national rivalries have been pushed under the rug by Tito's authority, but they have not disappeared. Whenever there is an opportunity, they show up again. Recently there was the case of the Croat Matica and the Serbian national movements. Those who know Yugoslavia well are convinced that shortly after Tito's death the national rivalries will reappear, despite the expected efforts by the armed forces to keep the country together. And here lies the crux of the present Yugoslav situation.

Since the invasion of Czechoslovakia on August 21, 1968, the U.S.S.R. has elaborated its famous Brezhnev Doctrine. In order to justify the aggression, the Soviet leader declared that Socialist countries have only limited sovereignty. Since every Communist accepts as a basic dogma the "irreversibility of Socialism"—a tongue twister meaning that once Socialism is in power, people lose their right to ever change again—it was logical that Socialist governments, threatened by popular uprising, should receive military help from abroad against their own people. After Prague, this theory was further developed, especially by the Congress of Socialist Jurists in Karlovy Vary and by the new Code of Socialist International Law, which was published in the wake of the gathering. Today it is scarcely possible to open a paper from a Communist country without reading that the Brezhnev Doctrine is the very foundation of international order. This doctrine, undeniably, applies to Yugoslavia.

During recent disarmament talks, the Soviets demanded and obtained that Hungary be excluded from negotiations concerning a demilitarized zone in Europe. A look at the map shows that Hungary is indispensable for an invasion of Yugoslavia. Military intelligence reveals that in the last eighteen months the whole Warsaw Pact machinery has been put into high gear on a line extending from the U.S.S.R. through the Carpatho-Ukraine into Hungary. Logistic prepara-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions in Hungary are well advanced. While Russia is shifting most of its crack units to the Far East, it has left those that face Yugoslavia; they were even reinforced.

There are not only ideological reasons for the Soviet interest in Yugoslavia. The powerful Red fleet in the Mediterranean needs safe harbors as bases for its operations. Arrangements with the Islamic countries are only makeshift, since—as was shown by the expulsion of Soviet experts from Egypt—the Arabs are far from reliable allies. Hence the Soviet desire to have directly controlled harbors. Marshal Grechko on his last visit to Belgrade thus suggested the establishment of Soviet naval bases in the two great natural harbors of Yugoslavia, Rijeka and Kotor. Tito, who knows his Russians, turned Grechko down. Nevertheless, this is only a temporary setback. The Soviets will not give up this idea, even though they might not insist while Tito is still alive. Once the old man is gone, the demand is bound to be presented again, only this time in a more brutal form than was hitherto the case.

Those who live in Central Europe know that the interested populations are well aware of what may be in store. Yugoslavs, almost without exception, know they are living on borrowed time. More than once in the last months have I heard the statement: "We must enjoy the short period of relative freedom still left to us." This is why so much attention is given to the slightest rumors concerning the health of the old man, who is today—as far as his people are concerned—standing alone between them and a fate similar to the one which befell Czechoslovakia.

The situation is disquieting. A time bomb is ticking in Yugoslavia and no one, except the Lord, knows when it will go off. It lies close to the nerve centers of the Western world and of the Soviet Union. Furthermore, contrary to the Czechs, the Yugoslavs seem ready to fight in case of an emergency. We may thus have a new war breaking out almost overnight. To be surprised by these events, however, would be inexcusable, since we have had timely forewarning. The Soviets certainly cannot be blamed, when they act, for having done so without giving adequate advance notice. It is not their fault if we deliberately ignore what they say.

We can't cross a bridge until we come to it; but I always like to lay down a pontoon ahead of time.

—Bernard M. Baruch

African Elegance

NATURE'S MOST PERFECT FORM
the egg—in the economy size from the Southwest African Ostrich. Arthur Court mounts it on brass, sets it in baskets or shows off its classic form on a slab of clear lucite. (All eggs have a naturally rippled texture, are buff color and carefully cleaned, and emptied by the natives.)

THE TRADING POST
P.O. Box 567B
Indianapolis, Ind.
46206

Please send me items and quantities listed below, from the **AFRICAN ELEGANCE**

Indiana Residents add 4% sales tax. Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery

☐ Check enclosed.
☐ Bill
☐ Master Charge
☐ BankAmericard
Master Charge
4-digit Interbank No.:
____ ____ ____ ____

For items E 400—E 403 add $2.00 for postage and handling. For items E 404 and E 405 add $3.00.

Quan.	Item No.	Description	Price Each	Total
_____	E 400	Ostrich Egg on Lucite Ring	$ 17.50	_____
_____	E 401	Ostrich Egg in a Basket	22.50	_____
_____	E 402	Ostrich Egg on a Lucite Block	25.00	_____
_____	E 403	Egg on a Brass Dolphin Stand	$ 45.00	_____
_____	E 404	Ostrich Egg Brass Candleholder	65.00	_____
_____	E 405	Ostrich Egg Brass Lamp w/Shade	135.00	_____

(Please be sure to include your name and address.)

4C

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Adventures of the Mind

PRODUCING A BETTER QUALITY OF HUMAN BEINGS

The determinants of success, mediocrity or failure reside in the early phases of life.

By Claude E. Forkner, M.D.

Extensive efforts are made to protect children from being injured by machines, vicious animals, poisonous chemicals, drugs, drownings, explosions, burns, electrocution. They are inoculated against infectious diseases as protective measures against environmental hazards. But hidden from view and so far undetected are other environmental accidents of even greater importance.

Beginning of Life. We celebrate birthdays, and there has been a common belief that life begins when a child is born. Life does not begin with birth. It does not begin at the time of quickening (the sensation of movement of the fetus). It does not begin even at the time of conception. Human life is eternal and is transmitted by living germ cells from one generation to another. When a female is born, she has about 500,000 oocytes (primitive eggs, germ cells) in her ovaries. (It has been established that no new ova are formed thereafter.) These, known to be sensitive and very vulnerable germ cells, are subject to all of the hazards of the environment for twenty years, more or less, until one day an egg matures, is shed (ovulation), fertilized by a spermatozoon, and the germ cells (male and female) that have been living quietly separate lives tucked away in the ovaries and testes exhibit a sudden and almost unbelievable burst of activity initiated by fertilization. Within hours, the cell population of this early embryo doubles, triples, quadruples, etc. This exciting and perhaps most important phase of any life is usually unobserved and unprotected from environmental hazards. Thus, strange as it seems, *all of us were born old*, approximately twenty years old.

These periods of preconception (about twenty years), conception (a few hours), pre-embryonic life (twenty-one days) and embryonic life (fourth to eighth week after conception) constitute the foundation of everyone's life—that part upon which all of the superstructure rests. Everyone knows that a faulty foundation is reflected in a faulty superstructure, that a strong foundation is reflected in a strong superstructure. It is believed it is in these early phases of life, to a very large extent, that the determinants of success, mediocrity or failure (physically, mentally and emotionally) reside.

It is this very early life about which little is known. It has been an inadvertent blind spot in medical research, medical knowledge and medical care. It is omitted from medical histories because the facts have never been recorded and therefore are not known to patients. Within these areas reside secrets of some of the most important causes of death and of physical, mental and emotional crippling. This area of human life—a whole continent of hidden medical knowledge—has not been adequately explored.

Confusion of Terms. Laymen in general and some physicians have the impression that congenital defects (those with which children are born or from which embryos die) are wholly or almost wholly hereditary (genetic) in origin. If this concept is held it follows that little can be done by way of prevention except for wise marriage counseling or the interruption of pregnancy. According to the geneticists, only about 20 or 25 percent of physical congenital defects are hereditary. About 15 percent are due to known environmental causes such as German measles, radiation, faulty nutrition, chemicals or drugs such as thalidomide. Approximately 60 percent are of unknown cause, almost surely of environmental origin or the result of a synergistic combination of genetic and environmental factors. The building stones of life are of hereditary or environmental derivation. Some of each are healthy and useful—others may be sick or defective. *What must be done and has not been done is to identify the faulty environmental building blocks of early life.* Once this is accomplished the chances will be excellent to not only avoid or eliminate the faulty factors but, as a by-product, possibly enhance the development of the favorable factors.

Confusion also arises when the term "birth defects" or the term "congenital malformations" is used synonymously with "congenital defects." Congenital defects can be either physical, such as congenital blindness, congenital deafness, congenital heart disease, etc., mental (mental retardation) or emotional (psychoses or severe neuroses), and are not limited to those defects that cause physical malformations or those resulting from the act of being born.

Challenging Facts. Until such time as the American people, American philanthropic foundations and the medical profession are awakened to the realization that the identification and elimination of environmental hazards very early in life are of paramount importance to the welfare of our nation, we stand indicted. The following statements, all concerned with our own country, are startling, established, challenging, yet poorly publicized facts to which responsible citizens must address themselves:

1. Because the environmental hazards of very early human life have not been appropriately studied due to preoccupation with important genetic factors, due to complacency or due to lack of a broad view of human development, millions of children are born crippled for life with environmentally-caused congenital defects. They become a heavy emotional, social, financial and medical burden to themselves, to their families and to society. Contrary to accepted belief and notwithstanding the important studies sponsored by The National Science Foundation and The National Institutes of Health, very early life (preconception, conception, pre-embryonic and embryonic) has not been prospectively studied in depth as it relates to defects from which embryos and with which children are born.

2. Because very early human life has not been appropriately studied with regard to the environmental causes of congenital defects, by default we are unwitting partisans to the squandering of human resources, to the perpetuation of an ever increasing, serious degradation of life, to the promotion of a poorer quality of life.

3. Every seventy-two seconds, in our country, a physically crippled baby is born (physical congenital defects, birth defects, congenital malformations). This is 7 percent, or one of every fourteen live births. There are in our country approximately fifteen million individuals who were born physically crippled.

4. There are over six million (3 percent) mentally retarded in the United States, most of them born defective, with an intelligence quotient (I.Q.) of less than 70. In 80 percent, the causes are totally unknown.

5. There are approximately twenty million (10 percent) with crippling psychiatric defects (psychoses, intense neuroses, behavior disorders, etc.). The causes for most of these disorders are unknown. It is probable that a high proportion were born with the potential for these defects and that they are, to a large extent, environmental in origin or are a combination of hereditary factors triggered by environmental causes.

6. There is a tremendous wastage of pregnancy, especially soon after conception. Many women, for unknown reasons, have spontaneous abortions a few days after conception without the knowledge that they are pregnant. Recovered embryos have been found to be so defective, in a large proportion of such cases, that they could not have survived.

7. It is well known that germ cells (ova and spermatozoa) are unusually susceptible to radiation, infection and other environmental hazards.

8. The earliest phases of pregnancy are the periods when differentiation (formation of organs and organ systems) takes place. After the eighth week of pregnancy there is mainly growth and development but relatively little differentiation. If an environmental hazard exerts its impact during the period of formation of the organs, the effect is profound.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

9. Cancer, heart disease and stroke are not our most important unconquered diseases and are not the chief causes of death, of crippling, of sadness, of poverty, of pain, of illness–despite what is commonly proclaimed by special groups seeking funds for research or for medical care. More people in our country are suffering from important physical congenital defects, according to estimates provided in 1969 by The National Information Bureau, Inc. and, in the case of stroke, by the National Center for Health Statistics, than are under treatment for all of the following disorders combined–cancer, stroke, cerebral palsy, multiple sclerosis, muscular dystrophy, tuberculosis, diabetes and rheumatoid arthritis. Psychiatric disorders alone cause more social dislocation, more tragedy, more economic loss and occupy more hospital beds than cancer, heart disease and stroke combined.

What Studies Have Not Been Done to Elucidate the Causes of Congenital Defects?

1. Prospective studies of the father as well as of the mother, as they relate to environmental hazards, beginning at the time of contemplated conception (the preconception phase) have not been done.

2. Prospective in-depth studies of the mother and father at the time of conception have not been done. Almost nothing is known about this most important phase of reproduction as it relates to human congenital defects.

3. Prospective in-depth studies covering the pre-embryonic and embryonic phases, the periods of rapid differentiation, have not been done.

Why Have Prospective Studies of Early Life Not Been Done?

There are several reasons, as follows:

1. The physician has been deeply concerned and indeed overwhelmed with the task of practicing curative and palliative medicine (crisis medicine) rather than preventive medicine. The sick person is an acute, demanding, current, dramatic challenge, whereas preventive care, meticulous search for causes of disease, search for hidden disease, detecting trends toward disease and identifying incipient disease, is less demanding, less dramatic, less lucrative, more time consuming, requires more skill and hence gets pushed into the background.

2. There are now almost no ways of spreading the costs of keeping well. Health insurance agencies such as Blue Cross, Blue Shield, Medicare, Medicaid and commercial agencies as a rule provide insurance funds only when one is ill. Maintenance of one's health as well as maintenance of one's automobile or one's home is much more intelligent, less expensive and much less dangerous than allowing deterioration to take over. A much-needed new vision in this field of health maintenance is beginning to be implemented.

3. Because of the misconception concerning the beginning of life, efforts have been almost totally confined to the second and third trimesters (the last six months) of pregnancy, whereas it is in the first trimester, indeed the first hours, days and weeks, that the major accidents of pregnancy occur and are responsible for the most devastating congenital defects. Few women seek medical care early in pregnancy.

4. Confusion concerning the relative importance of genetic and environmental factors has tended to create a feeling of hopelessness rather than hope with regard to prevention of congenital defects.

5. There has been too little communication of the biologist, the embryologist, the pathologist, the geneticist with the practitioner of obstetrics, of pediatrics and of preventive medicine. A better integration of the basic sciences with clinical medicine enables the perceptive clinician to discover blind spots that hitherto escaped attention.

6. No one seems to have visualized just how one is to implement a prospective study beginning at the time of contemplated conception rather than at the time a woman presents herself for obstetrical care. This problem is difficult but by no means insoluble. Protocols for this kind of innovative study have been prepared.

Dr. Forkner, born in Montana, has, since his graduation from Harvard Medical School, taught at Johns Hopkins, Freiburg, London, Peking Union Medical College, and Cornell. A civilian consultant to the Surgeon General of the U.S. Army during World War II, he is a member of the Council on Foreign Relations and has written over a hundred scientific papers in the fields of congenital diseases, pathology, and hematology.

What Can Be Done to Discover Some of the Presently Unknown Causes of Environmental Human Congenital Defects?

It is proposed that a new approach to the problem be instituted in which the total history, the complete life cycle, be investigated prospectively, beginning at the time of contemplated conception and then continuing progressively and systematically through each phase of life from preconception to the end of life, focusing particularly on finding the causes of congenital defects. The current method of eliciting and recording a medical history, curiously and almost unbelievably, leaves out the most important period, the first twenty years (plus or minus) of the patient's life.

How Can This Proposed Study Contribute to Achieving a Better Quality of Human Beings?

This study can go far toward helping to establish the patterns of early life (preconception, conception, pre-embryonic, embryonic, fetal, labor and delivery, and the neonatal period) which, when integrated with later life (infancy, childhood, teenhood and adulthood), would help to elucidate what is perhaps the most important, most neglected, unexplored segment of the medical world.

This study would provide opportunities for learning much more than we now know about:

1. The reasons for the tremendous loss of life through early spontaneous abortions before women even know they are pregnant. Almost nothing is known in this area.

2. The loss of life in later recognized pregnancy from spontaneous abortions, miscarriages and stillbirths.

3. The causes of premature births. Premature babies have a high incidence of congenital defects and a relatively high mortality. In many instances the causes of prematurity are unknown.

4. The causes of the vast number of congenitally physically defective persons.

5. The causes of idiopathic epilepsy, cerebral palsy, so-called inborn errors of metabolism, and hereditary disease.

6. The causes of the six million cases of mental retardation in our country.

7. The patterns of early life as they relate to later emotional disorders. This is what psychiatrists have been searching for, but seldom have they found meaningful answers. The patterns of early life, when correlated with the patterns of later life, may give clues to some of the baffling emotional and behavorial disorders that afflict many members of our society.

8. As a by-product, we may learn the patterns of life which tend to create a better quality individual. This could be the most important contribution of the study.

In an educated and affluent society there is a tendency to be so complacent, so well satisfied with our successes, so pleased with the status quo, so grooved in our attitudes that these factors may stifle our dreams, obscure our failures, prevent excursions into new channels of thinking, new methods of learning, new social concepts, new scientific theories, new creativeness.

The resistance to any innovative project is enormous both in private and public agencies. I believe it was Machiavelli who said, "There is nothing more difficult to take in hand, more perilous to conduct, or more uncertain in its success, than to take the lead in the introduction of a new order of things, because the innovation has for its enemies all those who have done well under the old condition, and lukewarm defenders in those who may do well under the new."

This proposed study is innovative and is reaching toward the accumulation of data to complete the study of the cycle of human life, identify and hopefully alleviate the environmental hazards of very early life, and thereby to *improve the quality of our society*. It is believed that this is "Planned Parenthood" in its most meaningful sense, taking into consideration the *quality* of human beings.

The prospective study of very early life as outlined requires analysis with computers, is tedious, complicated, expensive and time consuming. The promise of reward is great, and the cost of not doing such a study is profound. There probably is no area of research in medicine or in the social sciences which offers greater dividends for philanthropic investment. ✠

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEBBIE REYNOLDS WOWS 'EM IN IRENE

Debbie goes to town in her Alice Blue Gown.

By Elliott Caplin

The rascals who paint moustaches on the Mona Lisas of the world are, in the final analysis, thwarted. Da Vinci lives! And so does *Irene*. What never vanishes in the altogether is the divinely stubborn will of man to have more of the same, come hell or high water.

As they queued up in the uncertain postwar world of 1919 to buy tickets to *Irene*, the hit musical of the season, so do they queue up in 1974, eager as ever to lose themselves in a Grimm's fairy tale of good overcoming evil.

Day after day an amazing phenomenon occurs at the glittering new Minskoff Theatre on Broadway. It is scene four, finale, "The Italian Garden," and the company takes curtain calls, climaxed by the eternal freshness of a Debbie Reynolds smile, half-gamin, half-angel, projected from the proscenium to the farthest reaches of the theatre.

As though by prearranged signal, the audience rises in surging heartfelt tribute to the star. This is no choreographed press-agented accolade; it is a natural pledge of love and loyalty to Debbie, the eternal woman-child.

Cynics return another day to find their doubts erased by what seems an experience in déjà vu. Mary Frances Reynolds, "Miss Burbank" of 1948, as buoyant as the unsinkable Molly Brown, walks on water eight times a week!

As tomboy slim as the day she was signed by Warner Brothers, the forty-two-year-old star of Broadway's oldest newest hit sat in her dressing room, secure in the karma of a $148,000 weekly gross.

"We were in St. Louis with *Irene*," she was reminiscing, "and the rain came down so heavy, the instruments couldn't play, the cast couldn't perform. So while 13,500 people sat in that drenching downpour, I did a vaudeville act. They were wonderful people. All Americans are wonderful people."

Obviously a lot of Americans think Debbie is pretty wonderful too. It wasn't always that way. Fired by Warner Brothers, the bewildered but undaunted Debbie was signed by MGM, and Louis B. Mayer, never celebrated for either compassion or charity when it came to actors, cast her in *Singing In The Rain*. Over the objections of the male lead, Gene Kelly, Debbie sang and acted well enough to establish herself in the heady, if fleeting, firmament of Hollywood star-heaven.

But in the cinema capital, a fade-out happens on the set—not in real life. The only fade-out is obscurity, and the star, glancing over her shoulder to see if it's gaining, can stumble, fall, and bruise herself in a frantic effort to achieve some stability in a world rotating wildly around the fickle axis of box-office figures.

Debbie kept her equilibrium through her marriage to singer Eddie Fisher. She bore him two children, Carrie, now eighteen, and Todd, sixteen. Then along came Elizabeth Taylor, and the world watched as Debbie faced up to the inevitable with courage and dignity—and the help of a psychiatrist. She floated through this crisis, remarried, worked on raising her own and husband Harry Karl's children until that marriage foundered.

In the finale Irene appears, stunning in her Alice Blue Gown. A scene that brings down the house!

No sign of these crises in the star who relaxed in her dressing room, fielding questions, wandering guests, friends, press agents, and random celebrities with poise and a guarded friendliness that was charming without inviting too much intimacy.

She proves without being unduly aggressive that talent is more important than glamour, though she has enough of that too. She dances. She sings. She is a serious comedienne. And she is really a good deal better than anything that has ever happened to her—on stage or off. Her role as a too-cute mother with two too-cute children was unworthy of her abilities. But then press agents must make a living. And perhaps the breakup of that homey tableau by la Taylor was a blessing. In disguise? Well-disguised, Debbie's toughness seems to suggest. Any actress knows that Broadway is a salt mine compared to the easy mornings and money of movies. Yet it is often on Broadway that Hollywood is born, or in this case, born again.

"I love the way you move," gushed the neat middle-aged lady from Hastings On Hudson, New York, wedging her figure between the door jambs of Debbie's dressing room. "It looks so easy."

"It's got to look that way."

From down the corridor came the unmistakable soprano roar of Patsy Kelly, "Wait 'til you hear the scream I let out!"

Debbie explained patiently, "Patsy does her own schtick." Freely translated, it meant: "Don't try to understand or make sense of what the veteran comedienne does. If you do, you'll wind up strange too."

After insurmountable problems that were somehow surmounted, *Irene* survived an archaic, sometimes silly book, and the sad spectacle of Sir John Gielgud, magnificent in the classics, bewildered by the utter simplicities of the vintage musical, giving up his directorship.

Catastrophe had been survived—barely—in Toronto, when the taut, nervous Debbie found herself without a voice and curtain time closing in. The indomitable lady and the brave director collaborated, with Debbie dancing and miming, and Sir John reading the lines of a Ninth Avenue hoyden, in accents that would have suited Hamlet or Lear better than the tough little Irish colleen.

In Philadelphia Debbie made *the* call—to Gower Champion, old friend and dancing companion, and now one of the finest musical comedy directors in the business. Gower responded, whipped the floundering show into shape, and Broadway history was made. *Irene* had returned—apparently to stay forever.

Irene plays royalty with verve as the Beautiful People (circa 1919) meet a "real Russian countess."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Irene *assembles for a cast portrait. Surrounding the buoyant Debbie Reynolds are Ruth Warrick, Monte Markham, George S. Irving and Patsy Kelly.*

Canny old Mrs. O'Dare (Patsy Kelly) is worried about her daughter's future. But Irene assures her troubled parent that all will indeed be well. Of course!

All the women want a dress by the genius who designed Irene's. A Tony Award went to George S. Irving for his role as the designer, Madame Lucy.

There is a world beyond tawdry, seamy Ninth Avenue, exults Irene O'Dare. Ever optimistic, Irene sings "The World Must Be Bigger Than An Avenue."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MIAMI: THE YACHT BROKERS OF THE WORLD

Yachting "Supermarket" attracts sheiks, the jet set, retirees, fishermen and assorted nomads.

By Jim Martenhoff

When Miami yacht broker Dick Bertram was a student at Cornell, he was heavily involved in competitive intercollegiate sailing. It frequently meant departing the campus Thursday or Friday to sail in weekend races. If lucky, he returned Sunday night.

He was not always lucky.

"I had to cut a lot of classes," Dick recalls today. "My grades suffered. One day my faculty advisor called me in and told me that if I didn't stop wasting my time with all this sailing foolishness I'd never amount to anything."

Last year Bertram's firm grossed $20 million, and he credits that collegiate foolishness. "I was just thinking about it the other day," he said. "One of the friends I made in those sailing days at Cornell has bought a total of fourteen yachts through me."

Bertram refuses to even guess at the number of yachts he has sold as a broker since entering the business in 1946, but admits the total—and their net value—would be impressive. But he does recount the tale of how he became a yacht broker in Miami. He sailed to the Caribbean on a cruise just before World War II broke out. When America was drawn into the conflict, his marine expertise brought him a job with the U.S. Navy in Puerto Rico. He continued to sail on weekends or whenever he had free time, and continued making friends.

Bahia Mar, a yachting complex able to accommodate 350 boats, was completed at nearby Fort Lauderdale in 1949. By that time Bertram was able to expand and open a branch office. Today there's a third, in Palm Beach. Together they cover the seventy-odd-mile strip known as the "Gold Coast."

It constitutes a sort of supermarket for yachts, probably without parallel in the world. Miami brokers can take a client on a single day's tour of the Gold Coast and show him a half dozen possibilities. It's a blessing conferred by simple geography. In an area like New York, by contrast, yachts listed for sale may be scattered from Connecticut through Long Island's north shore to New Jersey. By comparison it is not as easy to tour in a single day. Nor, it must be pointed out, is the weather comparable to that of South Florida. The advantages of a benign climate and a compacted yachting megalopolis already give Miami brokers an edge, but there's more.

Fred Driver, who could easily be described as the dean of Miami brokers, points out that Miami has become a transportation hub. Airline connections fan out across the nation, and into the lucrative market area of Latin America and the Caribbean. No prospective yacht buyer is very far away, in terms of time, from Miami.

These are blessings enough to help explain why Miami could aptly be described as "yacht broker to the nation," but there's another factor—admittedly somewhat arguable. It was in Driver's office, back in 1946, that a small handful of brokers assembled to organize the Southern Yacht Brokers Association. Driver has twice served as president of the group, which from its inception has sought to upgrade the standards of the profession. Well aware of the fact that yachting could just as easily be spelled "m-o-n-e-y," the brokers wanted to bar the brokerage door to fly-by-night operators and fast-buck operators.

In time they persuaded the Florida legislature to adopt a yacht brokers' law. On paper it reads well, defining the responsibilities of brokers and broker-salesmen, requiring an examination prior to licensing, imposing penalties for misrepresentation and other violations. But senior brokers complain it isn't adequately enforced. Bertram points to a case of a "broker" who absconded to Europe with a six-figure sum handed over to him by a trusting buyer. His error consisted in underestimating the wrath of his wealthy client, who possessed the muscle, financial and otherwise, to force extradition and successful prosecution. The state was unresponsive until urged, but it could be argued that the law was ultimately enforced and justice served in the end. Such cases, extremely rare, keep the profession free of pure humbug artists.

It is difficult to assess the value of yacht sales in South Florida handled by brokers. But there's a clue in that same Florida yacht brokers' law. Because a definition is necessary, the statute arbitrarily defines anything over twenty-five feet in length as a "yacht." You need not be a broker to handle the sale of anything smaller; and, of course, owners can sell larger craft privately if they so desire. An agent bringing buyer and seller together to transfer anything over twenty-five feet must be licensed under the law. Florida lists 250 brokers, and about 550 broker-salesmen, on its registration books. Most are located on the Gold Coast.

In the last full fiscal year for which figures were available, there were over 17,000 transfers of boats over twenty-five feet long. About 4,000 of these involved boats over forty feet in length—most of them probably handled by brokers.

These are all "previously owned" yachts, and the state has no idea of their total value. They did collect $1.5 million in the 4 percent state sales tax (which applies to yachts as well as other personal property) and brokers tend to honestly report such figures. However, the official dryly noted, "There's a tendency to understate value of property when a tax is involved," and when pressed for a guess on the value of yacht sales he would say only that it could easily exceed $100 million annually and would be a "staggering figure" in any event. Because Florida has a title law, he could point to a conspicuous example. One yacht, he said, carried two separate liens at a quarter million each, and it was safe to assume the buyer had to cough up another quarter million in cash. Net value of the sale was probably three-quarters of a million. It could have been worth $75,000 to the broker fortunate enough to handle the sale.

Veteran yacht broker Driver offered some expert comment on the financial rewards to brokers. The usual commission, he said, is 10 percent—but is subject to change on larger yachts where greater sums are involved in the transfer. This goes to the brokerage house, and the salesman handling the transfer usually earns 40 percent of the commission as his share.

"The average broker-salesman is good for $10,000 to $15,000 a year," said Driver, adding, "I'm talking about a low average. A man who applies himself can earn up to $20,000 a year and the man who really knows what he is doing can make from $25,000 up."

Helping immeasurably to sweeten the kitty is the listing system, much like that followed in real estate. A broker may have an exclusive listing, an open listing, or an agency listing. Fees are split in the case of an agency listing shared by participating brokers. The listing broker gets 30 percent of the commission, with 70 percent going to the selling broker. Obviously Driver's estimate of the income a broker can earn could even be on the low side. One broker in Miami, Emil Sileski, once followed the practice of working only until he had made enough to satisfy his needs for the year. He was usually able to quit by Easter.

Competition between Miami brokers and the active and aggressive brokerage firms in burgeoning Fort Lauderdale makes such a lifestyle less possible today but the buyers still pour into Miami. And there is competition even in the buyer's market.

Driver recalls a California couple, en route to a Caribbean vacation, who paused to look over a yacht. He urged them to buy it, pointing out it was attractively priced and wouldn't remain on the market for long. They demurred in favor of vacationing first.

"I even called the man's partner in California," recalls Driver, "but he wouldn't step in."

The yacht was sold shortly after. "We were taking the new owner out for the sea trials," said Driver. The original couple showed up on the pier as the yacht pulled away.

"Where are you going with our boat?" they shouted over the water, and Driver still shrugs over the memory today.

Another broker who drifted into a specialty is Miami's Chuck Underwood. He was ruined for any other profession when he contentedly sailed a yacht across the Gulf of Mexico from Texas to Miami. First he worked for Driver, then struck out on his own. Long ago he saw a growing emphasis on sailing craft, and established Underwood Marine as an agency to sell sail—new and used, but with an emphasis on new craft.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He is still a broker, has twenty-five brokers and salesmen working for him, and has expanded with branch offices in Lauderdale and at St. Petersburg on Florida's west coast. His first interest is sail, and he turns dreamy-eyed in these days of the fuel crunch.

"Sailing," he asserts almost reverently, "is becoming patriotic."

To emphasize the point, he recalled an incident occurring in late 1973 when the impact of the energy situation was first making headlines. A small professional crew was sailing a fifty-three-footer from its Gulf Coast builder's plant to Miami, where it would be displayed at Underwood Marine. The taut crew of hardy youngsters almost sailed into a dock at an overnight halt in the Florida Keys, dousing the canvas at the last minute and motoring just a few yards to the pier.

"All the dockwatchers broke out into applause when they came alongside," said Underwood.

"At first the men thought it was just spontaneous appreciation for a seamanlike docking job," he went on. "But then they got to talking to the people and found out it was because they had sailed in and didn't use power until the very last minute. They talked sailing to the people on the pier for a good thirty minutes."

Underwood saw the fuel crunch coming. He built up his inventory of new sailing yachts to over $2 million, with some power yachts, and what he described as a "tremendous backlog" of brokerage listings on which he says he is getting a "lot of play."

"There's a phenomenal demand for sailboats," he said. "Used sailboats, however, tend to be overpriced because of the demand. If people can't find what they want in a used boat, they'll buy a new one."

Which is as good an explanation as any for why he provides a wide selection in new sailing yachts as well as a lengthy brokerage list.

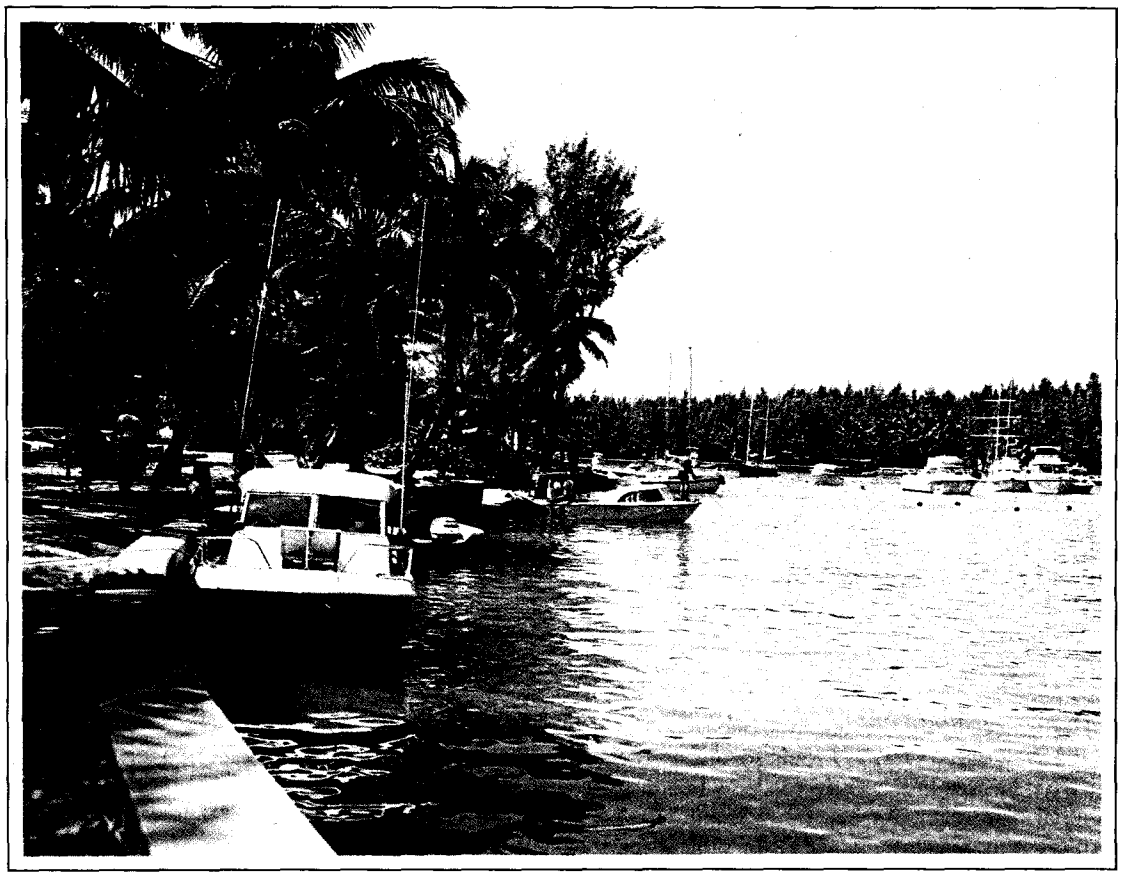
He feels it is ironic that while sailboat values are rising, powerboats are losing. "People are stalling on buying a motor yacht," he says. "We've had yachtsmen come in and buy a sailboat, and tell us they're laying up their powerboats until the crunch is over. They can afford it, and they want to hold their powerboats and get their money out later."

There's a preference among such buyers, he noted, for motor sailers—which offer the best of both worlds. That fifty-three-footer that excited the dockwatchers' admiration was a motor sailer, able to move easily under sail alone, yet more maneuverable and handy under power than a more conventional auxiliary sailing yacht with a modest engine.

"We've sold thirteen of the fifty-three-footers since the crisis started," he said last December. "Most were to people who owned power yachts. The whole market has changed overnight. It's nothing like it was six months ago."

One helpful factor has been the fact that financing on used yachts has improved to the point where it is about what you could arrange on a new one.

The fuel crunch should not prove disastrous to yachting in general, even where motor yachts are concerned. There's a new trend in South Florida, surfacing since real estate values began skyrocketing in recent years. Yachts berthed in comfortable marinas make pleasant winter homes—even if the owner goes nowhere. Boatmen term this lifestyle "live-aboard" yachting, and it is on the increase.



Florida boasts 250 yacht brokers and about 550 broker-salesmen; most are located on the Gold Coast, the seventy-odd-mile strip that has become a supermarket for yachts. The fuel crisis shouldn't be disastrous for yachting; yachts berthed in comfortable marinas make pleasant winter homes.

In fact, it was enforced on the usual influx of northern yachtsmen who annually sail down the Intracoastal Waterway to Miami and Fort Lauderdale. They made their way south, jumping from one fuel dock to another and picking up scarce diesel fuel wherever they could find it.

Bahia Mar (350 slips), Pier 66 (142 berths) in Fort Lauderdale and the posh new Miamarina in Miami (208) were all filled by the holidays. Most were what locals call "snowbird" yachtsmen. But after they got to Miami they simply sat on their keels, not moving, not cruising. Fuel was too short, and they built up their tank supply over the winter for the long run back home in spring.

For some people the live-aboard life is very comfortable indeed, and some of those snowbird yachts may remain in South Florida.

As for sales in this area, Underwood says "they are frightening." You can buy a forty-four-footer, comfortable and spacious, for about $400 per month in payments—which is about what you would lay out for a condominium apartment with equal or even inferior accommodations.

"If a good, used, live-aboard yacht comes on the market," said Underwood, "it sells instantly."

This is particularly true if it is already in a berth—not always easy to find. What it means is a new dimension to brokerage, and a little leverage against the problems certain to be imposed by the energy crunch. If the live-aboard market continues to thrive and grow, brokers will keep happily busy, and buyers will continue to flock to South Florida.

There's other good news, too. Brian Palmer is a broker who once worked for Bertram. Now he is executive vice-president of a Lauderdale firm, Netherlands American Yachts. It was organized to import Dutch-built yachts for sale in the U.S. But wildly escalating inflation abroad and the devaluation of the American dollar made it obvious to executives of the infant firm that foreign-built yachts were expensive. They could be built in America for less, a situation that hasn't occurred for decades.

"What we see here is a turning point in history as far as yachting is concerned," said Palmer. "We're getting back to where we were forty years ago. We'll be able to sell American-built yachts abroad."

A broker for twenty years, Palmer is almost fiercely proud of his profession. He insists a broker is not "just a salesman." He represents both parties equally in a transaction, seeks fairness for both.

"A yacht broker is like an attorney," he said. "He's a man whose advice should be sought. A broker can advise a buyer on the size, design, and type of boat he should have for operation in a particular area—here in Florida, in the Caribbean, or if he wants to cruise the Mediterranean."

And, he happily noted, a broker can sell new boats as well as "previously owned" yachts, a factor blending well with the thrust of his current administrative endeavors.

But Miami brokers already know this, and know there is no limit to their market area. Bertram's name, for example, is as well known in Cannes, the Riviera, and on Tahiti's waterfront as it is in America.

Right now they may constitute, that body of Miamians serving in the yacht brokerage profession, a national clearinghouse for posh watercraft. They have many blessings that made it so.

But in a topsy-turvy world, in which any aggressive soul sees challenge only as opportunity, they could even become yacht brokers to the globe.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STARS FELL ON ALABAMA: BIRMINGHAM, TO BE EXACT

By Starkey Flythe, Jr.

Birmingham, Alabama. Simmering-pork voices still try to pull the town back into the depths of the Deep South, that mythical white rabbit hole where up until a few years ago everyone was late for a very important date: the twentieth century.

Ten years ago they said Birmingham was dead. A one-industry town. A one-race town. A one-way town.

Harrison Salisbury wrote in a two-part article in the *New York Times* which so incensed the citizenry he was indicted on forty-two counts of criminal libel (eat your heart out, Rona Barrett), "Whites and blacks still walk the same streets. But the streets, the water supply and the sewer system are about the only public facilities they share. . . . A drive is on to forbid Negro music on white radio stations. . . . "

That was ten years ago. A lot can happen in ten years. If you let it. If you make it. "We built this town on the top of another city," says Abe Berkowitz with all the pride of an archaeologist in reverse. "This area represents the future of America. We're still fussing, but that's the yeast that makes things rise."

Abe (not Abraham) is a lawyer, senior partner in the improbable *ménage à loi*, Berkowitz, Lefkovits and Patrick, a leader in Operation New Birmingham. The city he is looking at from the top story of one of Birmingham's new skyscrapers is, like the observation point itself, all rosy and glowing, marble and rosewood, quiescent from birth pangs of quarry and buzzsaw. Silent as only southern Saturday afternoons can be.

The steel mills, those titans the natural ingredients of Birmingham built—and which in turn built Birmingham (iron ore, coal and limestone—the only place in America they're found in abundance, almost on top of each other), are smokeless and still. Smokeless because of Q-BOP furnaces, West German marvels that feature more efficient steelmaking with the latest technology in air and water pollution control. (So says the P.R. release, and who can quarrel with 99 percent-plus emission reduction.) And still, because the 13,000 employees who earn $200 million a year have the day off and have gone downtown to spend it. The silence and the stillness are the noise of true progress. The bellowing and the belching, both of steel mill and politico ("We're not goin' to have white folks and nigras segregatin' together in this man's town," exclaimed one officeholder), the attack of symptom rather than sickness, have ceased.

William Lathrop, president of Southern Life and Insurance, whose great-great-grandfather founded Birmingham, says, "The people who could've led the city lived outside it—in Mountainbrook, the bedroom city. The 'Magic City' (an article in a 1935 *Atlantic* coined the phrase) never arrived. All that's changed now."

And so Birmingham, having licked some of its problems which had become adversaries, is in the mood for a celebration. To celebrate itself. And indirectly, what it did (as a surrogate) for the country. A hometown girl, Bonnie Boulding Swearingen, one of those comets the South sends up on occasion, blonde, on fire with her own enthusiasm and limitless energy—one of America's first woman stockbrokers, now the wife of the president of Standard Oil of Indiana—has decided to raise some money for St. Vincent's Hospital, a haven of mercy in the city for seventy-five years, by throwing a party the likes of which Birmingham hasn't seen since the famous Calico Ball of New Year's Eve, 1873. The host for that ball, Charles Linn, a Finnish sailor-banker, saw the postwar economic depression, said to hell with it, threw up a gigantic brick bank which stood out in the Jones Valley landscape like Mausolus's tomb at Halicarnassus, and invited the state—which came by train, horse, buggy and mule team—to celebrate the beginning of better times. Women in calico gowns—they could afford nothing else—cut in the latest mode, and men in tails—also of calico—danced beneath the light of hundreds of candles. And this bit of lighthearted foolery—maybe it was hardhearted faith—broke the depression in Birmingham.

No depression in sight now, but a blues—a mean reds—needs to be dismissed. So the present ball.

There are two nights of it and a day, as they say, of package tours. Friday, a dinner. One thousand dollars per plate. The flowers cost $20,000. Camellia trees in full bloom. Forced for the occasion. Champagne. Not the domestic variety. Four-lane freeways of emeralds and diamonds. There is a lady sitting next to me. I could reach over and snatch the ruby and diamond brooch from her bosom and never have to work again a day in my life. It is a glittering affair, the brooch and the party, and one wonders at celebrities, how easily they pivot on their smiles, the Bronicas and Hasselblads hanging a few well-placed commas and exclamation points, the celebs not missing an iamb of their conversations.

Left to Right: Bloomingdale, Reagan, Johnson, Annenberg, Loos. Second row, Mehle ("Suzy"), Lavin, Francis, Wallace, Chipman, Swearingen, Harris. Not pictured: Ann Landers, Helen Hayes, Eunice Johnson, Maria Tallchief.

The hostess for the affair is Miss Eleanor Kidd, known in Birmingham as the Margarine Queen. Tonight she is every inch a queen, wearing, and getting away with it as only a Southern belle could, a diamond tiara. She has footed the bill, and the $1,000-a plate—after all, just how much can chicken Kiev cost—goes to charity. Which, Miss Kidd has gracefully demonstrated, begins at home.

Fourteen women, fourteen legendary women, are to be honored. One might as well drop their names at this point, they are so eminently droppable. Mrs. Lyndon Johnson, fifty times prettier in person than in personage; Mrs. Ronald Reagan, running, but attractively; Mrs. Governor Wallace, a race driving, flying, hunting, piano playing, waterskiing, raving beauty; Mrs. Walter Annenberg, wife of the ambassador to the Court of St. James, "One of my husband's first official duties was to pay a call to Birmingham, England; I feel I've come full circle." (Who could get mad at that sort of diplomatic offering?) Anita Loos, author of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, four feet few inches and adorably preferable herself; Mrs. Henry Paschen, Jr. (Maria Tallchief), former

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prima ballerina with George Balanchine's New York City Ballet; Mrs. Donald Chipman, philanthropist via Yellow Cabs, her diamond solitaire blazing competition for the flashbulbs; Mrs. Leonard Lavin, Alberto-Culver executive, one of the ten highest-ranking women in American business, according to *Fortune*; Mrs. Alfred Bloomingdale, as in department stores; Mrs. Jules Lederer, dealer as Ann Landers in that marvelous but free commodity, advice; Mrs. Aileen Mehle, "Suzy" Knickerbocker, syndicated in ninety newspapers, spun sugar, dressed, surely, tongue-in-cheek, in a ball gown from Tara Plantation Productions; Mrs. William B. Harris, fourteen honorary degrees on her charm bracelet, former doilies I use at home," says Mrs. Swearingen, pleased rather than offended. "Do you remember_____?" (the name is blotted out by champagne bubbles) asks Mrs. Johnson. "Dear me, yes. Did you hear the story he told. Said he had to launch a ship during the war and they were out of everything so he bought thousands of bunches of bananas and laid the peelings on the runway. . . ."

Overwhelmingly conscious of itself, the talk goes on, conscious that whatever is said by celebrities will be quoted, that even yawns will be put in the context of where they occur. And quiet flows the Dom Pérignon. You walk out into the streets of Birmingham.

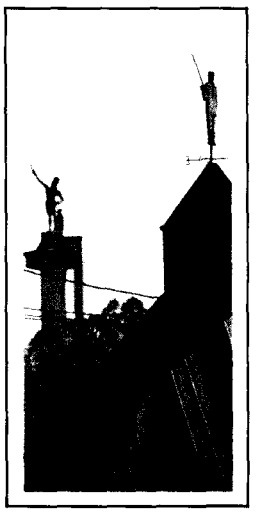
Dogwood, red from local ore, blows peacefully over the Alabama landscape. Birmingham's the only place you find that special color.

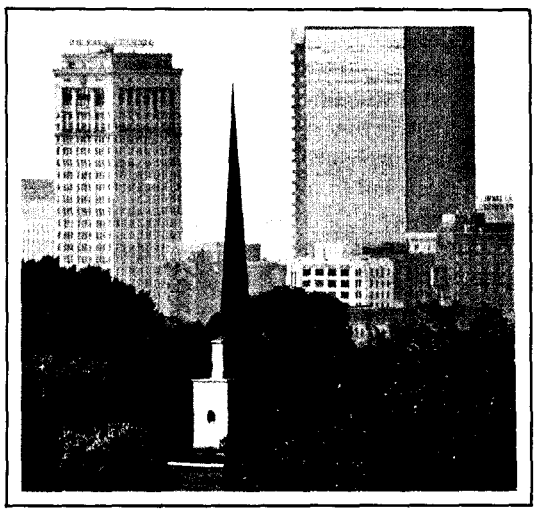
Iron ore, limestone and coal lie under the city, and for years steel mills bloomed like dogwood.

dean of Harvard's law school, Ambassador to Luxembourg, 1965 to 1967, and black; Arlene Francis, inexplicable and justifiably so. Eunice Johnson, the publishing empire (*Ebony, Jet*), and Helen Hayes, first lady etc., are being honored too, plus Mrs. Swearingen.

The talk at dinner is contemporary. Washington. World. "Birmingham's a city, not a town," murmurs Kasper, the famous dress designer, there to frock some of the principals. "Pants suddenly seem so wrong, don't they?" asks a New York fashion reporter. Several men grumble they intend to maintain theirs. Sebou, internationally renowned hairdresser not to be confused with Sabu, internationally famed jungle boy, is just back from Iran, where he put the Empress's hair up in pin curls. Which means he is the official hairdresser to the Iranian Royal Family and has condescended to dress a few mortal heads. Mrs. LBJ is just back from Iran too, and Mrs. Swearingen. Half the party is "just" back from Persepolis, some in connection with Iran's 2,500th birthday party. "Is Persepolis anywhere near Pascagoula?" asks one of those wonderful enormously well-traveled Alabamians, who's never been out of his native state. "You want a Greene County martini?" "What's that?" "Vodka and ice water."

Mrs. Johnson says, "I think the reforestation program around Persepolis is one of man's most extraordinary achievements." "Here I was with the Empress of Iran at tea and she used the same





Vulcan (left), god of fire and metal, gazes out on aspects of southern fried. The city of churches (right). At last count, 846. It is a Sunday kind of city.

It used to be called Bad Birmingham. It was founded in 1871. Iron and coal and limestone instead of cotton, river and feudality. Its beginnings were unmannerly. An early account of the city compares it to California's gold rush. "Came liquor, came liquor consumers. Came guns and men who knew how to use them. Came a little law and much lawlessness." Dullness, however, was on its way. "Came the time when the last man killer was exiled or hanged or imprisoned, when the last brothel was wiped out, when the last gilded palace of cocktails, cards, and crookedness went by the board."

It is a new city—distinctly postbellum. The Confederate monument in the city square, that patch of cranium which enclosed the brain of most southern towns, was erected in 1905. An afterthought.

Three laws surround the square. The City Hall and the county courthouse opposite have their prophets, lolling now, their heads nodding, a thin trickle of the eternal tobacco at the corners of their mouths, old men, once a chorus of condemnation, now archaic grist for tourists' cameras.

The signs on top of the Bankhead Hotel (soon to be a Methodist home for the aged) hang like cobwebs against the dying day which has been hot enough to fry eggs, a sidewalk fantastic that used to amuse southerners, more sophisticated now, long since inured to air-conditioned shopping centers. The Bankhead Hotel was named for Tallulah's father, grandfather and uncle, all Alabamians, all figures to be reckoned with on Capitol Hill, where the South has had perhaps more than its share of representation.

Tallulah used to cheer a swain, a Birmingham boy, loud and long, so loud and so long people used to tell her to shut up, not only because of her tuba-throated voice but because she was upsetting conventional notions of southern behavior. For Tallulah's stalwart was Willie Mays, baseball immortal, black, "who played the game for twenty-eight years like he was twenty-eight years old." (Arthur Daley, sports writer for the *New York Times*.) And Willie the Wonder said, circa 1963, "I don't mind people in Birmingham demonstrating and I don't think they ought to mind me *not* demonstrating." Nobility in the remark, for Willie was up at bat, not up at the pulpit. Willie never falsified his talents. Too big. And when he laid the bat down for the last time last year and rounded the bases to national anthem reverence, nobody cheered louder than Birmingham.

It was 1963, too, Sunday, September 15, 9:22 a.m., when a bomb went off at the Sixteenth Street Baptist Church and four little girls were killed. One of the children was Denise McNair.

Continued on page 114

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GIRAFFES MAKE A STRANGE NOISE

The giraffe "whistle" is made by blowing air forcibly through the lower teeth. It helps when two are missing.

By A. L. PATTON

Uncle Frederick stayed alone in his rooms while I was at school. He kept his door locked and bolted, only peeping through a crack to make sure it was his lunch cart that thumped against the door.

Aunt Susan, who ran the house, and Aunt Milly, who worried about her health, and the servants kept well out of his way. That was what suited him best, Uncle Frederick declared.

When he felt it necessary to go into the main part of the house, he strapped a pair of antlers on his head. If either of his sisters or a servant spoke to him, he lowered his head, pranced a little, and made as if to lunge.

Servants changed frequently at our house, and my aunts complained about the high wages they demanded.

I went straight to Uncle Frederick's room when I came home from school. I accomplished this by varying the time of my arrival and slipping in quietly, sometimes through a window in the basement. I was a solitary child, orphaned almost from birth, but Uncle Frederick and I understood each other. I loved him dearly.

Aunt Susan felt uneasy about my spending so much time with him. Often she questioned me closely about what we *did* so many hours behind his locked door.

What we did was delightful. The fun began with a secret code of raps on his door. We changed the code each week, by agreement, to keep anyone else from learning it. For complete safety, I gave another sign of my identity. We called this "the giraffe whistle." The sound was made by blowing air forcibly through the lower teeth. As delivered by me with two lower front teeth missing, the effect was unusual, at least. But what sound does a giraffe make, anyway?

At my third whistle the door was flung wide. Uncle Frederick, in whatever costume he had chosen for the day, bowed low and said with courtly grandeur, "Your beauty dazzles me. I see you in a halo of gleaming light!"

My answer was to curtsy and lisp out, "Sir, you honor me too much."

The formalities over, Uncle Frederick turned the key in the lock, shot home two bolts and propped a chair under the doorknob. No extra

Illustrated by Chuck Passerelli

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

key, no hammering on the wood, no frantic shouts had any effect.

We were free.

First, we took a good look at each other while we drank some peppermint tea and ate zwieback. Uncle Frederick said that he liked to count the freckles on my face. I was especially fascinated by his collection of costumes. They might be anything, ranging all the way from Tarzan to a knight in shining armor. His snow-white hair was shoulder length, his big moustache red and bristly, his eyes an innocent blue. He stood a little above medium height, erect and strong and proud; a man to be admired, a man to be respected.

After tea we often toured his rooms, well worthwhile because the scenery so frequently changed. As a young man Uncle Frederick had traveled extensively in hot countries, acquiring many objects that interested him. Later he developed a passion for the theater and made a hobby of collecting old stage props and costumes, especially the more fantastic ones. All that was before he "became a little strange" (as Aunt Susan described him) and shut himself into his rooms to live in his imagination.

He had a whole wing of the house. Grandfather Severin, with an ear for public opinion, maintained an establishment befitting his view of himself. When Uncle Frederick latched on to that particular wing, he got the best. The rooms were very large and sunny with wide windows that extended from high ceilings all the way to the floor. Heavy velvet curtains could be pulled for "occasions."

The sitting room, the largest room, Uncle Frederick used for his workshop. The handsome Victorian furniture was buried under oddments of stage costumes, tools, wallpaper, papier-mache masks, rhinoceros horns, elephant tusks, cleaning implements, candles, tiger skins, plaster of Paris, snake skins, boards, crayons, pots of

Continued on page 106

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LEE TREVINO: GOLF'S NEWEST MILLIONAIRE

By Joseph Durso

There are 10,000 golf courses in the United States with 300 new ones being added every year and twelve million people striding or riding over them with woods and irons. But the big news from the fairways this spring, folks, is that golf's newest millionaire—the fourth and fastest in the sport's history—is out there hacking away at the final obstacles standing between him and his one-man revolution.

Lee Trevino's the name and, although he turned thirty-four during the winter, he managed to turn into the new season without any signs that time was eroding one of the brightest personalities in professional sports. He is still the same old irreverent extrovert who burst onto the golfing scene seven years ago with $600 in tour earnings, no bankroll, no social pedigree—but with enough flash wit and raw talent to unsettle the purists, aristocrats and Establishment of the ancient and honorable game.

Now, as Arnold Palmer fades into the sunset of his own revolutionary career, as Jack Nicklaus defends his ranking at the peak of his career, and as hordes of new names and no names poke their putters into the big money, there stands the one true oddball in the bunch, tearing up the courses and the button-down protocol surrounding them and threatening to topple household gods along the way.

From St. Andrews to St. Louis, they will be looking over their shoulders all summer for the mad genius of the modern links, the hero of the driving ranges who struck it rich in undershirt and denims—and who is teeing up these days, drawing a bead on the $7 million in green on the traveling tour.

They also will be looking over their shoulders for answers to some inside questions: Has success spoiled the nature boy of golf? Has prosperity fattened his spirit as well as his savings account? Has he done something about his famous "fade" shot from the tee, which still accompanies him all the way to the bank? Now that he has won a million dollars, can he finally win the Masters?

Trevino, the tattooed Mexican-American from Texas. The grammar school dropout who was raised on pennies by his grandfather, a gravedigger in Dallas. The beer drinker who made pin money as a Marine recruit on Okinawa playing against the colonels, and who made pocket money as a drifting civilian playing against all comers with trick shots bounced off the thick end of a Dr. Pepper bottle.

He is still only a half dozen years removed from all that. But, like the New York Mets, he is reaching for the top rung of the ladder and the respectability that goes with going from rags to riches. And, as he hit the trail this year, he now was chairman of the board of Lee Trevino Enterprises, operating out of a nest of 160 apartments and business offices that he controls in El Paso. The design architect and consultant for golf courses in Mexico and Canada. The TV star of singing commercials in Japan. The signature on golf clubs, golf balls and golf clothing in England and on the continent.

Also, Lee Trevino the man who had never won the Masters Tournament, although in one six-week skyrocketing stretch in 1971 he won the United States Open, the Canadian Open, the British Open, the Tallahassee Open and the Danny Thomas-Memphis Classic. And so, on to Augusta and those final obstacles in the revolution that Lee Trevino has been staging on the otherwise august greens of golf.

"He's steadier and more consistent now," observes Larry Blakelee, the retired Army colonel who helps invest the Trevino business portfolio. "He doesn't tend to have that bad round. But he's going to cut down this year, like Nicklaus. He has so many commitments from companies and other businesses. It's like Jack says, you're not a workhorse.

"Up to last September, during the heavy part of the golf tour, he had spent nine days with his family. Besides, he doesn't like playing courses he doesn't know, especially with that fade of his. That's why he doesn't like the Masters. If only he hooked the ball, he wouldn't wind up in right field. Last year, he even made a special driver for hooking, but couldn't control it. In the Masters, he came close until the last day, then he shot a big fat 80. He hits a perfect shot there and it drops off to the right and lands in the woods. But why change it?"

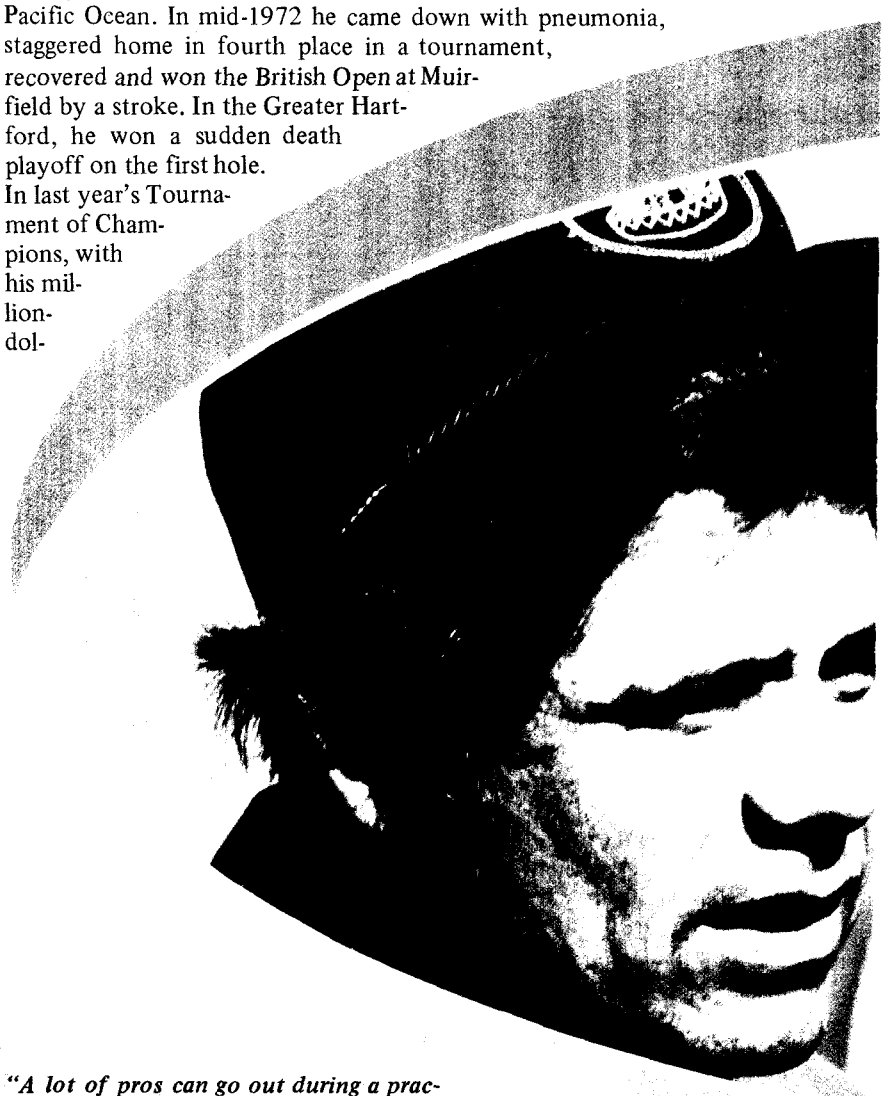
Why change it, indeed. The fade was there last year when Trevino tried to reach two of the prize goals that remained in his professional life, once he had reached the biggest goal of all—feeding his wife Claudia and their children. He solved that problem in 1967, his second year on the annual pro tour, when he jacked up his earnings from $600 to $27,472; and a year later, when he zoomed to $132,127; and three years after that, when he cleared $231,202. But he still hadn't cemented his one-man revolution yet by winning either the cool million bucks or the even cooler Masters.

"Back home," Trevino says, putting it all into perspective, "ten of us would jump on golf carts and play at once in tensomes. The first guy to reach his ball hit it. We'd shout and argue and have fun. It's all in the mind and heart. Everyone starts a round with fourteen clubs and a ball. No one moves the cup for anyone.

"I learned that no one owes you anything. That's what's wrong with the poor people today. They think the world owes them a living. I got news for them. No one owes them a damn thing. You work hard to do your best with what you have. I don't care if I play on a gravel road or on a lake with floating golf balls.

"I learned a valuable lesson once. I was paired with George Archer at Pebble Beach. I got mad when I missed a six-foot birdie putt and blew up for a 76. Archer was going along six strokes under par when he came up with a double bogey and a triple bogey in succession. But he didn't let it bother him. He kept plugging away and won the tournament big. He taught me something. I threw money away by losing my temper. I ain't getting mad no more. I still wear my red shirt and red socks on Sunday, the last day of every tournament. This is a red-letter day, pay day."

Since then, Trevino has kept his temper down while his bankroll went straight up. He still had more adventures than a soap opera, though. In the Crosby, he once was well in contention until he bombed one into the Pacific Ocean. In mid-1972 he came down with pneumonia, staggered home in fourth place in a tournament, recovered and won the British Open at Muirfield by a stroke. In the Greater Hartford, he won a sudden death playoff on the first hole. In last year's Tournament of Champions, with his million-dol-



"A lot of pros can go out during a practice round and murder par. The idea is to do it when the pressure is on. I think about every hole in every tournament."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[redacted]

he ball stopped dead among
reen, sank his putt and said.

finishing the tournament in
ey. So he was still $14,862
d been reached in golf only

flected. "I used to go to the
wish to the devil I could do

year, thereby realizing both
ay nor his tournament. His
r which he skipped it two
e parking lot without chang-

lier than anybody else, spun
five minutes—and four days

is bag, added a wedge, and
e this year, I'm the leading
ny goal of winning a million

in, but on May 20 he finally
s. Dave Hill won the tourna-
d $16,187.50 and became
e had mailed in his twenty-

as revolutionary as his per-
185-pounder who faces the
e left, he aims to the left, he

el Hebert said, "and I think
the shoulders. If anybody

else had that weakness, he wouldn't last two days on the tour He'd be out looking for a job."

But Trevino hasn't been out looking for a job since the ragamuffin days when he bounced from one to the other trying to hustle a meal, far from establishing any goals. Shoeshine boy at Texas golf clubs. Operator of a pitch-and-putt course in Dallas. Two hitches in the Marines. Handyman at the Horizon Hills Club in El Paso, a rock-and-sand course with gale-force winds.

"You have to hit them low when you're playing in all that wind," he noted. "Sandstorms are a way of life in the Southwest."

Hooking a golf ball also had been a way of life until he watched Ben Hogan one day as the doughty bantam stroked one fade after another. "Before that, I had always been upright—a picture," Trevino said. "Then I had got me this awful-looking sweepy swing so I could hook it. When I saw Hogan, it dawned on me: left to right, left to right. I have to throw my club way out right to fade it now. I get into that low shoulder turn because of my height. I can't get power upright."

"If he ever gets up high with it," commented Dave Hill, "he's got to go back to eating tacos."

But Hill and everybody else on the pro tour realize that Trevino's taco-eating days are behind him, along with that first million dollars. He now can rake it in from January to December, following the sun like a gypsy as the tour unfolds from week to week and from celebrity to celebrity: the Glen Campbell Los Angeles Open, the Dean Martin Tucson Open, the Bing Crosby National Pro-Am, the Bob Hope Desert Classic, the Andy Williams San Diego Open, the Jackie Gleason-National Airlines Open, the Sammy Davis Jr.-Greater Hartford Open, and the Danny Thomas-Memphis Classic.

"There are about 250 pros who spend their careers on the road, and they are like strolling musicians or troubadours," said Joe Dey, who was the commissioner of the touring pros during Trevino's rise. "The pros in team sports always perform in much the same places. The pros in golf always perform in various places. A very subjective game. The most subjective except maybe for trapshooting. Or crapshooting."

And none of the strolling troubadours is more subjective than Trevino, who now makes more music and more money than almost anybody else.

"I used to be Mexican, but I'm Spanish now," he quipped, commenting on his spectacular gain in status as well as cash. "Who ever heard of a rich Mexican?"

"When I first started winning those $3,000

Continued on page 134

"When I first started winning those $3,000 and $4,000 checks, I said 'Say, how long's this been going on out here? You only live once. Why not have some fun?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CASE HISTORY OF A CARNEGIE MEDAL

By JACK MARKOWITZ

The story of how the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission conscientiously sleuths before granting America's highest award for personal heroism.

Illustrated by Marvin Friedman

A patch of asphalt in the street, not bulging high enough to cause a car going over to bump, marks the location of death. Standing on it, Irwin M. Urling checks his watch—it is a minute or two before ten in the morning—and looks at his shadow in the street. It slants forward and somewhat to the left. "I'm looking north," says Urling, and makes a note of it.

He is a portly man of sixty-two, dressed in a rumpled gray suit, worn shoes, a raincoat, and a battered hat whose wide brim has been out of style for most of a generation. But the hat has done good service against sun and rain, and Urling's duties do not call for elegance. If anything, the rumpled look serves him better. People are less on guard with him. They talk more.

Now he stands at attention: heels together, shoulders relaxed, belly comfortably extended. He is concentrating. There is a kind of heavy dignity in the way he, taking his time, occupies the middle of the street. If a car came along he would give way, but slowly, so as not to blur the mental fix he is carefully achieving.

Now he has it. Three stately paces to the curb and feet together, he lifts a folded sheet of paper up close, very close, to his straining eyes. With a ballpoint pen he draws a few lines, a crude map (he will refine it later) of the intersection of Lowrie and Gardner Streets in the Troy Hill section of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. One corner he labels "school," and the others "store," "gas station," and "funeral home." He draws a tiny rectangle on Lowrie for the underground vault twenty feet west of Gardner and six feet away from the north curb, where on November 17, 1971, six employees of a local gas utility met a swift, suffocating death.

"They want everything definitely located," Urling explains, meaning his employers, the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission, from which agency he and five other special agents earn their living by traveling the continent in search of the truth about reported acts of rescue.

"We live in a heroic age," Andrew Carnegie wrote in a Deed of Trust to the commission he founded in 1904. In retirement at age sixty-eight the little Scot was as energetically giving away as he had earlier been accumulating his millions. His shining causes were education and peace. It exasperated him that military courage, necessarily spreading death and ruin, should monopolize public glory and the emulation of youth. The worst sort of example! Why not equal or greater honor to those who *save* life at risk of their own?—and aid to the widows and orphans of these unsung?

The heroic deaths of two rescuers in a 1904 coal mine disaster were the direct spur to Carnegie's creation of a "hero fund." But the idea of honoring, and more important, of financially aiding, heroes of peace had been turning over for a considerable time in the philanthropist's mind.

"I have long felt," he wrote, "that the heroes and those dependent upon them should be freed from pecuniary cares resulting from their heroism, and, as a fund for this purpose, I have transferred to the Commission five million dollars of First Collateral Five Per Cent Bonds of the United States Steel Corporation, the proceeds to be used as follows. . . ."

More than 53,000 acts of rescue have been reported to the Commission in the seven decades since, and it has made over 6,000 awards for heroism. That is a greater number by far than the total of Congressional Medals of Honor bestowed over the same period in the nation's wars, though the essential high qualification is the same: an act "above and beyond the call of duty."

From the very first, the Commission realized it could not depend on news accounts or hearsay but would have to perform its own painstaking investigation of reports of heroic deeds.

"This is going to be a hard case to establish," says Irwin Urling, frowning at the asphalt patch in Lowrie Street. His most obvious difficulty is that the six men are dead. It can never be known for certain whether those who tried to rescue others realized the risks they were taking. And this is of the essence. Blunderers who absently trip into death cannot be heroes. Yet one-fifth of all Carnegie awards since 1904—some 1,200—have been made posthumously. For the Commission and its investigators death is a hindrance, not an insurmountable obstacle.

Urling has been investigating rescues for a quarter of a century. He completes an average of fifty cases per year. From these he then submits perhaps thirty-five for an award, and the Commission may approve thirty-one. The final decision is not his.

That is made in a comfortable, but hardly lavish, suite on the nineteenth floor of an office building in downtown Pittsburgh. The Commission always has sat in the city where Carnegie made his fortune. Its membership has turned over many times since 1904; but its spirit and style are virtually unaltered (though time, prudent stewardship, and the growth of the U.S. economy have increased the Fund's endowment to about $14 million). The Commission still consists of twenty men of a certain standing in the

Continued on page 91

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OLD GRAY MARE AIN'T WHAT YOU THINK

The wife of GM's president casts a gentle eye on the opposition.

By Dollie Cole

So the crunch is here-turn down the heat - slow down your car, switch off the lights and, of course, let's all get a horse.

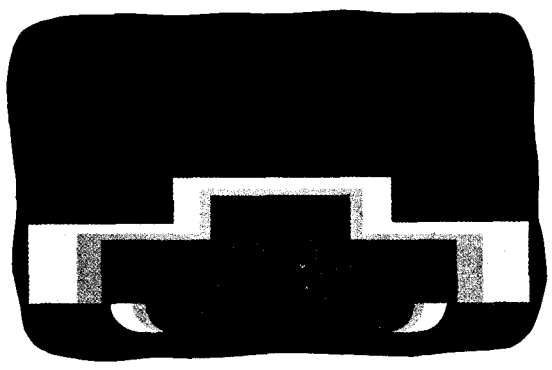
Last October I attended an SAE (Society of Automotive Engineers) convention at Greenbrier, West Virginia, with my husband, Edward Cole, and was privileged to hear the funniest speech I've ever had the pleasure of sitting in on. Since all of us are in the same boat (it had better have oars as gas is out) maybe if I shared Frank Winchell's (GM Vice-President) remarks with you it might put some humor in a very dismal problem that is not going away anytime soon.

Frank began very seriously by saying these are difficult times-particularly for decision makers. They are wrestling with some very obvious conflicting constraints to which there are no simple solutions.

Product and business decisions affect about every social and economic dimension there is. Current and proposed objectives in emissions, crash-worthiness, damageability and noise are clearly something less then compatible.

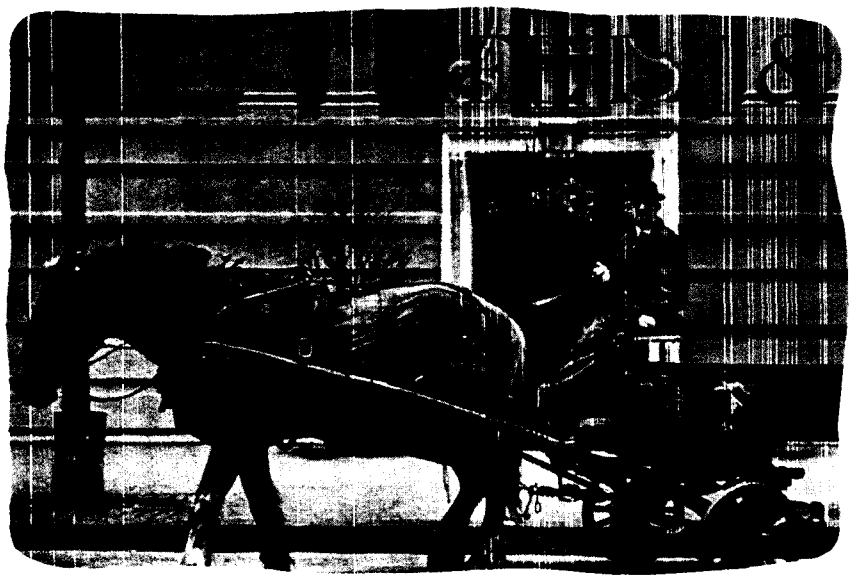
Further, each invariably adds raw material, weight, size, cost and complexity to an already oversized product, in turn increasing the drain on our energy reserves.

Nevertheless, without question, the growth in population and density of the automobile in recent years has encroached on the quality of life in many areas.



Appropriately, the industry is engaged in an extensive study of more compatible powerstrains and vehicle configurations.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



This, of course, includes reexamination of old concepts as well as the new. In our diligence, General Motors, for one, is not overlooking the horse and buggy.

I thought you might be interested in a brief status report.

There are, of course, some problems.

First, the power-to-weight ratio is something less then ideal.

That's one horsepower you're looking at.

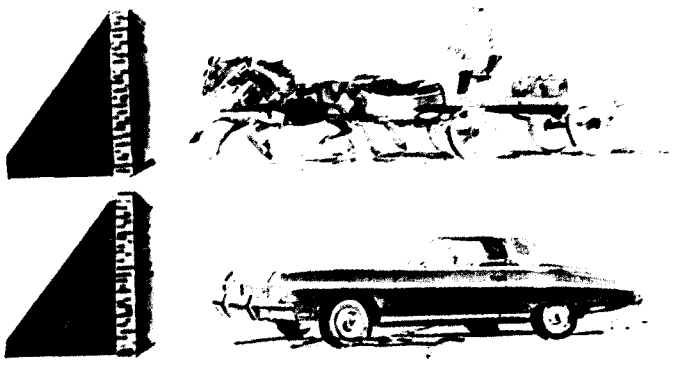
Not counting vapors, a good horse emits about 51.5 pounds of pollutants a day. Assuming such a horse could run in the Federal Emission Cycle, that figures out to be about 935 grams per mile compared to our allotment of 4.2.

At the same time, however, we can view with some considerable satisfaction the fact that the evolution of the horseless carriage has also immeasurably enhanced it.

Our concern, however, is for tomorrow.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

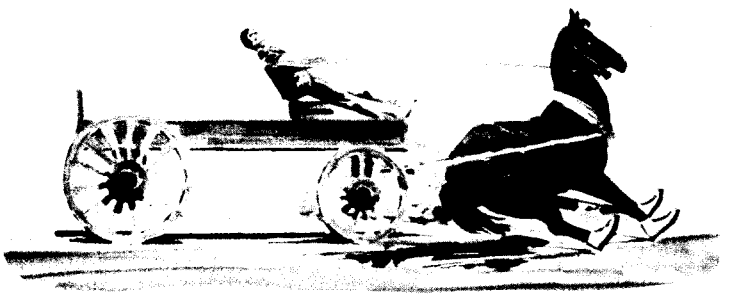
It's likely that with enough effort, effective control systems could be worked out, but no amount of effort is going to get a horse to go for EGR (Exhaust Gas Recirculation).

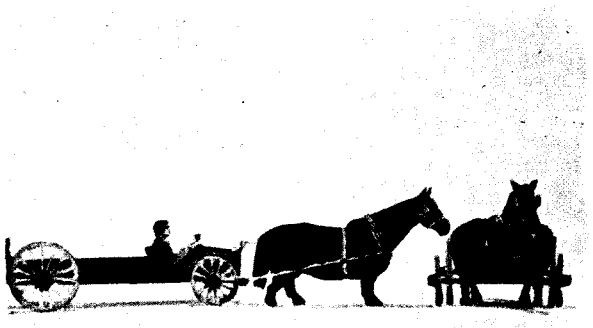


Crashworthiness, however, is another matter.

Few realize that the fatality rate for a horse-drawn vehicle in 1909 was 30 per hundred million miles compared to today's 4.5.

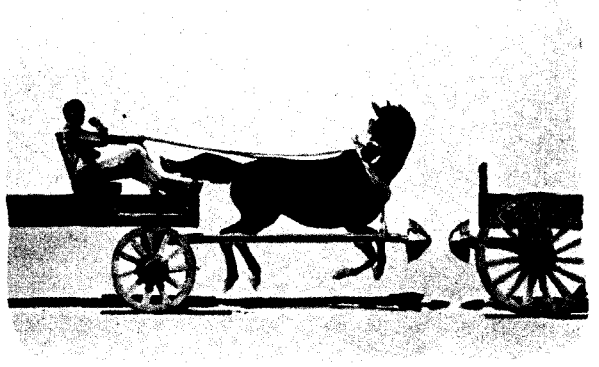
Solutions to braking





and rollover,

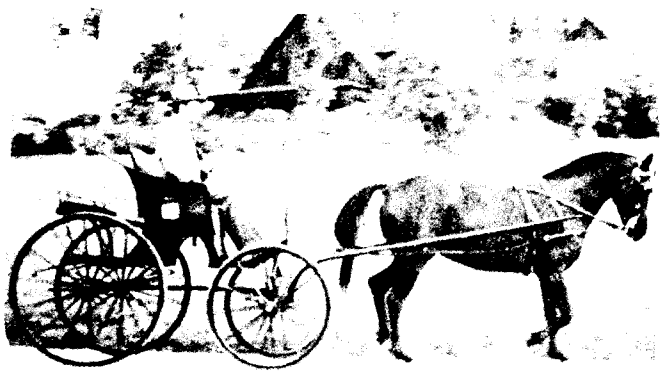
and bumpers.



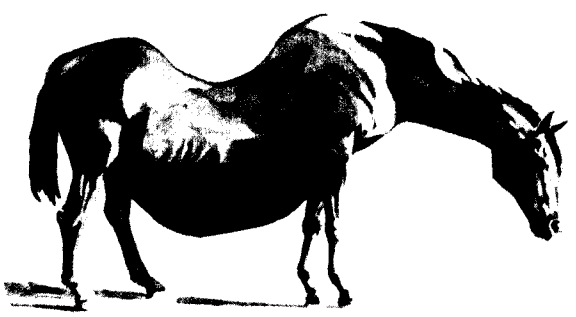
All these are formidable problems, to say the least.

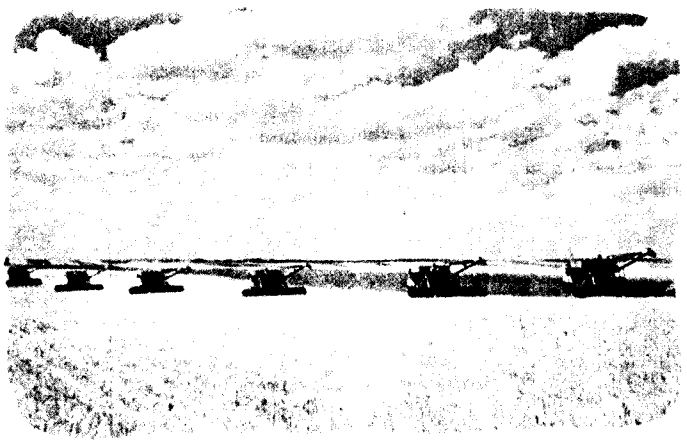
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We think we can meet reasonable pass-by noise requirements;



however, more far-reaching regulations might pose a problem, since Old Dobbin is inclined, on occasion, to be a little impolite. The record shows that a surprising number of horses are in some way defective. It's probable that recall procedures would have to be instituted, but I can tell you-somebody up there ain't going to like it.





The most difficult problem seems to be fuel consumption. Exclusive of liquids, the average horse consumes around 31 pounds of fuel a day. Fueling a horse population adequate for today's transportation needs would devastate the environmentalists' ideas on land use.

To be serious for a moment, I think it's very likely that whatever might have evolved as a mode of personal transportation adequate for today's population and congested communities would require some measure of remedial action. Few propositions, if any, however, comprehend the whole of today's social and economic objectives.

While I'm sure the nation will survive and, I trust, prosper, I'm also sure that no purpose is served in alienating the essential elements of the solution.

Change is in order, but it should not be impaired by an emotionally charged simplistic who-done-it adversary atmosphere.

LICENSED TO UNL.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FLIGHTS OF FANCY OVER THE DUCK

All ye know, and all ye need to know, is here about the* Anatinae, *feathered friend of the skies, barnyard, and dining table.

By Dan Carlinsky

A lot has been written about ducks. If you're a hunter you can find piles of books and articles about shooting them; if you're a nature lover, you can read all about how to watch them; if you're a cook, you can check out hundreds of recipes for cooking them. But no one, as near as I can tell, has ever written—until now—anything about ducks for plain people who have no specialized interest in ducks.

The trouble with what *has* been written about ducks is that there's too much of it. If you live near a good library, you may be able to come up with John C. Phillips's *A Natural History of the Ducks*, for example, which sounds nice but turns out to be four huge volumes containing so much information that even a duck couldn't care less. At the end of the fourth volume is a 128-page bibliography, listing a couple of thousand references in several languages. It's staggering. And there are others like it.

Astonishingly, of all this duck copy, very little concerns the White Pekin, the famous Long Island duckling. Because it is so important in this eastern corner of the world—and because duck literature needs a little balancing—this compendium of miscellaneous duck information will concentrate on the Pekin.

WHY DUCKS ARE CALLED DUCKS

Ducks are so named because they duck in and out of the water. The verb came first: it was *duken* in Middle English, meaning "to dive." Actually, if you want to get technical about it "duck" refers only to the female, "drake" to the male. But this distinction is made by no one and is of concern only to people who do crossword puzzles.

A duckling is a young duck. But you already knew that. Generally, any Pekin you eat is a duckling, since it is still very young when it is killed and made a meal of.

HOW TO SAY DUCK IN 18 LANGUAGES

Afrikaans. .....*eend*
Czech. .....*kachna*

Danish. .....*and*
Dutch. .....*eend*
English. .....*duck*
French. .....*canard*
German. .....*Ente*
Italian. .....*anitra*
Latin. .....*anas*
Malay. .....*itek*
Polish. .....*kaczka*
Portuguese. .....*pato*
Russian. .....*yTKa*
Spanish. .....*pato*
Swedish. .....*anka*
Tagalog. .....*pato*
Turkish. .....*ordek*
Yiddish. .....*katshke*

AN ABBREVIATED ENGLISH DUCKTIONARY

A *lame-duck* officeholder is on the way out.

In England a *lame duck* can't pay his debts.

Also in England, a *duck's egg* is a score of zero in cricket.

And also in England, *ducks* or *ducky* is a term of affection, as in "Hello, ducks!"

Duck soup is an easy task.

Cold Duck is a wine.

A *ducktail* is a short haircut that was big with teenagers in the 1950's. All the hair is brushed back to form a little pointy curl that resembles a duck's tail.

The fabric known as *duck* is made of cotton, not ducks.

Ducky means just fine.

A *sitting duck* is a target that doesn't stand a chance.

Duckweed is a tiny aquatic plant.

Duckpin bowling involves aiming at short, fat pins that could look like ducks if you go bowling after having consumed a six-pack of beer.

Canard, which is French for duck, in English means, loosely, a lie. It comes from a French expression, "to half-sell a duck," meaning to cheat a buyer. More than one American wit has defined a canard as "something you canardly believe." Oh well.

ALL IN THE FAMILY

Ducks are closely related to swans and geese, less closely related to storks, herons, flamingos, loons, penguins and pelicans. They rarely associate with their in-laws.

There are well over 100 kinds of ducks in the world, a few dozen of which are found in the U.S. There are 11 standard American domesticated breeds, all believed to be descended from the wild mallard.

ANCIENT HISTORY

We don't know as much about prehistoric birds as we do mammals and reptiles, because their bones are more fragile and don't fossilize as well. So bone people have little to work with when it comes to ducks. Also, a lot of our favorite animals of old tended to die in places like

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

caves and quicksand, where their remains would be preserved for posterity; birds apparently didn't. But we do know some things about ducks of thousands of years ago:

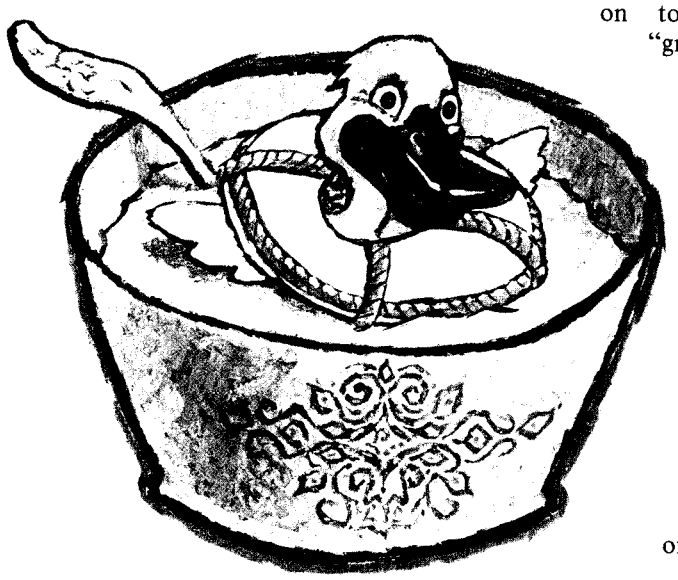
1. The ancient Egyptians captured and ate ducks, except one species which was held sacred and often even mummified. But Pharaoh's boys never got the knack of domesticating ducks. That the Romans did.

2. Neolithic cave drawings—perhaps 6,000 years old—of duck figures have been found in the south of Spain.

3. Ducks were so prized as food by one ancient Chinese group that when a man bought a bride from her parents he usually paid in ducks.

HOW THE PEKIN CAME TO LONG ISLAND

The best story seems to be that a Captain James E. Palmer, of Stonington, Conn., visited China in 1873 and sailed for New York out of Hong Kong with twenty-five big, white ducks that had been reared in Peking. Apparently sixteen of them died during the voyage but nine



finally made it to Connecticut, where five were eaten. Four ended up on Long Island, where the sea, air and sand were found to be just right for them. They began to beget and the rest is history. When you next see a Pekin, wish him (or her) a happy hundredth anniversary.

Also in 1873—in Argenteuil, France, a village near Paris—impressionist Claude Monet did a painting called *The Duck Pond.* The year 1873 was a very big year for ducks.

"COLOR ME CREAMY WHITE"

Ducks come in all colors, but the Pekin is always a sort of creamy white. For the first several weeks of his life, however, the Pekin duckling has a fuzzy yellow covering and could be mistaken for a chicken chick if you're not too careful. Later it begins to look more like a duck.

PERSONALITY AND IQ

Ducks, for the most part, are quite docile, but there are always a few rotten apples in every basket. Rare aggressive ducks occasionally will face off and fight. Nothing serious.

Baby ducklings who are raised by their mother will follow her around in a straight line, like little duck soldiers (or like little duck members of a high school marching band). It doesn't even have to be their mother: little ducks, being very impressionable, will follow anything around in a straight line. Even people.

It is well agreed by people who know ducks that they are not very smart. Geese are smarter. Nevertheless the expression is "You silly goose" and not "You silly duck." Does that make sense?

LIVING SPACE

At first, farm ducks live inside, in low houses divided into small pens with, say, 500 ducks in each. There is an automatic water trough, a feed dispenser that is always kept full, and straw on the floor. Each duck rates a square foot or two of space.

Later on it is best for growing ducklings to spend days outdoors, where the air is fresher and the space is greater. In very warm weather they may even stay out until all hours of the night.

GLUTTONY

Ducks will eat rice, grass, insects and other things small enough to take in with no teeth. Pekins, of course, are fed pellets of scientifically prepared, protein-fortified feed. For the first two weeks of his or her life, a Pekin is fed one-eighth-inch "starter pellets," then he or she moves on to slightly larger "grower pellets," and finally, at about the sixth week, "finisher pellets." Sounds grim, no?

Ducks are tremendous eaters. They will gladly take in a large fraction of their body weight every day. In its lifetime, which duck farmers limit to about seven weeks, a duck will put down about twenty pounds of feed. Older ducks do nicely eating meals at specific times, but ducks being raised for the killing *gnosh* all the time, courtesy of their breeders.

Here's what's in a typical feed formula: cornmeal, soybean meal, "dried bakery product," meat and bone meal, fish meal, wheat middlings, dehydrated alfalfa meal, condensed fermented corn extractives, animal and vegetable fat, choline chloride, manganous oxide, calcium iodate, zinc oxide, cuprous oxide, vitamin A supplement (palmitate), D-activated animal sterol, vitamin E supplement, riboflavin supplement, niacin, vitamin B-12 supplement, menadione dimethylpyrimidinol bisulfite, calcium pantothenate, lignin sulfonate. If one member of a flock of Pekins dies, the others will gather round and eat the feathers off the deceased. This may or may not say anything about what they usually get to eat.

BUT CAN THEY FLY?

Many wild ducks can fly at speeds up to fifty-five or sixty miles an hour, even when the expressway is bumper-to-bumper, but domestication weakens ducks' wing muscles and makes them lazy and fat. The usual result is that within two or three generations, domesticated ducks lose the ability to fly. Pekins were never very good fliers to begin with; now they're terrible. If the truth be known, they can barely jump, so foot-high fences hold them just fine.

SOUTH FOR THE WINTER?

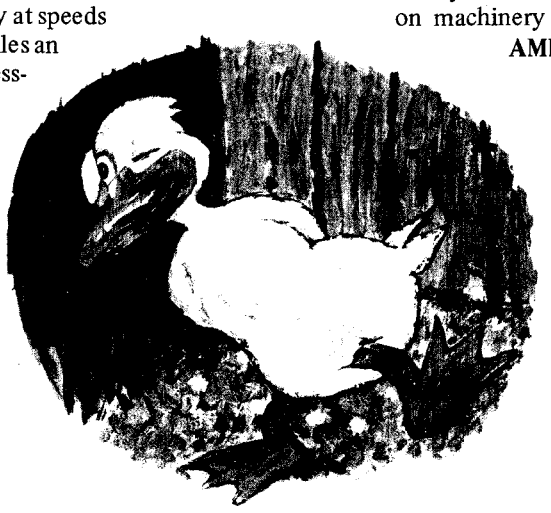
A lot of northern ducks fly south in winter. Pekins can't, and Miami is too far to waddle.

Not all ducks migrate, and those that do move around don't always go south in winter and north in summer. Some ducks hang around the north all year if people feed them, while others fly south even in the summer. All of this is very confusing to travel agents.

YOU CAN DRIVE A DUCK TO WATER BUT . . .

Real ducks don't take to water like the proverbial duck does. In fact, Pekins aren't that crazy about water at all when they're young. They have to be coaxed in. Water is good for ducks—experts tell us it helps them grow faster, and also they mate in it—so eventually they all have to learn. But at first it's tough for them, so getting them used to the water is one of a duck farmer's biggest and most important chores. For their first five weeks, Pekins are kept upland. Then, when they've grown some feathers, they are carefully herded into a pond or stream and carefully herded out again after half an hour or so. Much longer and the water would soak right through to the skin and they'd drown. (Young Pekins can get waterlogged and drown in a heavy downpour; they don't know enough to come in out of the rain.) Once they've learned how to get their feet wet nature takes over. After the first time in water the ducks begin to preen and oil themselves, using a lubricant from a little gland above the tail called the oil box. When their feathers are properly arranged and interlocked, and their bodies properly slicked back with oil, the waterproofed ducks can swim around all day before re-oiling. It's the oil that brought about the expression "like water off a duck's back."

Ducks, unfortunately, leave their droppings in the water. Governments and conservationists don't like this too much. (Former Suffolk County Executive H. Lee Dennison once said, "Duck farms are the worst pollution we have in this country. One of the wild-eyed dreams I've always had is an absolutely duckless county.") So duck farmers lately have had to spend a lot of money on machinery to keep their water clean.



AMMONIA A BIRD IN A FILTHY CAGE

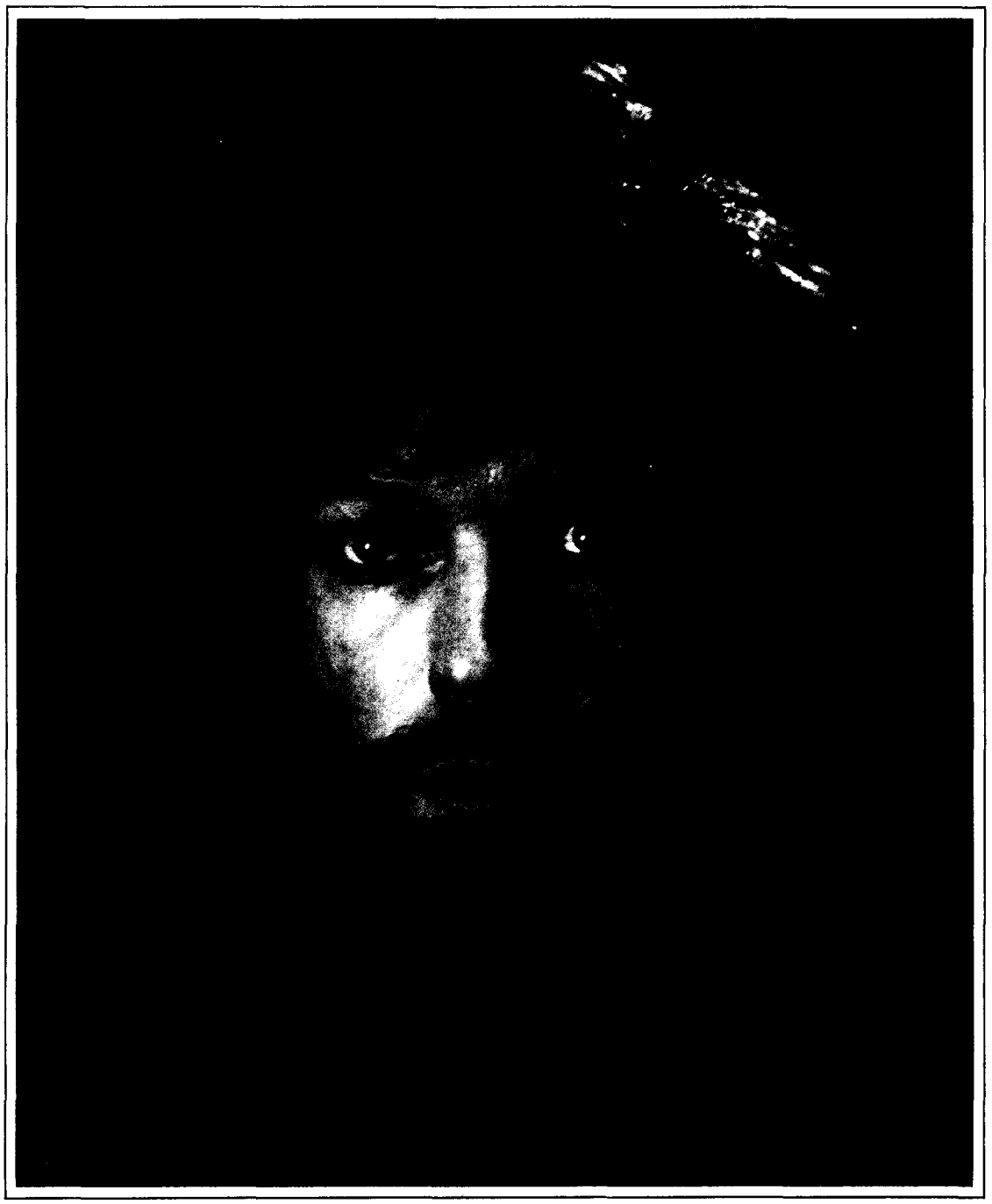
Duck droppings contain a good deal of nitrogen, thanks to a high-protein diet. The nitrogen combines with water and with the help of bacteria forms ammonia. Poorly ventilated duck houses smell like ammonia factories night and day. And there's always the odor of the waste

Continued on page 90

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN: KILDARE TO HAMLET

By Charles Higham



The part of Tchaikovsky in the biography **The Music Lovers** *achieved more stardom for Chamberlain, the most dedicated of actors whose sense of acting is monastic in its single-mindedness.*

Richard Chamberlain's Cape Cod cottage stands high above Coldwater Canyon in the unfashionable upper reaches of Beverly Hills. Here, formal, carefully groomed streets give way to scrubby, winding roads, modest, sometimes run-down homes, and one- instead of four-car garages. Chamberlain's house, like his clothes and his small group of friends, is completely against his star status. Though cynical critics have sometimes called him pretentious—citing his "British" accent, his extraordinarily ambitious range of starring roles, his appearance in highly artistic stage, screen and television productions—he is actually quite devoid of pretense. Subdued, shy, withdrawn, he is the most dedicated of young actors. Not for him the flamboyant emphasis on leather jackets, fast cars, deep-sea fishing, the machismo image of the all-male star, or stalking a heroine like big game. Instead, a sober and modest search for quality, a sense of the vocation of acting that is monastic in its single-mindedness. His dedication has given an austere purity of line to his performances of such disparate figures as Hamlet, Cyrano de Bergerac, Richard II, Tchaikovsky, Lord Byron, Edward VIII and Scott Fitzgerald.

Chamberlain greets me at the door, dressed in a polka dotted royal blue casual shirt and jeans. His brown hair is still a mass of almost Harpo-ish ringlets and his moustache still curls with a cavalier braggadocio; he has just finished playing Cyrano de Bergerac at the Los Angeles Music Center. Extremely lean, with slender bones, he gives an impression of delicate, steely strength. His face is aquiline, the face of a natural aristocrat, with slightly slanting pale blue eyes, high hollow cheekbones, a carefully chiseled jawline. It is the face and body of a monk—a monk in a working order, dedicated to simple tasks. Chamberlain would be the perfect St. Francis of Assisi.

We walk together into the sunlit living room. A fire roaring healthily in the grate casts a welcoming glow over the British and American antiques, the polished wooden floor, and the overstuffed chairs. The decor is agreeably rustic, a clutter of highly masculine, dark brown wooden furniture. Built in 1965 by an architect named Jerome Colcord, the house has been extensively remodeled by Chamberlain since he bought it from its first owners. Characteristically, he stripped all the paint off the wood, put in beautiful parquet floors, and is presently re-creating the whole front part of the building. He is making a stained glass window and will extend the rooms several feet so that they will overhang the garden. Chamberlain is putting the same enormous concentration into these reconstructions as he is putting into his acting.

He sits in a harp-back chair, kicks his shoes off, and props his feet on the table. Now and again he gets up to pour tea from a silver pot and to serve some delicious home-baked cookies from a large plate.

He begins by talking about his London apartment, on Bayswater Road, overlooking Hyde Park: "I've spent much too much money on it. It's a super flat, really nice. I have to rent it out when I'm not there, that's the only way I can afford it. My passion for fixing places up has really reached an extreme there. I converted one bedroom and hallway into a very large, scrubbed pine dining room. I put a huge skylight in the roof to light the upstairs sitting room. This has a wonderful view of the park; it was the old servants' quarters. The whole thing is done in 'early clutter' but it's kind of homey, and *nice.* In England you can make things cozy and casual; nobody expects any particular style. Over here everything is 'pure decorator.' " Chamberlain gives an almost imperceptible shudder. "How could anybody *live* in anybody else's selections?"

Aside from toiling on the environments he lives in so that they express his own pure, clear-cut, cool personality, Chamberlain has to take the utmost care of that other house, his body—to permit the playing of his enormously taxing roles.

"I don't have a superabundance of energy. I have to *focus* myself. During *Cyrano* I literally couldn't do anything else. When I came home at night I was so 'up' that I couldn't sleep until three or four in the morning. When I don't get

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enough rest I have to be especially careful of my health. When I do a matinee I try to sleep in the theater for half an hour before a show. If I go to parties during a run I find I'm giving less than my best to the performance, which drives me *crazy*. I hate that feeling of not having quite enough energy and concentration. I exercise very hard. When I get up in the morning I do dance movements, practicing like a ballet dancer at the barre. I stretch, bend, do calisthenics, push-ups, pull-ups. I have to train for my parts like an athlete.

"I go to bed at eleven and rise at seven even when I'm not working. But there still isn't enough time for everything, and that's frustrating. I keep my social life to an absolute minimum. I envy people like Peter O'Toole and Richard Harris who apparently can just 'play' all the time, and work, too. I gave up smoking halfway through playing Tchaikovsky in *The Music Lovers* because I found that cigarettes made my voice kind of raw. I had given up while doing 'Dr. Kildare' and then started again. It's much harder to quit the second time around. I drink very rarely. I'll admit I do occasionally enjoy a 'wet weekend.' But not when I'm in a play. I can't drink before or after a performance." Food? "I'm heavy on protein. This morning I made a fabulous drink with protein powder and fruit juice. I believe in eggs, steak—when I'm on a film I have a steak for breakfast—and I like my steak quite rare. I don't believe in vegetarianism or macrobiotic diets—not for me, anyway. I'm excited by the idea of cottonseed, however. I've heard that it's 78 percent protein. They've discovered how to remove a chemical from it which used to interfere with digestion. It'll be a wonderful thing for people to eat once it's purified. Of course, I'll use it all the time."

Born on March 21, 1935, the son of a manufacturer of supermarket fixtures, Chamberlain grew up like a typical California boy: rebellious, unscholarly, fond of the sun and the outdoors. He loved tennis, surfing, football. He cannot remember exactly when his lifelong passion for romantic literature and drama really began.

"I wasn't a reader as a child at all. I was a very petulant, horrible child and wouldn't learn *anything*. I hated the imposition of being *made* to learn, by ghastly, horrible women teachers at Beverly Hills High School. Everything was imposed as a painful, necessary discipline. Nobody ever said, 'Look, wow! If you learn these words it will open up a whole treasure chest of incredible, wonderful things!' I dreaded Shakespeare. It wasn't until years later that I decoded the secret, that I learned the excitement of Shakespeare and other great writers.

"I was so bored with everything as a child I wouldn't even learn to tie my shoes! It wasn't until I got to Pomona College that I learned the pleasure of study. To this day I hate having discipline imposed on me from the outside. I love to impose discipline on myself. I'll take direction easily, but it has to be a give and take situation."

Christopher Fry's *The Lady's Not For Burning,* which Chamberlain recently played at the Chichester Festival in England, had provided his first great experience of drama. "In the early 1950's we got the records at college and prepared a reading. I was enthralled by Fry's poetry and by the great performance of Pamela Brown. I fell in love at the outset with romantic poetry, romantic literature."

It was some time before Chamberlain could express this passion in a memorable series of romantic roles. Once out of college, he seemed to have no visible direction: he worked sporadically in little theater, as a box boy in supermarkets, as a chauffeur for a crippled woman, and even served for a time as a G.I. in Korea. He landed, miraculously, a contract at MGM, and then got tossed away on the shoals of *Secret of the Purple Reef.* But, wasted though he was, he never stopped training his instruments: his mind, his voice, his body. He took singing and dancing lessons, toiling for months at ballet class.

When he landed the title role of "Dr. Kildare," which made him famous, he already had the basic attributes of a great actor: perfect diction, grace in motion, a profound, searching intelligence in interpretation.

"Kildare," Chamberlain feels, was a fine experience for an actor, though ultimately limiting. "It was like repertory training. I learned to discipline my movements to the confines of sets of large and small offices. I learned every day about film technique. How to look in a camera angle, how the eyes were all important as guides to feeling in a scene, and, incidentally, in those grueling long days, something of what it meant to be a doctor.

Continued on page 110

"The play is Cyrano. *A fascinating, complex character. . . . He was immensely sexual, not in the modern, horrible pornographic way, but in a total sense, a* man. *I'm crazy about him."*

Chamberlain plays the dashing figure—Aramis in the new film version of The Three Musketeers.

" 'Operating' is one of the things I can't do. I'm not slick. . . I have a tortoise's determination."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"SPIRIT OF AMERICA"

The colors are red, white and blue.

The cars are Limited Edition Impalas, Novas and Vegas.

They're the special Spirit of America Chevrolets arriving at your Chevy dealer's right now.

They're cars known for their value. Distinctly styled with special interiors and equipment. Packaged like no Chevrolet before. Available for a limited time only.

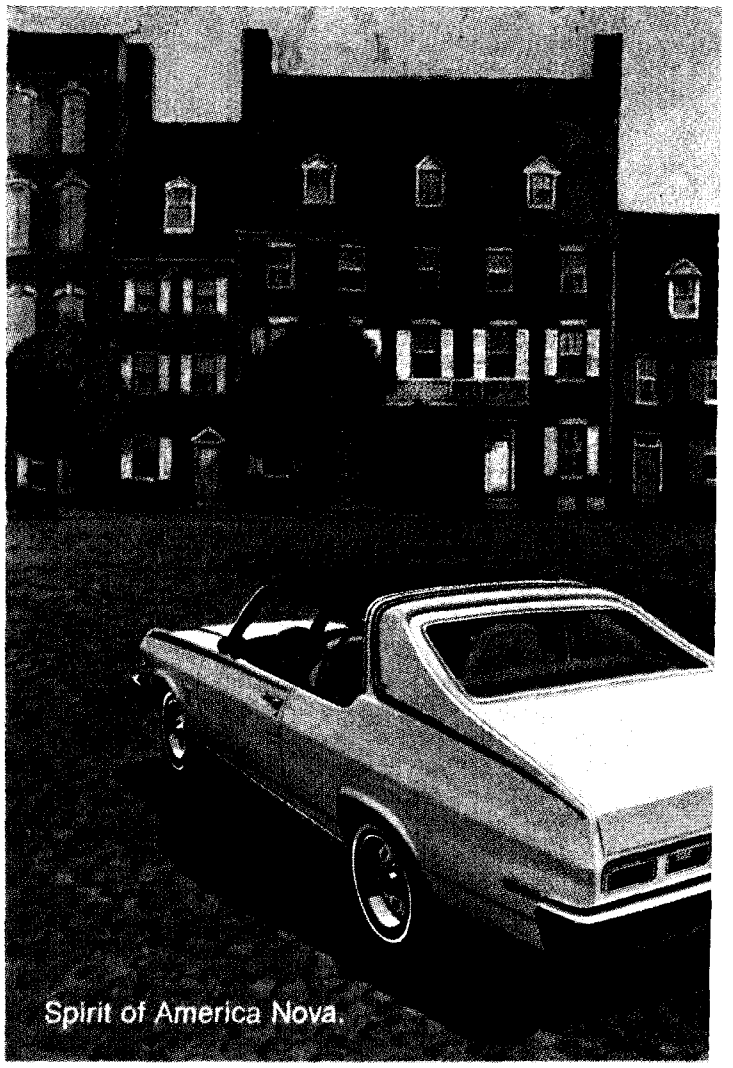
Get the Spirit at your Chevy dealer's while they last.

The Spirit of America Impala package: • White or blue exterior. • Special white padded vinyl roof. • Special striping. • Special white wheels with paint stripes and trim rings. • Spirit of America crests. • Dual Sport mirrors, LH remote-control. • Wheel-opening moldings and fender skirts. • Bumper impact strips. • White all-vinyl interior trim with blue or red accents and carpeting. • Deluxe seat and shoulder belts. • Quiet Sound Group body insulation.

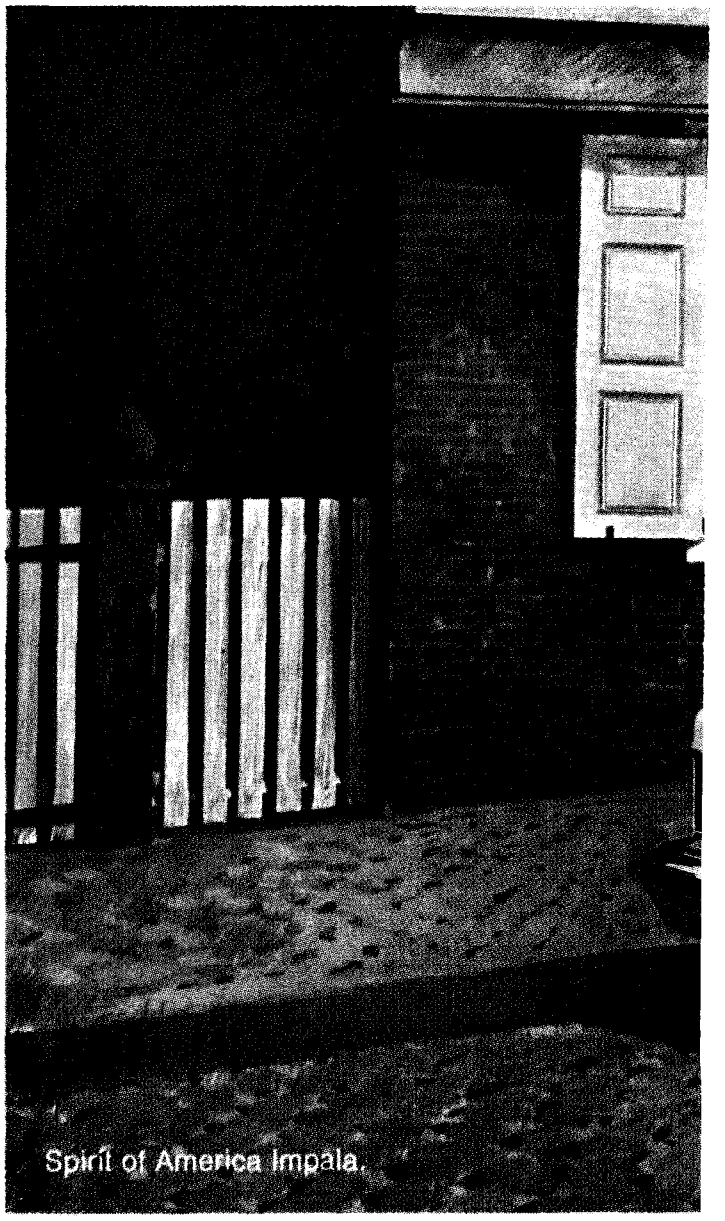
The Spirit of America Nova package: • White exterior. • Black touring-style vinyl roof. • Special striping. • Spirit of America decals. • White rally wheels with trim rings and special hubs. • Black dual Sport mirrors, LH remote-control. • Black grille. • E78-14 white-stripe tires. • White all-vinyl bucket seat interior. • Red carpeting.

The Spirit of America Vega package: • White exterior. • White vinyl roof. • Special striping. • Spirit of America decals. • White GT wheels with trim rings. • Custom Exterior. • Black-finished body sills. • White LH remote Sport mirror. • A70-13 white-lettered tires. • White all-vinyl Custom Interior. • Red carpeting.

Chevrolet



Spirit of America Nova.



Spirit of America Impala.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A limited edition of Chevrolets in Americ a's favorite colors.

Spirit of America Vega.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUNDAY AFTERNOON WITH THE RONALD REAGANS

Reflections of "Mr. Smith Goes To Sacramento."

By Paul F. Healy

Pacific Palisades, California:

The taxi climbs a narrow, winding road ending in a cul-de-sac and deposits me at the door of the Ronald Reagans' home in Pacific Palisades, a Los Angeles suburb. The house is almost hidden on a densely wooded shelf carved into the Santa Monica Mountains. Waiting outside it in the hazy sunshine is Nancy Reagan, looking as if she had been sent from Central Casting to play the wholesome wife of the crusading governor. Mrs. Reagan has a clean beauty, dominated by large, wide-apart brown eyes.

She escorts me inside, where I am instantly put at my ease by the Governor. With the familiar crinkly good-guy grin and jaunty stance known to millions of movie fans, he gives me a firm grip of welcome. Reagan looks at least a decade younger than his sixty-two years. His skin is ruddy, his hair thick, brown, and medium short, and his six-foot frame is still streamlined, with somewhat brawny forearms.

This house, with its relaxing indoor-outdoor effect, has been the favorite retreat of Nancy and Ronald Reagan since he began his first term as governor in 1967. But the pressures of his office usually prevent them from using the house except when a ground-breaking dedication or some speaking commitment brings them from Sacramento to the Los Angeles area.

They designed this three-bedroom house themselves back in 1954, when they had more time to spend at home. The gray-carpeted living room has one wall of wood and another of stone that holds a massive fireplace. The latter is well used; "If a cloud goes over the sun, Nancy thinks it's an excuse to light a fire," Reagan quips. Sliding glass doors open out on a patio-balcony that includes a swimming pool and a view of the ocean a mile away.

"It is not a place for exercise," Reagan points out. He loves to ride and still has the privilege of riding at the horse-breeding ranch in Malibu Hills which they once owned—at a time when he could be "a farmer four days a week."

The Governor reveals that he learned to ride from the 14th Regular Army Cavalry while earning an Army reserve officer's commission at Des Moines, Iowa, in the summer of 1932. The ability to handle horses was an advantage when he got into the movies. Regretfully: "I preferred Westerns to drawing-room movies, but while I've been called a 'cowboy actor' I actually made only two or three Westerns."

Did he ever play "the bad guy"?

"Only once in fifty-one pictures," Reagan replies. "It's one I try to forget. After I'd done the "General Electric Theater" on TV, I let Lew Wasserman, then head of Universal Studios, talk me into doing Hemingway's *The Killers*. He says, 'You've never played a villain before.' It was a challenge."

"No—it was a personal favor," Nancy insists.

The Reagans love horseback riding. It's a pleasure which reminds them of the time when Reagan could be "a farmer four days a week," instead of hoeing the political peapatch.

"Maybe it was," her husband agrees. "I had no faith in the story. It hadn't been done before successfully, and I didn't want to play in anything not believable. Unfortunately, it keeps coming back on television."

I said it had been shown only recently in Washington.

"My political enemies did that," he shoots back with a grin.

As for watching his old films on TV, Reagan says, "The late movie usually finds us asleep."

"By eleven o'clock we're 'out,'" Nancy laughs.

"Once in a while, if it's not too late," the Governor continues, "one of us will say, 'let's watch, just for a minute.' Then, I must admit, we usually watch it through."

Reagan deplores the arbitrary manner in which old films are edited to fit television time requirements. But with amusement he relates what happened to an old actor friend of his who angrily telephoned a Los Angeles TV station to complain that "you cut out one of my best scenes!"

"The guy at the station told him, 'Look, what are you kicking about? Reagan's eighty-yard run was cut to a five-yard loss!' " It was a reference to Reagan's favorite and most memorable role, that of George Gipp, the immortal Notre Dame halfback in *Knute Rockne, All-American*.

The Gipp role was a turning point in Reagan's acting career.

"After I got into the movies," he explains, "I started urging them to make the story of George Gipp. I had been a sports announcer for radio station WHO in Des Moines and had reported some of the Notre Dame games. The funny thing was that when I heard that Warner Brothers, my own studio, had decided to make the 'Gipper' story, they were testing everyone but me!"

Reagan asked to audition for the part, only to be told that he didn't look like a football player. The producer was unconvinced when Reagan pointed out that he had played the game in college and insisted that he looked, in fact, more like a football player than the slouching Gipp. Realizing that the producer was picture-oriented, Reagan went home and dug out an old photograph of himself in full pigskin regalia on the Eureka College team.

He got the part. The film was really about Coach Rockne (played by Pat O'Brien) and is remembered for Rockne's legendary—and often imitated—exhortation to his players to go out and "win one for the Gipper" (who had died earlier in the year).

Reagan's performance as Gipp springboarded him into the widely acclaimed film *King's Row* in which he played a town sport who had both legs amputated. (An old newspaper clipping reveals that in 1940, between these two pictures, Reagan rated second in fan mail at Warner's—behind the late Errol Flynn, but ahead of James Cagney.)

I asked the Governor how this early background contributed to his becoming the polished and effective public speaker he is today. He answers:

"In sports announcing—on radio, not television, remember—you had to think on your feet, in creating this picture for people, to constantly simplify and explain. When I referred to the 'single wing' or the 'box formation' in football, it had to be described. I had to think of my mother listening in. It certainly called for the art of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

communicating–which, incidentally, could be used by our young people today."

At station WHO, an NBC affiliate beamed into four states, Reagan in the mid-Thirties had brilliantly passed the truest test in the art of holding an audience: he reported the Chicago Cubs and White Sox games from Des Moines, with only the bare-bones play-by-play on teletype before him. He had to add the color and excitement of the scene by his sense of timing, his fertile imagination, and his Irish gift of gab.

How did movie acting affect him? Some actors have said that they had to get inside so many different characters that they wound up not knowing "who I am." Reagan is not one of them.

"In acting, there's an indefinable thing about relating to an audience that comes in handy in government and politics," he tells me. "I always believed in the school of acting that says there's a line where you say 'How would *I* react to what is going on?' rather than trying to imagine getting into the mind of that character."

This instinct for what is, and what is not, believable (as in *The Killers*) helps project the credibility which is regarded as his prime asset as a speaker on either the TV screen or the platform podium.

"Obviously, just being an actor was not enough for him," Nancy interjects. "It did not satisfy him. Otherwise, Ronnie would not have gone into the Guild (the Screen Actors Guild), though Lord knows, none of us thought then it would take *this* direction! He wanted something more. He had a desire to do something for the working conditions of the actor." (Reagan was first elected president of the Guild in 1947, and made headlines as an activist fighting for better working conditions in the movie industry and against communistic influences.)

Reagan recalls that he had more direct experience in audience communication when he "hit the sawdust trail" for General Electric. To promote the company's community relations program, he visited 120 of its plants around the country, delivering four talks a day to groups of employees, and inviting their questions.

"The whole idea," he explains, "was to get the employees to realize they were still part of the whole community and to get them to serve community programs. When I wasn't talking about things like charity drives, I spoke mainly about the subject closest to my heart: big government and high taxes.

"I had been a New Deal Democrat," he goes on, "but after World War II, so many controls and taxes stayed on it gradually began to dawn on me that, regardless of who was in the White House, the policies were being determined by the permanent bureaucracy. There are 13.5 million state and federal employees in the United States."

Reagan sees himself as a "libertarian," holding that the function of government "is to protect us from each other, not from ourselves."

"For example," he says, "I happen to believe in seat belts–and I'll campaign for them–but I don't believe you have the right to tell people they *have* to wear them."

After seven years of governing the most populous state in the Union, Reagan still does not call himself a "politician." So often the "nice guy" in the movies, he obviously still sees himself as the real-life concerned citizen taking on the professionals–a kind of "Mr. Smith Goes to Sacramento."

Under scrutiny, many leaders are found to have some paradoxes in their natures, but Reagan that Sunday afternoon seemed uncomplicated, fashioned all of one piece. His God-home-country philosophy is grounded in the same simple guidelines and conservative attitudes instilled in him as a small-town boy in the Midwest.

He recalls that boyhood fondly. Born in Tampico, Illinois, he grew up after age ten in Dixon, 100 miles west of Chicago.

"We were poor and I suppose at the bottom edge of the town," the Governor remembers, "but we thought of ourselves as typically middle-class Americans. It was a Tom Sawyer boyhood. We canoed and fished on the Rock River in summer and skated on it in winter. My father (John E. Reagan, an itinerant shoe salesman) told Neil, two years older, and me that he would try to help us get to college, but that we would have to do most toward it ourselves.

"At fourteen, I got my first job, a construction worker on a project remodeling a house, and used up plenty of muscle laying hardwood flooring. Then I was a lifeguard–seven days a week every summer all through high school and college."

As for his father, Reagan says "there was never any buddy-buddy relationship, because of either fear or self-consciousness. There was a reserve between us, grounded on principles, so there wasn't much chance of Neil and me getting into trouble. One thing Dad always said was, 'If you get in a fight, fight fair.' My mother really raised us, and made sure we had a religious foundation." (She was Protestant, of Scottish-English descent; his father was Irish Catholic. Ronald and Nancy are Presbyterians.)

Reagan tries to be close to his son, Ronald Prescott ("Skipper"), now a fifteen-year-old Los Angeles prep school student. With high good humor the Governor described the day Skipper brought his friends home to Sacramento to play touch football. They lacked a quarterback, so Reagan played quarterback for both teams.

"You could tell whenever sightseers drove past the house," he says. "There was a loud screeching of brakes when they saw the Governor himself racing around with a bunch of kids in the yard."

Skipper is a five-foot-nine-inch stripling who plays in the backfield on his school team, but his father expects his son will outgrow him in time. He himself was still growing when he was a string-bean guard at Eureka College. He said he played on both offense and defense, and was in action for all but two minutes of every game during his last three years.

At Eureka, Reagan also coached the swimming team, ran the quarter-mile and 220-yard relay, and involved himself in student politics, dramatics and debating. To help meet tuition during the Depression, he recalls with a twinkle, "I washed dishes in the girls' dormitory–now *that* was a pretty good job!"

Now 185 pounds, Reagan is only 10 pounds heavier than when he was in college.

"While I don't get as much exercise as when we had the ranch," he declares, "Nancy and I take off on the trail up the mountain behind this house as often as we can. It's an unfinished road and as it gets higher, it gives us a beautiful view of the ocean."

For sheer outdoor privacy and relaxation, nothing was more rewarding to the Reagans than their backpack trip, with Skipper, into the High Sierras in Yosemite National Park last summer.

"We were in the saddle four to six hours a day, for four days," the Governor recalls animatedly, "and slept in tents under the stars. We camped on the edge of a stream and drank from a tin cup."

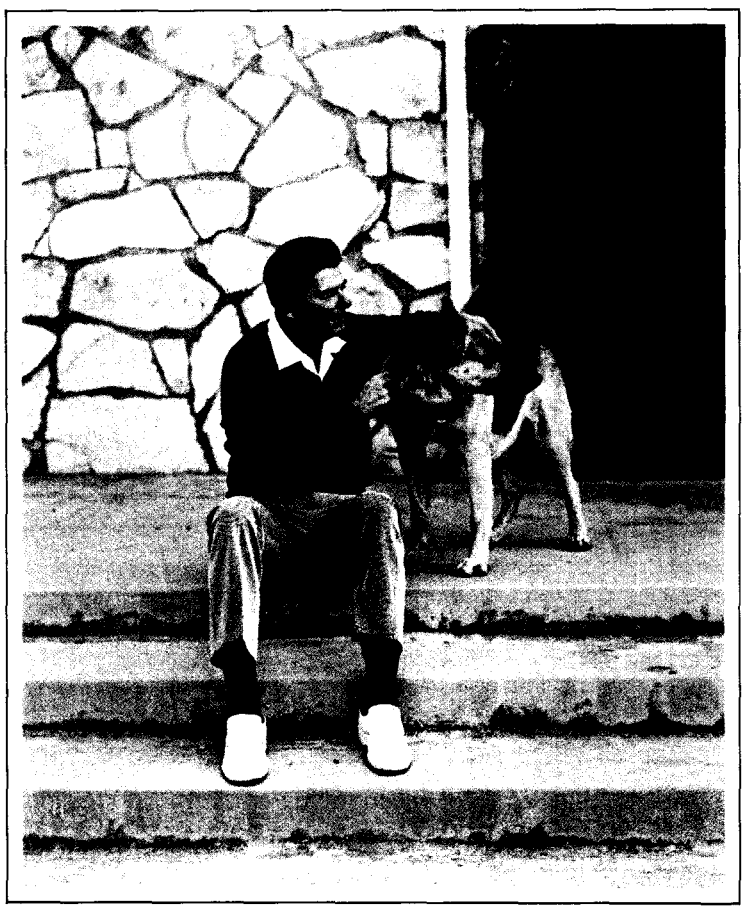
"It was just beautiful," Nancy chimes in. "We were up at 10,000 feet. The only sounds we heard were the birds and the wind through the trees. When we met other people–for the first time on our last day–we resented the intrusion–as they must have resented ours!"

Turning to the origins of the Reagans' uninterrupted romance, I recalled having read that, before proposing marriage to Nancy, he had formally asked her father for her hand. It sounded a bit old-fashioned for 1952.

"Look," Nancy laughs, "*I* was so old-fashioned I always thought somebody who proposed to you took you out in a canoe and strummed a guitar while you trailed your hand in the water!"

"I don't play the guitar," the Governor says in mock apology, "and I never took her out in a canoe, though I'm good at canoeing."

Nancy's father, Dr. Loyal Davis, a famous



The Governor, a former college athlete, still enjoys sports and the outdoors. But most of all, he likes to relax at home. "It doesn't bother me to be called a square."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

neurosurgeon, was at the Northwestern University Medical School. The family lived in Evanston, Illinois.

"Father was a disciplinarian," she says, "but he was very fair. He always explained *why* he took a position, even though you disagreed with it. The greatest problem would be if you lied to him. He was a good teacher at medical school because he had the ability to make you live up to your potential.

"But my mother!" Mrs. Reagan goes on. "They really broke the mold with my mother. She has the greatest sense of humor. She can tell stories from morning to night without being offensive–just funny."

Nancy, a Smith College graduate, was a movie actress when she met Reagan and gave up acting to be his full-time wife. In the "ten or eleven" movies she made, she usually played a wife. Now she is forthrightly outspoken about movies, as she is about everything else–in contrast to most governors' wives.

"The picture business today shows no sense of responsibility, or taste, and appeals to the lowest common denominator," she tells me. "Movies are becoming repulsively vulgar. Nobody wants censorship, but everybody wants taste. I don't appear anywhere anymore–whether it's in Los Angeles or the smallest town–where I'm not asked about the state of movies today. I say they must be making them for themselves, certainly not for the people out there."

The filmmakers, Nancy continues firmly, "have stripped themselves of heroes and personal relationships between men and women. There is sex, but certainly not love! Therefore, young people today are growing up without dreams or romance. That's been taken away from them. People are not going to the movies, the habit's been broken. The industry is missing a whole segment of the population."

"Middle-aged people used to be the backbone of the industry, and now they can't get them back, even when a good clean picture comes along," Reagan says, shrugging his shoulders.

Running a hand through his obsolete pompadour, the Governor says thoughtfully: "The basis of the theater is that there are many things it cannot show as well as people can imagine. Ernst Lubitsch, the great comedy writer and director of the early 'talkies,' once walked into a story conference where everyone was trying to figure out how to do a wedding night scene in such a way as to get around the Motion Picture Code. He said there was no problem. He would send the leading man and the leading woman home! All he needed was a 'bare feminine arm'–for a closeup in which the arm would be shown hanging a 'Do Not Disturb!' sign on the bedroom door."

The only television program the Reagans are attached to is "The Waltons." Deploring the sex and violence on TV, Nancy suggests that "even pressure through a flood of letters to the networks wouldn't do the job. Our sense of outrage has been dulled."

When Skipper and his older sister, Patricia (Patti), were children, she discloses, they were forbidden to watch TV after five p.m. on weekdays.

"It's depressing to go into a home and see kids sitting around a TV set like robots," she explains. "You're not doing anything for them–like encouraging a love of reading."

"As a boy," Reagan interjects, "I went to the public library every week, and I read everything. I suppose reading books like *Brown of Harvard* encouraged me to go into athletics. I also read all of Zane Grey, Edgar Rice Burroughs and Jack London. One of my great regrets about being governor is that the reading I *have* to do piles up. Nancy tells me what I'm missing in novels, and they stack up by my bed."

Reagan is asked if it bothers him to be called a "square."

"No, it doesn't bother me," he answers with a grin, "but it amuses me sometimes, after coming from a quarter of a century in a pretty sophisticated industry, to have some legislator who thinks he's having a wild time call me that . . . if to be called a 'square' means to stand for some pretty basic principles regarding right and wrong–and that the wrongdoer must be held accountable–that's all right with me."

Nancy was an actress when she met Reagan, but gave up the movies to be his full-time wife. That was twenty-one happy years ago. Political observers feel she's a definite asset.

Why do the Reagans, a couple as much in love as ever after twenty-one years, think so many other marriages are foundering in divorce?

"Everything is too easy," Nancy replies quickly. "Hopping into bed is too easy. Divorce is too easy. There is no commitment on the part of these people. If you're married, and you really want your marriage to work, you work at it! Solving the problems makes us stronger . . . if there's a problem as to what *we're* going to do, it's Ronnie's way."

"She always makes me think it's *her* idea," Reagan throws in with a chuckle.

As for the Women's Lib philosophy that all marital chores should be shared equally, even dishwashing, Reagan exclaims: "Lord, if you love somebody, you want to help!"

Leaning forward, the Governor goes on even more seriously: "I've heard Nancy's father say he could not possibly accomplish what he did–even with his skill as a surgeon–without her mother. I could never do what I'm doing without Nancy. When you want to go home as much as I do, you work at it."

He notes that they are able to do more things together now that Skipper is away at school and Patti, a former theater arts major at the University of Southern California, is trying to launch a career as a singer and actress.

"I like everything to do with homemaking–setting the table, fixing flowers, gardening," Nancy says.

Their place is too small for gardening, but the Reagans love to put on old clothes and clean out what Nancy calls "the typical California overgrown jungle" growing wildly on the bank behind them. One Sunday afternoon they were lying on their stomachs there, pulling up weeds, when two small boys came by, stopped for one look, and returned with a crowd.

"We were filthy," Nancy relates with a smile, "and Ronnie was working so hard he'd split his blue jeans in the seat and was oblivious of the fact that the road was beginning to fill up and we were visible from the bottom of the hill."

Rising from the sofa and taking a protective stance in front of me, with shoulders and arms thrown back, Nancy charmingly demonstrates "how I stood in front of Ronnie to conceal his torn pants while he continued to pull up weeds. Finally, one fellow in a pickup truck halted in the road, shook his head, and said loudly, 'I never would have believed it–I never would have believed it!' "

Reagan adds proudly that on that afternoon he cut down enough wild sumac and chaparral to make two truckloads.

Reagan, who moves with the easy grace of an athlete and actor, then leads me out onto the patio. Dusk is falling over the breathtakingly panoramic view, and the lights of Los Angeles are starting to twinkle distantly below.

Nancy points out an edge of the floor where, back in 1954, her husband carved entwined hearts with the initials "N.D.R. and R.R." while the cement was still wet.

"That's in lieu of the canoe," he quips to me.

He leads the way into the den, where he steps behind the black bar while Nancy and I perch on bar stools covered with baby cheetah skin. Like any Sunday afternoon host, the Governor chats at random as he busily sets about making daiquiris. He says he still follows major sports events but that he usually decides to stay home and watch local football games on television because "the security and everything is such a problem" when he goes to the stadium.

The book-lined walls of the den hold everything from four volumes of *Napoleon In Exile* to histories of the West–which, he remarks, "I'm going to read if I ever retire to this room."

It is hard to imagine this vigorous man "retiring" to anything very soon.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LEOPARD

Which, at the moment of the kill, is the hunted and which the hunter?

By T. W. Hard

Illustrated by Bob Kuester

It was on the last week of the safari that they found the track—a small imperceptible indentation in the dust of a dried stream bed. The tracker saw it first and he gave a short grunt and bent down on one knee, gently scraping away the sand from its edges. For a full minute neither he nor the white hunter spoke. As they studied the signs the man from New York watched them in amazement. He had seen the Kikuyu tracker point out the footprints of game before. He had heard the white hunter describe how they could tell the difference between the tracks of a bull and a cow buffalo or how much ivory an elephant carried by the depth of the impression at its leading edge. He could understand this, for he could see their large prints in the sand and their dimensions were clearly visible. But this small ridge in the dust. It was like so many other wind carved nicks and valleys on the surface of the stream bed. Even after they showed him, he wasn't sure he really believed it.

"Leopard," the white hunter said. He squatted down and with his hand outlined the dimensions of the print. "A male," he added slowly. "A very big male."

The tracker stood up and now he grunted again, pointing to another faint impression in the sand some five yards away. He walked another few feet then pointed to the ground again and then a third time, following a trail which led for some distances down the stream bed before it turned sharply and disappeared into the hard surface of the terrain. Each place that he pointed the man from New York inspected closely, trying to compare his own eyesight with that of the trackers; yet at every point the tracker stopped he saw a dozen other marks and smudges in the sand which all looked the same to him. Finally he gave up. It was impossible for him. The tracker could read signs like a book, but he could not even see the print. Somewhere in his ancestry he had lost the perception of those things which these two men found obvious. The thought made him mad.

His office was on the twenty-fifth floor of the Pan American Building in Manhattan. As they followed the tracks of the leopard this man from New York thought about the immensity of the buildings, the thickness of the concrete, the frenzy of the traffic, and he wondered what chance the leopard would have to survive there. It could not survive. It would have no food, no shelter, no place to hide. The inhabitants of the city would find it and hunt it down and, in a matter of hours, it would die.

"Picking up his rifle he stared through the telescopic sight. The bait was moving . . . it was rotating slowly. His eyes widened. The leopard! The leopard was there!"

But what about himself, he wondered. Here in East Africa, here in the cradle of ancestral man, could he survive? Or like the leopard, displaced from the safety of his own environment, would he perish? The thought bothered and tugged at him like some annoying fly.

He could speak three languages. He had graduated from Harvard. Yet the instincts of the white hunter seemed so much keener than this man with three extensions and two secretaries on the twenty-fifth floor of the Pan American Building. And the Kikuyu tracker, in turn, seemed so much keener than the white hunter, for he could read the spore and trace the footprints with no more than a bent piece of grass or an overturned pebble as a clue.

And yet all three of them could not match the instincts of the leopard, this phantom entity who left no more traces where he walked than the rustlings of the wind.

Something lost here, the man from New York City thought as they returned to the camp that evening, for he could feel a common chord with the land. But what is lost, he wondered. And where is the difference?

His thoughts turned toward his rifle. He carried a Winchester .300 with a 7x telescopic sight which he had sighted into a three-inch cluster on a tree 200 yards away. A single one-quarter-inch movement of the tip of his right index finger, he thought. That is the difference. That is the broad sweeping difference in two million years of evolution.

During the previous two weeks of the safari he remembered how easy it was for him to call upon death to wing its way across the African plains and strike some animal down. A one-quarter-inch

Continued on page 97

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ART TO THE PEOPLE

Our great country deserves a great culture. A motivating force behind present and future cultural planning is the National Endowment For The Arts, federal support for creative growth.

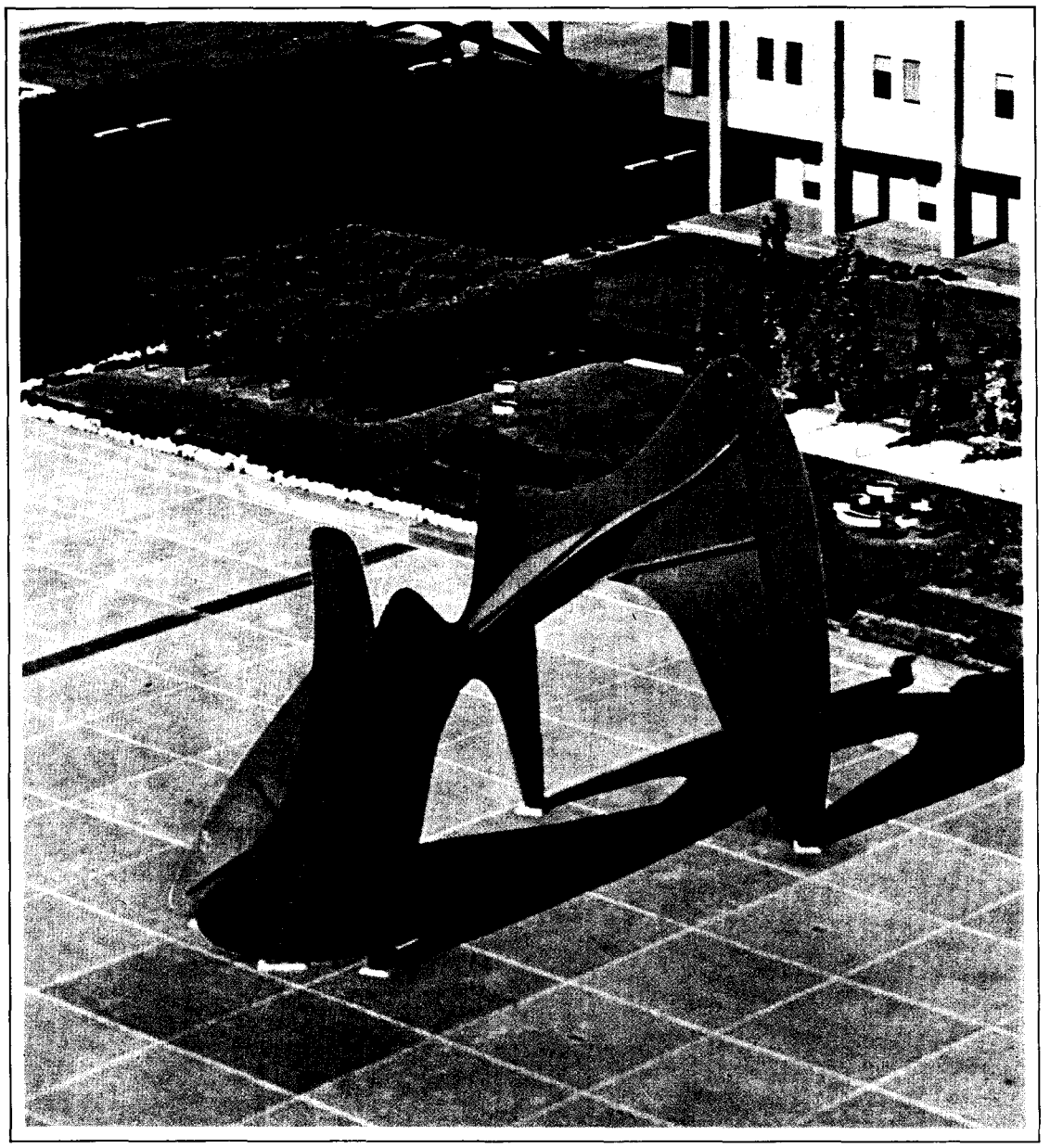
By Nancy Hanks

Six years ago the grand old man of American sculpture, Alexander Calder, was commissioned by Grand Rapids, Michigan, to do a giant stabile in the new city plaza. It sits there now like a great crimson plant. And the people love it. Vice-President Gerald Ford said, "I didn't care for it at first, but now I wouldn't be without it." That's how a lot of people felt at first. New art offers a challenge. Most people accept it. Than they find themselves liking it. Like the story they tell in Grand Rapids now. Two waitresses in the Finial Restaurant high in the Union Bank Building were looking down at the Calder, surrounded by new sculpture—part of a temporary exhibit called "Art Off the Pedestal." "I don't like that new stuff," said one. "It's really crazy," said the other, adding after a moment's thought: "It's an insult to *our* Calder!" In another five years, maybe they'll feel about that sculpture as they now do about their Calder.

What ties these stories together? Not just Grand Rapids, but a federal government agency, the National Endowment for the Arts, which funded both the Calder and the new show, just as it quietly puts millions of dollars every year to bringing art to the people—in public squares and on city walls. And people to the art—in theaters and symphony halls all across America.

When I became Chairman of the National Endowment, President Nixon mentioned his dream to have everyone, especially the young, share in the country's vast artistic resources. Since 1969, with the leadership of the President and the strong bipartisan support of the Congress we have been able to make the National Endowment really national. And we have done so by using federal dollars to increase private and other governmental monies. There is Endowment-supported sculpture in public buildings and squares all across America; walls of inner cities have been transformed by splashes of gay and sometimes angry colors; faces of local heroes adorn some tough streets; artists do posters, sets and costumes for some of America's best dance and theater companies, themselves supported by other Endowment programs; a famous art train steams into areas hungry for visual culture; artists of every kind work directly with school children in all the states; and artists receive unprecedented support from fellowships to continue to add to the future's heritage.

The Arts Endowment, as insiders call it, is often present when you go to craft fairs or to a theater, a symphony or a ballet—or maybe read a book of poems or see an avant-garde film. Look for that little line "Supported by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts—a Federal Agency." That means tax dollars are joining with private monies to bring a richer life to millions of Americans.



Alexander Calder, popularly known throughout the world for his mobile *creations, has now challenged Grand Rapids with his flaming* stabile. *Vice-President Ford, a home-towner, has come out in favor of it. Other citizens of Grand Rapids, who started out by merely accepting the dynamic form, now find themselves liking it and defending it as a thing of beauty against all comers. Now they call it "our Calder" in Grand Rapids, a true meeting of art and the people.*

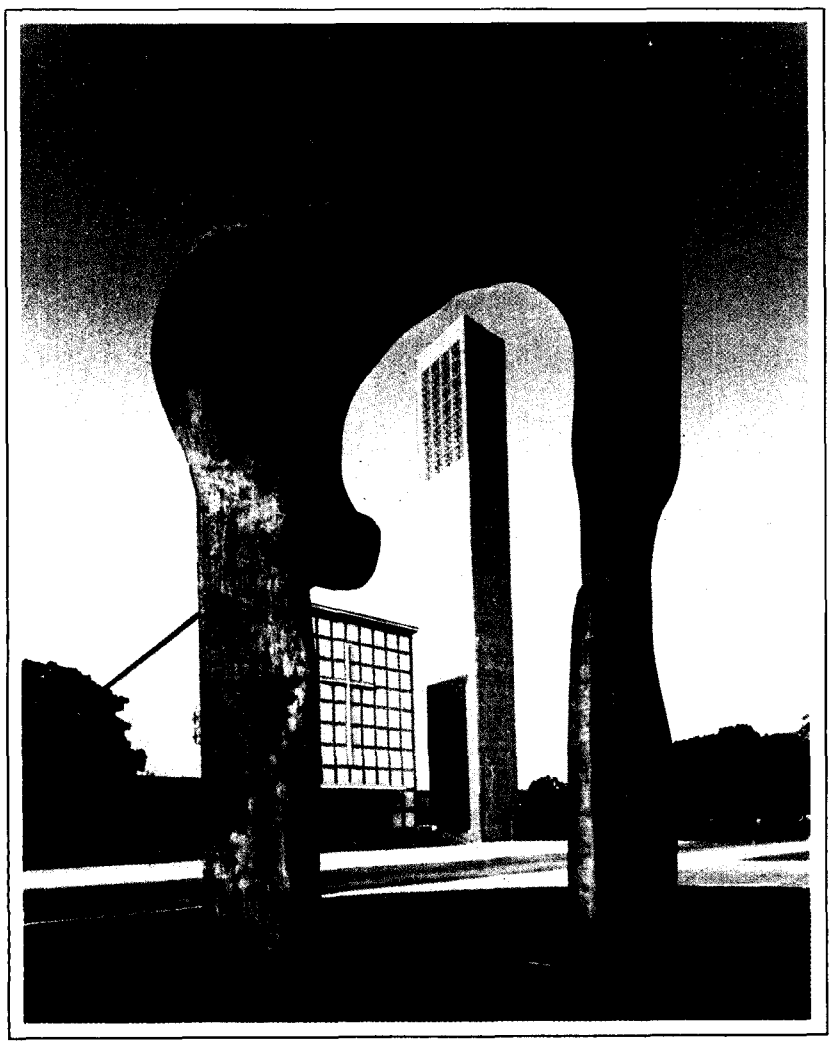
Now private support of the arts, so long the lifeblood of our culture, has a junior partner, a retiring and discreet partner that stands helpfully in the wings. The agency symbolizes the belief of the American people that a great country deserves to have a great culture—and that culture is for *people*. In the next six pages, we show you some of the projects through which the Endowment has brought Americans a new realization of their culture.

Not everyone gets to museums. But no one can help noticing what's on our public squares as they walk to work—or play. Since 1967, the Endowment has contributed nearly two and one-half million dollars for works of art in over forty cities and towns all over America.

Continued on page 83

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(below) The great cultural civilizations of the past, Rome and Greece, made it a practice to link the arts with the life of the people. Religion and politics were for all, and so the temples were built in classic lines which never perished, and the statuary of the forum celebrated the life of the times. Similarly in the Renaissance, when Michelangelo painted the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel for the Church, Pope Julius found the work so magnificent he opened it up for public enjoyment and inspiration. In the same sense, state capitols in the U.S. have commissioned the finest American artists to depict their historical character. In this mural, at Joplin, Missouri, Thomas Hart Benton has caught the spirit of the State's history for all its citizens to share.



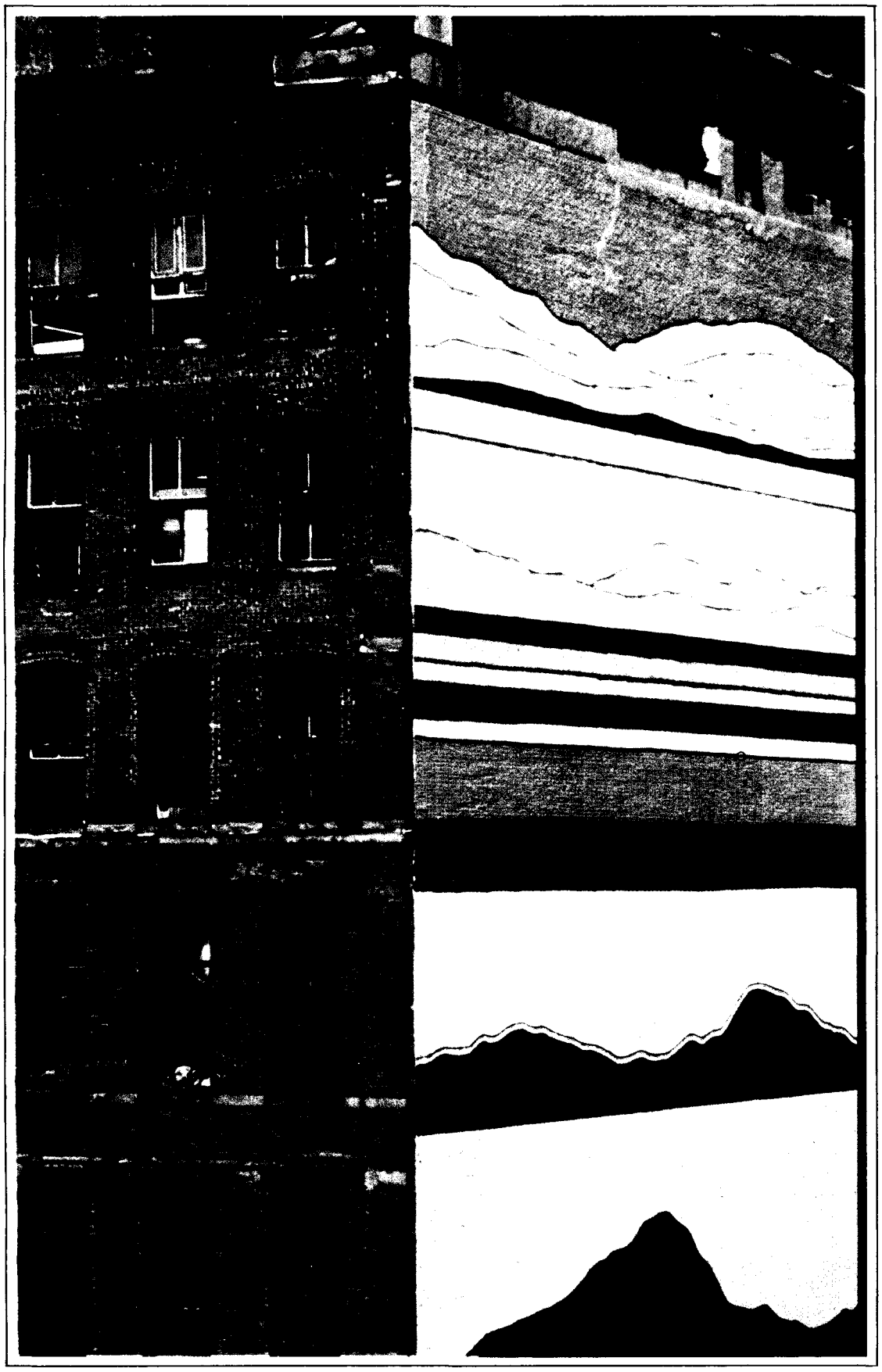
(left) In Columbus, Indiana, a community noted for the classic as well as the adventurous in its architecture, stands a monolithic piece of statuary by Henry Moore, as powerful as one of the sentinels at ancient Stonehenge, here framing an austerely modern office building. Such sculpture is supported by local business, and has earned Columbus an international reputation as a patron of architects and sculptors of all nationalities.

"On Easter Sunday in London's St. Paul's Cathedral, in the year 1619, a preacher spoke these words: 'We are all conceived in a close prison, and all our life is but a going out to the place of execution—to death. Now was there ever a man seen to sleep in the cart between the prison and the place of execution? Yet we sleep all the way. From the womb to the grave we are never thoroughly awake.'"

—J. Irwin Miller

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As medieval muralists once thrilled to the sight of new and unadorned walls on which to paint their creations, modern artists have discovered the sides of outmoded buildings as the perfect plane for their paintings. This one is by Nel Pekarsky, at Houston and Crosby Streets, in New York City, for all who care to see and enjoy.



Youngsters help out on John Savage's mural at 22nd and Montgomery Streets in a Philadelphia "tot lot."

"The child in us is the artist in us, and it is the very best part of us. It is through continued involvement in the arts that our children and grandchildren have their best chance to hold on to the liveliness and excitement with which each one first burst upon the planet."
–J. Irwin Miller

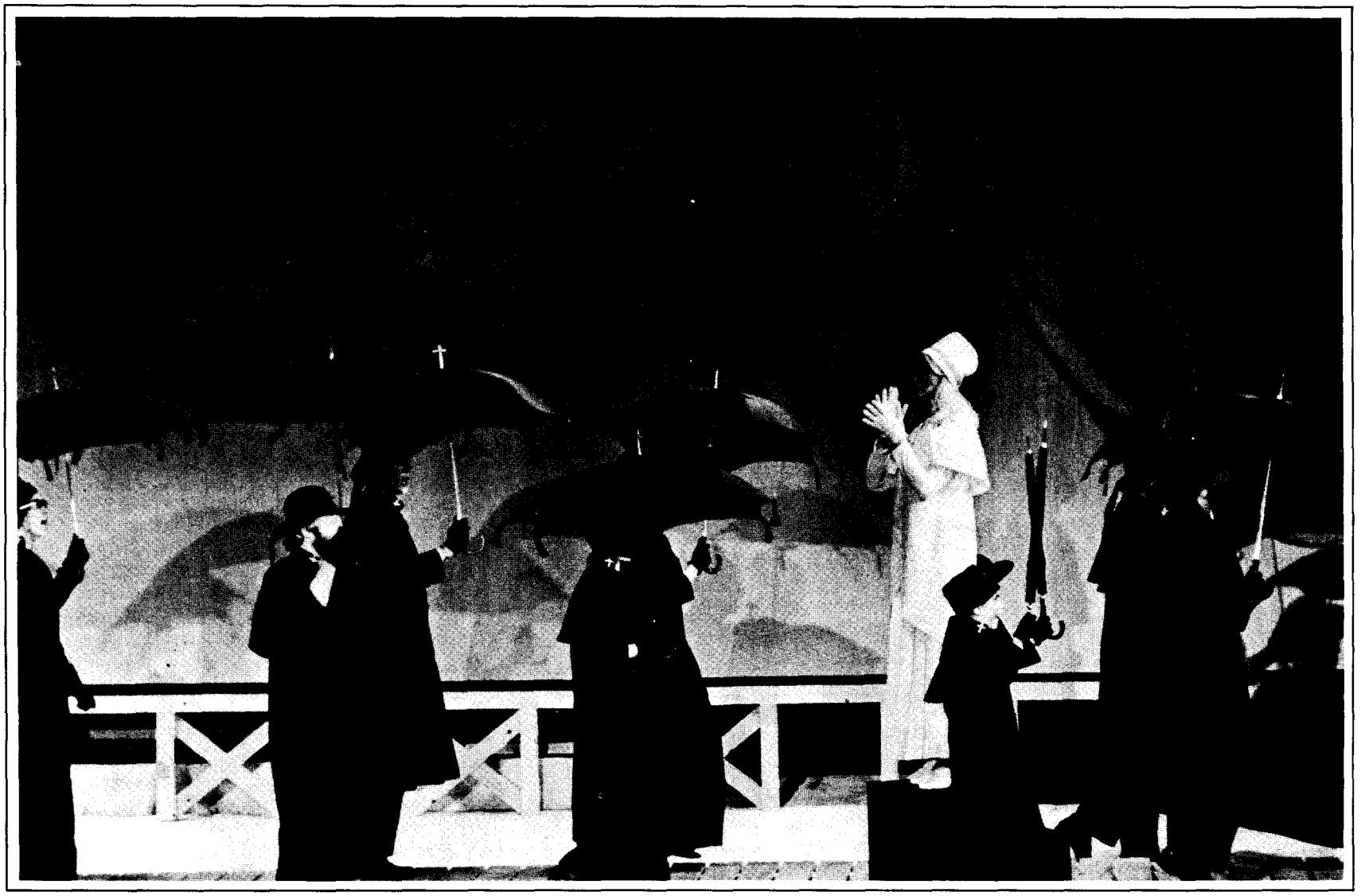
"Take a walk on a fall afternoon with a healthy four-year-old. Who sees more? Who is more curious? Who laughs and cries more? Who is more alive? You or the four-year-old?

"We often depreciate the artist and are in the habit of calling him childlike. At his best, every great artist was childlike. *Throughout his life he was more alive. He heard more sounds. He saw more colors. He was more sensitive to suffering and joy—like a child. There were no reins on his imagination. Like a child he could create out of his own mind and spirit a world which only baffled the half-dead grown-ups.*

"But it is our practice to smother the artist in each generation, or at least make it very difficult for him to survive."
–J. Irwin Miller

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An imaginative scene from the Kansas City Lyric Theater's The Sweet Bye and Bye *with sets and costumes by Robert Israel. This production was supported by the National Endowment for the Arts' theater and music programs.*



And from the mayor right down to the children, local communities have responded magnificently. Mayor Gerry Graves of Lansing started off the private contributions with a $1,000 gift from his own pocket to bring an elegant Jose de Rivera to Lansing, Michigan. Twenty-one thousand children offered their pennies and dimes to bring the Rosati to Wichita.

The artists really come to town. James Rosati met with the children, offered helpful comments on their work, discussed sculpture with leading citizens. He stimulated such an interest that small towns around Wichita began to fund their own public art programs.

Nancy Hanks, author of this article, is Chairman of the National Endowment For The Arts, which, although a federal subsidy for the arts, encourages the cultural community to combine federal, state, municipal and private support in a consortium.

Can artists help make contributions to other arts?

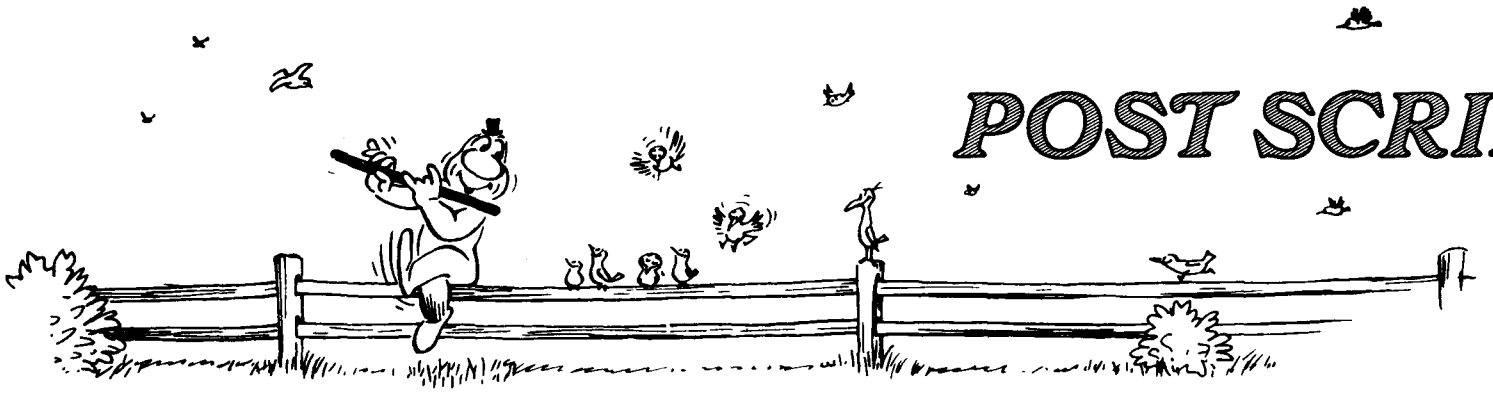
Yes, say these results of a trial program—Visual Arts in the Performing Arts—run by the Endowment this year.

The idea was to help orchestras, dance and theater companies hire American artists to design posters, sets and costumes for outstanding productions. The program gives an artist, who has perhaps spent years working alone, the opportunity to interact with other artists; to enter into the excitement of putting a production together. And equally important, it enables performing arts companies to hire talent that otherwise would be way beyond their budget.

For three years now a brightly painted six-car train has steamed thousands of miles through Michigan—where it originated—and the American West. It has brought Picasso and Renoir far from the great museums and art centers into small

Continued on page 135

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



POST SCRIPTS

More Of Malkin

The race track is one place your money can't last furlong.

A poultry farmer is a man just trying to make hens meat.

Egypt and Israel are two indig-nations on the verge of Suez-side.

She used to be loquacious but taciturned over a new leaf.

Mangos are usually grown in damp regions because it takes dew to mango.

The best time to have a dental appointment is tooth-hurty.

Teddy Malkin

Ungentle Oriental

The night we dined out Chinese-style
Our waiter stumbled in the aisle
And showered us with mushroom soup;
It took an hour to regroup.
"Chop suey next," we made it plain;
We cooled our heels; he brought chow mein.
The subgum, though, took just a minute;
I noted that his thumb was in it.
When, last, he poured the scalding tea
Upon my wrist, it came to me:
"Why, all of this–from soup to scorcher–
Must be the Chinese *waiter* torture!"

–Robert Brault

A Fiery Courtship

The lightning bug
Luminesces
Till his lady love
Acquiesces.

–Rosemarie Williamson

No Cure

Problems among people
Will keep crying for solution
As long as one man's music
Is another's noise pollution.

–Paul Armstrong

"Frankly, yes . . . I did think we would get just the wings alone!"

Vacation Destination

Some like it cold, some like it hot.
One likes the ocean, one does not.
Throughout history, it hasn't varied.
Inevitably the two are married.

–Gail Cooke

Infant Innocence

The Grizzly Bear is huge and wild;
He has devoured the infant child.
The infant child is not aware
It has been eaten by the bear.

–A. E. Housman

Incident On Rural Route #2

When our mailman honks his horn, it generally means he has a COD order or something too large for our mailbox. I expected one of these when I answered his you'd-better-hurry-if-you-want-this-I-haven't-got-all-day summons the other morning.

"Got a registered letter for you," he said, handing me a clipboard with an envelope and receipt in its clasp.

"Wait a minute," I said, glancing at the envelope. "This is addressed to 'Occupant.' "

"You're 'Occupant,' ain't you?"

"I am an occupant but how do I know I'm the occupant the letter is for?"

"They don't specify any particular occupant that I can see."

"Then why pick on *me*?"

"Because you're the one it come up on. I been giving 'em out all along the route, and all of a sudden this registered one come up at your box."

"This is ridiculous!" I said uneasily. "People don't send registered mail to 'Occupant.' "

"No law says you have to take it," the mailman said, irritation beginning to creep into his voice. "I can mark it you refused it."

I looked at the envelope. It was from the Green Mountain Maple Syrup, Cheddar Cheese & Balsam Novelty Co., Dour, Vermont.

"All right," I said. "Mark it."

"It's going to look funny when word gets around you wouldn't sign for your mail. Could start people wonderin'."

"It's not even *addressed* to me."

"That's a pretty feeble excuse, ain't it? *I* asked you to sign for your letter and you refused. Right?"

"*Wrong*!"

"You didn't refuse?"

"That's not what I mean."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Are you sayin' I didn't *ask* you?"

"I'm not saying that either."

"You know what *I* think?" the mailman said, eyeing me coldly. "I think you're tryin' to mix me up. Just because you're a big property owner and I'm only a poor ploddin' U.S. Postal employee that neither wind nor rain can stop on my appointed rounds—"

"There were three days last winter you didn't show up," I pointed out.

"*Snow's* another kettle o' fish; it's the wind and the rain and the dark o' night that don't faze me. But don't go distractin' me. You gonna sign for this letter or ain't you?" the mailman said, thrusting the clipboard at me once again. "The mail ain't gonna deliver itself, so make up your mind one way or the other so I can get goin'."

I had that feeling I get when I give my funny bone a bad whack.

"All right," I said tensely. "I'll sign. But under protest."

"No room for protests on *that* receipt," the mailman said. "Better mail 'em in."

"I mean *moral* protest," I said, signing the receipt with such vehemence my name was probably etched on the clipboard.

"There now," the mailman said, taking back the clipboard and beginning to roll up the car window, "that wasn't so bad, *was* it? Hardly worth all the fuss you kicked up when you come right down to it, wouldn't you say?"

As he drove off, I tore open the envelope which, in those few short moments, I had come to hate. It was empty. I turned it inside out but it was empty. It was then that I experienced what I have read about so often: something snapped.

Babbling incoherently, I rushed into the house and called my local post office. The voice which answered gave me little reason to believe its owner would be even remotely interested in my problems, but in my deranged state, I didn't pause to consider that.

"Look here!" I shouted. "I'm out on Route 2, and I just signed for a registered 'Occupant' letter with nothing in it, and I'd like to know what you people are trying to pull on me, because I'm a taxpayer and I've got some pretty influential friends down in Washington, and if you think—"

"Hold on! Hold on!" the voice on the other end cut in. "No need to get all excited. If we've done anything wrong, we'll correct it."

"You'd *better*!" I said menacingly.

"Okay," the voice said with a weary patience, and I could sense that all of my shouting hadn't quickened its pulse one beat. "Now, let's start at the beginning, shall we? What's your first name, Mr. Occupant?"

—Edward Stevenson

Vital Assist

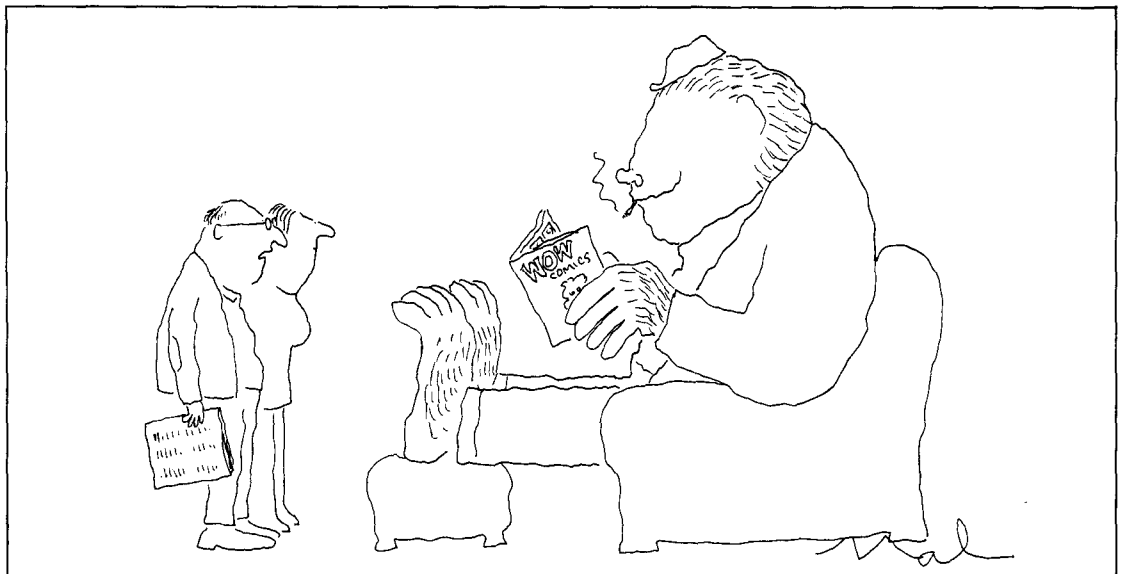
Sometimes people are so helpful
I simply can't believe it,
Like when I can't find something
And they ask, "Where did you leave it?"

—Arnold J. Zarett

Fat Cat

A dieting cat sustained himself
On cucumber and radish.
He loved raw meat, but stuck to greens
And dreamed of finnan haddish.

—Fanny Mings



"Wilma, don't you think it's about time that we told him he's adopted?"

Signs Of The Times

Bank billboard: We give you fast relief from asset indigestion.

Supermarket entrance: Say hello to good buys.

Driving school: Your problems may drive you to drink but drink should drive you to walk.

—Frank Tyger

Guess What's On Your Nose, Dear

The dumbest insect in the world they say's the common fly. His brain is truly tiny and his I.Q. isn't high.

But stupid though the fly may be
He never fails to outwit me,
For, every time I hear one buzz,
I swat not where he's *at*, but *was*!

—Addison H. Hallock

Brain Drain

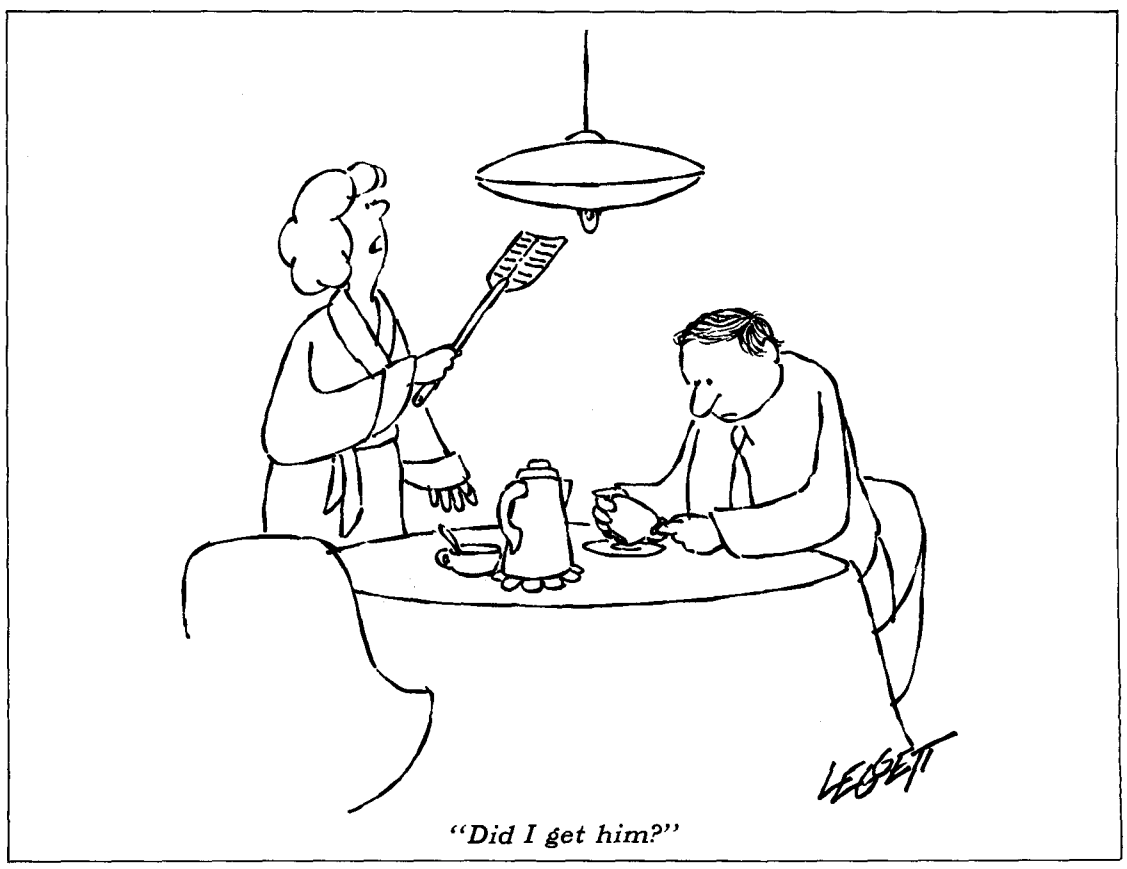
If on the ground a
Vessel was found
Marked "Mind of Aristotle"
We'd flush the brain
Right down the drain
And get two cents for the bottle!

—Robert Huberman

Meiosis

When one small cell, a zygote
dear,
Divides, the end result is clear.
Meiosis acts with chromosomes
And works toward building
happy homes.
Scientifically the thing might
seem complex,
But basically it's simple sex.

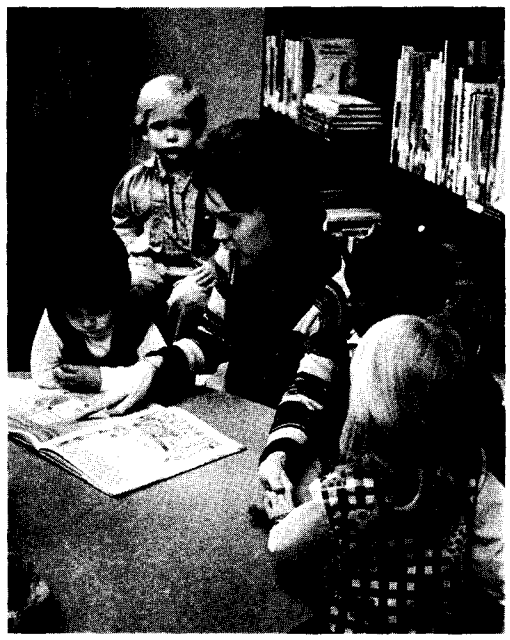
—Richard Johnson



"Did I get him?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"READ ALOUD"... CHILDREN'S LITERATURE FOR POST READERS



Children the world over ask "why." Perhaps that is the reason they love stories which answer questions. Greek mythology, Aesop's Fables, folk tales, and countless legends have been read and reread since the beginning of the printed word by children eager to understand life.

Why does the rooster crow in the morning? Where does the sun come from? Constance Jo Moy's legend, "Why the Sun Comes Up When the Rooster Crows," attempts to answer these questions. It is one of the most popular legends from the Curtis Publishing Company's unique archives of over forty years of children's literature. The story originally appeared in *Jack and Jill*. We hope you will enjoy the magic in the *Post*'s third "Read Aloud" selection.

Why does the *Post*, an adult magazine, offer "Read Aloud"? There are several reasons. Because of work on another project, I discovered the richness of Curtis's children's publications: thirty-six years of *Jack and Jill*, forty-five years of *Children's Playmate*, and fifty-two years of *Child Life*. I felt that there were many stories which were waiting to be read again. In offering the best of this literature, we hope that you and the young people in your lives will experience happy moments together. The *Post* belongs to every member of your family. We want your children to share the excitement of its monthly arrival; to look forward to moments of undivided attention; and, later, to reread the story on their own. Finally, we hope that "Why the Sun Comes Up When the Rooster Crows" and all the stories in the months to come will let you enter into the world of the child's "why" and, in turn, allow the young the opportunity to discover, with an adult, life and all it holds.

Julie Nixon Eisenhower

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illustrated by Phil Smith

Long, long ago, there were nine suns in the sky. They made the earth so hot no crops would grow. The people worked hard all day but it was always hot and they were sad and unhappy.

One day the people gathered together and discussed how to fight the nine suns that were killing their crops.

Choo Woo, a clever farmer, said, "Let's cover the suns with a big basket."

Everyone thought that was a fine idea. But where would they find such a big basket? And how could they hang it over the suns?

Finally they gave up that idea.

Then Wah Lee, a merchant, suggested, "Let's all go and hide in our cellars."

But the other people said, "If everyone hid in cellars, who would grow the crops and what would we eat?"

So the people gave up that idea, too.

Then they thought and thought. Finally Wah Lee came up with another idea. "You all know Opopolo? He is strong and shoots the straightest arrow. Let's ask him to shoot down the nine suns."

Everyone agreed and off they went to see Opopolo.

Opopolo, the archer, lived in a cave high on the mountain. He was tall and sturdy, with thick black hair and flashing eyes.

When the people asked Opopolo to shoot down the nine suns to protect their crops, Opopolo agreed. He said, "This will not be easily done. But since you wish it, I will do it for you."

So saying, Opopolo took his great bow and fitted an arrow to it. He drew back the string and shot the arrow toward the first sun. The sun fell from the sky.

Seven more times Opopolo shot his arrows toward the suns, and seven more suns fell from the sky.

But the last sun saw what was happening and was afraid. He hid himself behind the mountain.

The people were overjoyed. They praised Opopolo for his skill and thanked him for shooting down the suns.

Then they suddenly realized that because the last sun was hiding behind the mountain, the sky was very black and the earth very cold. And the people realized that without any sun at all, their crops would never grow. How could they get the last sun to come out again?

Choo Woo, the farmer, suggested, "We must persuade the hidden sun to come out again. But whom shall we send?"

Wah Lee said, "We must not send a man. For it was man who shot down the other eight suns. We should send a bird to sing beautifully and coax the sun to come out again."

Then the people had to decide which bird sang the most beautifully. Was it the nightingale, the lark, or the thrush?

First they asked the nightingale. The nightingale thought of itself as the best singer in the world. So it agreed and immediately began to sing to the sun. But the sun remained hidden.

Then the people asked the lark to sing. The lark also thought of itself as the best singer in the world. So it sang its beautiful song to the sun. But the sun stayed behind the mountain.

Next the thrush sang to the sun. And still the sun would not come out.

Finally the people thought of the hard-working rooster in their barnyards. Although the rooster did not sing well, he was brave and his voice was strong.

Reluctantly the rooster agreed to try to persuade the sun to come out again. His friends the sparrows gathered around him and

Continued on page 93

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

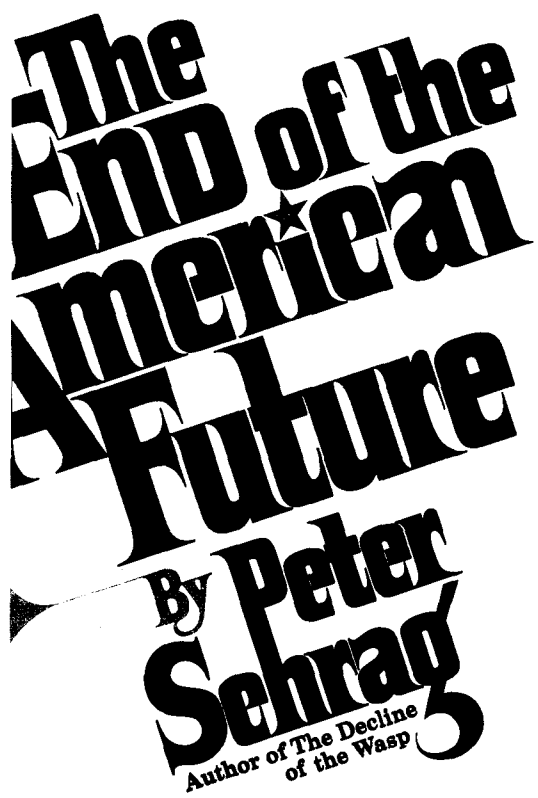
The Saturday Evening Post Book Shelf

The End Of The American Future

by Peter Schrag
319 pages. New York: Simon and Schuster. $7.95.

By ARTHUR G. HANSEN

Among the many sage observations attributed to George Bernard Shaw is one that states that there are two great tragedies in life. One is not to get your heart's desire. The other is to get it. A third tragedy that Shaw could have included is not having a desire in the first place. It is expectation and anticipating a future in which expectations can be fulfilled that is often the spark of life to people and to the nations they comprise. When America was characterized as the "Land of Promise" it was because it held out the hope of fulfilling expectations. There was always a future brighter and shinier down the road. Our history and our myths are replete with promises, and they have come in many forms. Once it was the promise of conquering a physical frontier and we turned our bodies and our souls westward. On the social frontier, we seldom doubted that if Abe Lincoln could make it, our kids could make it, too. More recently we stretched our technological muscle and, like Babe Ruth pointing to the stands, told the world that Americans would walk on the moon. We did the job and the expectations grew. If we can put a man on the moon, then what wonders must there be in store for us tomorrow? America has always looked to the future.



Now comes Peter Schrag who might best be compared to a diagnostician completing a check-up for a patient—one who came to the office with a slight ache. The X rays and the tests have been plopped down on the table and, with appropriate solemnity, the doctor says, "Sorry, old chap, this is more serious than you think." The patient that Schrag diagnoses is America and the case file is his book *The End of the American Future*.

The central theme of Schrag's book is that the sense of tomorrow and its potential for fulfillment, in short, the hope of the future, has come to an end in America. Whether one agrees completely with this thesis, it causes us to think twice. The topic is timely when one considers that the single recent event that appears to offer hope for pulling us together is the adversity brought about by the energy crisis. (We can believe once more in the future; with all our brains and Yankee ingenuity we *will* solve the problem.)

In spite of brief moments of euphoria, we have had an ache and it has been there for some time. We talked about the ache when we referred to our aimlessness and our lack of national purpose. As Schrag describes it, "Somehow there was in the larger national atmosphere a sense that the era of rampant development had come to an end, that the necessity of work might still exist, but that the romance had faded, that there were values other than making it, and that we had better learn to cultivate them."

In the analysis of the underlying reasons for our aches, Schrag takes a long look at the recent political and social trends that have had an impact on the majority of Americans. These trends, he concludes, have drastically altered the drives and the expectations of what we used to consider as our middle class. We now have an "all-purpose middle," in Schrag's terminology, that is often out of phase with political rhetoric. As a group of Americans, we may be quite willing to accept accommodation and regression as a way of life.

At times Schrag's arguments have much the same flavor as those set forth in Vance Packard's *A Nation of Strangers*, and they are convincingly stated. He next presents a rather devastating critique of the West and depicts its fall from status as our last frontier. From the West he turns to "The New South" and describes a resurgence of hope that maybe here we can find a meaningful future in the midst of fragrant magnolias and honeysuckle. Ruefully, however, he concludes "... the South is not yet in a position to save anyone." Finally, Schrag examines the hope in technology that has marked so much of our recent history. Here he joins the growing number of critics that tell us how we have lost our enchantment with technological "progress" and that science is no longer a sacred cow. What is said is not particularly new, but it is balanced and, again, convincing.

Where is all of this leading? As diagnostician, Schrag might have labeled his report to the patient *The Great American Menopause*. Yes, we are at that trying time of middle age. We are moving, so the author claims, toward the social vision of Europe, replete with historical perspective. "The country would never be as wonderful again, never as grand in its expectations or its innocence—and was, therefore, less of a country—but neither was it likely to be so demanding and pretentious. Nixon was the last of the old liberals but also the first of the Europeans."

The arguments are all there and the case report stares up at us. Yet somehow there lurks a feeling that maybe the doctor has underestimated his patient. It may be pious hope, but there is a chance that we just might respond to a good pat on the back and an encouraging "Go get 'em, Tiger!" Deep in our souls, what is our true self-image? Peter Schrag makes his case and it is a good one. Whether the reader agrees is another story. At least *The End of the American Future* will provide a stimulating challenge to reevaluate our ideas and our opinions.

Winter In Castille

By Honor Tracy
181 pages. New York: Random House. $5.95.

By ANN McGLINN

Whether one is interested in Spain or not, Honor Tracy's *Winter In Castille* is not a book to be missed. This writer has an all-encompassing eye and perfect ear—and the rare genius for finding words to paint what she sees. Her attention to detail has the effect of a miraculous microscope held to the eye of the privileged reader. An ordinary tourist in the land would see less than the mind's eye she focuses for the armchair traveler.

"The sun was out all the way from Irun to Madrid: the streams were full and sparkling: the poplars and the birches had their few last leaves atop, like rows of brown brushes dipped in gold paint; and only the lowering blue distances reminded you of winter. . . . In the sun it would be hot enough to sit out, in the shadow freezing. Hair would crackle under the comb in the crisp dry cold. But now all was grey and weeping, the crowds bedraggled and forlorn, indignant even, like cats who have got a wetting."

The author makes no effort to convince us of the virtues or vices of Spain; the choice is ours. Rather like a secretly doting aunt parading before us a unique nephew, she presents Castille: pants torn here, ears dirty, habits questionable; but, oh, his winsomeness when he smiles—what nobility in his brow; but see here, his mendacity

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and his greed—what hopes I have for him—how I fear for his future!

A comment on the change in the Spaniard (Americans, take note): "It is sad how a people's character melts away, when the basis of it has gone. The qualities that once marked the Spaniard out, the decency, frugality, stoicism, pride, were the response to bitter privations; and these were now removed, like props kicked from under a vessel, leaving her in headlong downward career."

The traveler in any country will profit by Honor Tracy's method of sucking the juice from an experience in a foreign land; she has learned the language, she speaks to everyone she sees, and she sinks into the land on foot. But she quotes a businessman from Holland with whom she struck up a conversation in a hotel: "Tourist though he was, and only a short while in the country, he had found out a number of useful things to know. 'This people shows itself to friends. If you complain and grumble, it hides itself away. And the faults that visitors find don't worry me at all. Those things they find lacking, I can have at home, and better. Do you know what strikes me here the most? The freedom. At home, in my free country, in theory you can do everything, in practice nothing. Here, it is precisely the other way round.' "

Spanish newspapers are so rigidly controlled as to be universally unbelievable, but "Spaniards have no affection for simple candour. They prefer the Government fairy tales, not out of wishful thinking, but as something written in a code which they can enjoyably crack. One of the satirical papers had a cartoon which expresses their feeling perfectly: it was of a man opening a newspaper and calling to his wife, 'Bring me my other spectacles, Maria, the ones for reading between the lines.' "

Miss Tracy's straightforward look at life on every level of existence is so unusual as to amuse and thus perhaps earn the label satiric; but there is no scorn involved, and no malice. Her views, unclouded by preconceptions and propaganda, are enchanting, instructive, and often hilarious.

Corporate Wives-Corporate Casualties?

By Robert Seidenberg
177 pages. AMA-COM, publishing division of American Management Associations. $10.00.

By DOLLIE COLE

The author, Robert Seidenberg, does not seem to know any of the corporate wives that I am closely associated with, but he surely has some corporate attitudes nailed to the wall. The typical corporate wife, according to Dr. Seidenberg, is short on backbone, long on patience, and satisfied with a nonperson, no-identity conventional role as servant and husband's shadow, willing to overlook her husband's sexual wanderings in trade for social status, diamond necklaces and a mink coat.

Most of the corporate wives I've come in contact with are highly intelligent women who strive hard to make the community they live in a little better place through charitable work. In some cases they are better known than their husbands, and are visible, creative women who find gratification in their own abilities and skills and would chop their husbands off at the knees if they caught them running around.

Dr. Seidenberg does, however, point out through clinical study that any woman, regardless of her lifestyle, who immerses her identity totally into that of her husband or children will find a life of frustration, since each of us must recognize and have our own identity and self-worth. This is not a problem peculiar to corporate wives but to all women. Identity is hard to attain and disliked by most men (my husband included). By some it is misinterpreted as competition and culturally not admissible.

The author's clinical studies reinforce the fact that no one should expect to find in one human being all the desired passion, stimulation, warmth, unselfishness and brains—unless he also expects that person to walk on water. Nevertheless, through communications rather than suffocation most wives can fulfill the conventional role of wife, mother and helpmate and still remain a person.

My personal observation, which Dr. Seidenberg doesn't seem to find too important, is that when a woman marries a very bright executive the ceremony should be "I now pronounce you man and wife and briefcase." After the initial shock and acceptance of third place in his life (1, self; 2, corporation; and 3, wife), her lot in life improves.

With just a minimum of husbandly attention she can avoid being institutionalized by realizing that she doesn't have to worry about where her next meal is coming from—her mink coat was given to her to keep her warm, not to keep her quiet. And she finally has time (if her children are grown) to work on worthwhile causes, play bridge, take up tennis or go back to school if she feels so inclined. Frankly, being a corporate wife is great and the advantages far outweigh the disadvantages.

In reading about the corporation's attitude toward wives, I was firmly convinced Dr. Seidenberg had been a little mouse in the corner of many corporate offices and had overheard the "party line" toward wives of a few years ago.

However, a new day has dawned. Corporate wives no longer ask the public relations department what charity they should work with or whether they can debate for a cause on a local or national radio or television show—or even who is coming to dinner. Some of the brighter corporations have learned that in the past, business has taken its licks because it appeared to be faceless and heartless to its community and to the general public—just a big machine grinding up people.

Any public relations man worth his salt will recognize a corporate wife as an instrument of communication with the community far more sincere and useful than all the booze poured down the press to gain their favor. The old practice of mouth control is dead.

A woman married to an executive cares about her husband's corporation and its social conscience. She realizes that she can be an asset to her husband and his business. This has brought these women a self-esteem not had before by corporate wives. Only the most backward companies and insecure husbands are trying to put a sock in the mouths of the women around them and relegate them to inferior status.

I suspect there are fewer corporate casualties than Dr. Seidenberg would lead us to believe, but I did agree with the author through much of the book. It gave me food for thought, and every corporation should make the book required reading for its executives and their wives. (If the executive can bear to look at himself undressed, Dr. Seidenberg has described him well and certainly told it like it is.)

Editor's note: *Dollie Cole, a consulting editor of* The Saturday Evening Post, *is the wife of Edward N. Cole, president of the General Motors Corporation.*

"Inferior people have inferiority complexes, superior people have superiority complexes. It's as simple as that."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Post Recommends

The Woods Rider
A Guide to Off-the-Road Motorcycling
Robin Perry
Crown Publishers, Inc.
Paperback $2.95

For all you cycle enthusiasts—and there are hundreds of thousands—this book can show you a more exciting way to enjoy your sport. If you have been confining yourself to paved streets, perhaps now is the time to take to the trails. This book offers buying and maintenance tips as well as a complete manual on control technique.

You'll boost your cycling vocabulary and skill as you learn how to "part" water, "plow" water, engage in "on-the-pegs" riding, and avoid "looping." Seventy-eight action-packed photographs will hold your attention from the beginning to the end of *The Woods Rider.*

Return to Earth
Colonel Edwin E. "Buzz" Aldrin, Jr., with Wayne Warga
Random House, Inc.
$7.95

This book will put you "inside" the space program and let you see what happens to a man who is hurtled from the regimented life of a career military man and scientist to the life of an instant celebrity. The long journey into outer space and the touchdown on the moon profoundly changed "Buzz" Aldrin. Continuing emotional and mental pressure, culminating in deep depression, led Aldrin to seek psychiatric help and begin the long journey inward in an attempt to understand himself.

Return to Earth is a candid look at interpersonal relationships within a group of men that has given America her proudest moments in the last decade—her astronauts.

The Loo Sanction
Trevanian
Crown Publishers, Inc.
$6.95

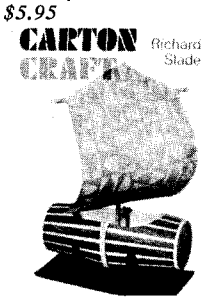
Have you been waiting for a new James Bond? He's here in the person of Dr. Jonathan Hemlock, art professor and internationally known mountain climber who finances an extraordinary lifestyle by means of some very extraordinary moonlighting. Dr. Hemlock has already gathered a following—Trevanian's first book, *The Eiger Sanction*, made bestseller lists all around the country, and Zanuck/Brown-International purchased the movie rights, with Paul Newman now set to play Hemlock.

In *The Loo Sanction*, Dr. Hemlock goes to England and finds that he is suddenly forced to take over the assignment of a murdered British agent. He becomes engaged in a battle of wits and will with a leading underground figure. The stakes are incredibly high—the very future of the British government!

The Uncertain Miracle
Vance Trimble
Doubleday
$6.95

Here, for the first time, is the incredible story of a medical "miracle," hyperbaric oxygenation. This unorthodox medical treatment appears to be effective for more than twenty diseases and injury conditions ranging from strokes, gangrene, and burns to senility and heart problems. Hyperbaric oxygenation refers to the use of compressed air to literally *drench the cells of the body with oxygen.* Trimble asks that medical people and laymen become increasingly aware of this treatment, for he feels that it has the potential for saving thousands of lives.

Carton Craft
Richard Slade
S.G. Phillips
$5.95



Children and adults will agree: the projects in *Carton Craft* are interesting and entertaining and turn otherwise useless materials into attractive decorative and recreational items. Find out how to convert plastic bottles into bangles and bracelets; cardboard and paper cups into dolls and bird mobiles; cardboard boxes into fortresses and puppet theaters—just a few of the many ideas in *Carton Craft*. Handsomely illustrated with photographs and diagrams, this book gives a decided boost to the renaissance of handicrafts and to the recycling of discards.

Return the Innocent Earth
Wilma Dykeman
Holt, Rinehart and Winston
$8.95

Return the Innocent Earth is Wilma Dykeman's third novel, following *The Tall Woman* and its sequel *The Far Family*. Unlike the first two, here she has taken her plot and some of her characters from the story of her husband's family's life and traced its rise from a farming family to a huge canning industry. As the wife of James R. Stokely, she has accumulated and assimilated the knowledge of the workings of a family business and how it can affect brothers and sons and their destinies.

The reader is enchanted by the realization that this is based on a true story, yet is constantly left to wonder which is Miss Dykeman's imagination and which were true events. Besides Miss Dykeman, perhaps only the characters themselves will really know.

This saga of four generations set in Appalachia is a strong novel that should appeal to both North and South.

As a special service, any book featured in "The Post Recommends" may be ordered by mail directly from the *Post*. Please include your name and address along with $.50 above the retail price (to cover handling and mailing charges). Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery. Mail to: SatEvePost Book Club, Saturday Evening Post, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46206.

THE DUCK

continued from page 69

itself. Nothing can be done about it.

WHAT DO DUCKS DO ALL DAY?

Nothing special. Pekins are raised for one purpose: to weigh plenty at market time. So they are encouraged to eat and get fat. Forty-watt bulbs illuminate their pens at night, with the result that they sleep a few minutes here and there, whenever they can catch a few winks. The rest of the time they eat some duck pellets, drink a little water as a chaser and walk around a lot. When they're older they swim. And that's about it.

Wild ducks are usually active during the day and do the same kinds of things Pekins do except they fly around and get shot at.

GOOD BREEDING

The best-looking ducklings—about the top 10 percent—are selected from the whole gang and saved from the chopping block to become breeder ducks. The proper ratio is one male to six females.

At the age of six months breeding begins.

Most breeders are profitable for only a year; after that, egg production drops and it's more profitable to kill them and sell them as "mature duck," which is tougher, darker and cheaper than duckling and is sold mostly in the South.

OH SAY CAN THEY SEE?

Ducks' eyes are placed high on the sides of their heads, the result being that they see up very nicely, but have trouble seeing down. Occasionally, a young Pekin duckling will get a dizzy spell or trip and fall. When that happens, its brothers and sisters are likely to trip over the fallen duckling and a terrible mess ensues. Anything on the ground less than two feet in front of them is out of their line of vision. Glasses wouldn't help; they need a downward-seeing periscope.

Other than this problem, ducks see pretty well. They even see in color, and tests have shown that of all colors, ducks prefer green.

HOW TO TELL A DUCK'S SEX

In most breeds, males are usually more brilliantly colored than females, but Pekins of both sexes are plain old white. As for differentiating men from women, the male Pekin has a little curl on his tail, which helps. But the best way to tell—the sexing method used by the experts—is to pick up the duck in question and listen to the result. Females have a loud, clear quack; males give out a soft, rasping sound that really doesn't sound much like a duck at all. Come to think of it, you can tell the sex of humans pretty accurately by listening, too.

UNDERWATER FACTS OF LIFE

Ducks do it in the water, where it's easier for the drake to mount the duck of his dreams. The whole thing doesn't last long, and if the water is deep enough the female stays underwater the whole time.

EGGSTATIC

Duck eggs are white and a bit larger than chicken eggs. They are also somewhat stronger-tasting than chicken eggs and are not popular in supermarkets. They are, however, often used for commercial baking. Duck farmers candle their eggs when they're a week old and sell the infertile ones to commercial bakeries.

Pekin breeder ducks are quite prolific, laying an egg early every morning during their prime. Two of the first Pekins in this country, back in that wonderful year 1873, surprised everybody by laying 120 eggs apiece in about four months.

TO NEST OR NOT TO NEST?

Wild ducks nest either on the ground or in trees. Pekins don't nest at all. They don't have to, since the farmers would much rather do it all for them in incubators. The incubation process takes four weeks, and one can hardly blame the Pekins for not wanting to sit in one place all that time. Before the days of electric incubators, duck farmers hired Muscovies (another kind of duck) to do egg-sitting. Why Muscovies? Don't ask.

DUCKS FOR SALE

Some people grow ducks the way others grow tomatoes or make typewriters. People in the duck business talk about "production" and "quality control" and "processing" and "by-products."

Long Island, being close to the huge New York market, is still the biggest duck-producing area of the U.S. and the most prestigious. ("It's like the name Cadillac on a car," boasts one duck man.) Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, Virginia and Massachusetts are in the picture too, but Long Island turns out about six million ducks a year, which is half the country's output. There was a time when Long Island's share was even greater, but now costs are up and Midwestern farmers are beginning to take over as Easterners begin to feel the high cost of shipping feed from the grain belt. The price of feed this year is 60 percent higher than last year, thanks in part to the Russian grain buyers. As a result, farmers' prices for duck have been raised from thirty-five cents a pound to forty-five cents a pound.

Half a century ago or so there were perhaps as many as 100 duck farms in Nassau and Suffolk counties. Now there are fewer than 30, all within about twenty miles of Riverhead. Some Long Island duck experts are predicting that their duck industry will be kaput in ten or twenty years.

All but a handful of the local duck farms have joined together to form the Long Island Duck Farmers

Continued on page 98

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CARNEGIE MEDAL

continued from page 62

city of steel: business executives, lawyers, physicians, other professionals. Every two months they gather around a long table in a carpeted room, away from the stress of the events they must judge, with even the noises of the city muted far below. They consult official reports prepared for their eyes alone, gravely discuss questions of risk and mysteries of motive; and decide whether at such a time and place, such a man, woman, or child has performed a deed of the commendable sort their founder had in mind.

If so, some weeks later the hero or his next of kin will receive a medal, three inches in diameter, most often cast in bronze, with an engraved inscription concisely describing the deed. Approximately 10 percent of heroes honored over the years have received medals in silver for special valor. Nineteen gold medals also have been awarded, but many years have passed since any individual won one. The Commission nowadays reserves gold for those rare occasions when great numbers of people, entire communities, are caught up in the spirit of mutual help so that individual acts merge into a sort of symphony of heroism. Thus, a specially mounted gold medal went to the doctors, mine officials, and numerous volunteers who, toiling for nine days in constant danger, at last rescued 99 of 174 coal miners trapped below ground in October, 1958, at Springhill, Nova Scotia.

Urling has done his homework on the Troy Hill case. From correspondence and newpaper files he has copied names and addresses of everyone supposedly involved. He knows the rough outline of what happened. Gas was leaking into a manhole in Lowrie Street. One man was pulled out, but two were still down there. Four others jumped in to save them. And all six died.

The first name on the investigator's list is that of the woman who gave the alarm.

Mrs. Helen Flack operates the Hilltop Confectionery on the corner. After the sunny street, the store's interior seems dark, and it takes a moment for the eyes to adjust to a maze of candy and magazine racks, grocery shelves, a luncheon counter, and pinball machines. Urling removes his hat respectfully but he is in no hurry to identify himself. He takes a seat at the counter.

A young woman in blue jeans brings his cup of coffee. He asks, "Would you be Mrs. Flack?"

"Good news, Mrs. Gordon. Here's your lost seed order."

She is a blonde with steel-rimmed glasses. Her shirttails are out and her lower lip has a saucy curl. "Miss Flack," she says, "I don't want to be Missus."

"You will be," Urling easily remarks.

"Not me," she says, but her smile is a sign that the contrary view does not offend her.

Urling had hoped to see *Missus* Flack, he explains, to talk over the gas accident of the previous autumn.

"My mother saw everything that happened," Miss Flack unhesitatingly volunteers, and Urling is immediately alert. In a case where six direct participants are dead, someone who "saw everything" could be an invaluable witness. Unfortunately, Mrs. Flack has left the premises on business. She will not be back till after noon.

The investigator sighs. Normally he would have telephoned to make certain she would be there. (He almost never *writes* ahead, however. Too much notice that a Carnegie agent is en route can distort the case. Witnesses and rescuers might "rehearse" and invent details they do not really recall.)

"Well," says Urling, getting up, "we must certainly come back and talk to your mother."

An hour later in the corridor of a fire station he is interviewing Joseph E. Meier, a lanky, solemn fireman, age thirty-seven.

"We got a call there was a man in a hole," Meier is saying. "When we got there, there was six of them in the hole. From what I understand, they were working and one got sick and came up, and some went down to get their buddies."

This testimony is after the fact, of course. Urling merely listens with his head cocked to one side, his pen and notepaper motionless in his hands behind his back. "Could you smell gas?" he inquires.

"Oh yeah," says the fireman, smiling at the seeming naivete of this. From Urling's point of view, however, if gas could *not* be smelled, it could reflect on whether the would-be rescuers knew the risks they were taking. "We had to use airpacks to go down in there," says Meier. "I helped pass two bodies up."

"How much space was down there?"

Spreading his arms, the fireman suggests an area about six feet square and eight feet deep.

"How were the men lying?"

"Every which way," says Meier. He holds out two fingers of his left hand, crosses them with two of his right. "In a pile."

"Were any of them 'tied in'? Any ropes to pull them out in an emergency?"

The Ultimate Bon Voyage Gift

Leather Passport Case Containing World's Most Unusual Travel Aids

Includes: Tips to get the most from your **devalued dollar** ★ 5-Language Menu and Phrase Translator ★ Tips on tipping ★ Worldwide, updated Currency Converter and much, much more!

This same hand grained English Moroccoo leather passport case by itself sells for close to $20 in many stores.

INSTANT MENU AND PHRASE TRANSLATORS. No. 1 best seller (over 6 million in use). Save embarrassment, end nuisance of leafing through phrase books. Each fold-out, passport size Translator with easy to read type, contains 1,000 vital words and phrases including breakfast, lunch, dinner and drinks. If you can't pronounce the words, just point to the matching numbers in English, French, Spanish, German or Italian. Plastic laminated for years of travel pleasure.

WORLD WIDE UPDATED CURRENCY CONVERTER. Good in 27 countries, includes tipping guide.

TRAVEL DIARY. Records places and events.

ADDRESS & TELEPHONE BOOK. A "must" for any traveler. Your personal directory and a Compendium of 100 telephone numbers and addresses of English speaking doctors, tourist offices, toll free hotel numbers, car rental, etc. for all Western European countries.

TIPS ON TIPPING—How much to tip, how to avoid over-tipping.

MAGNIFYING GLASS—Micro-thin but so useful! Reads fine print in dim phone booth, see maps while your travel, reads menus, etc.

6 BAGGAGE LABELS—Permanent stick-on. Helps insure return of lost luggage.

RED, WHITE AND BLUE BAGGAGE IDENTIFICATION RIBBONS—Make luggage spotting a cinch.

TRAVEL NEWSLETTER—A wealth of tips on how to get the most for your dollar.

CUSTOMS ALLOWANCE list for liquor and tobacco. 160 airports with duty free merchandise (14 in U.S.).

AVERAGE TEMPERATURE in capital cities.

INTERNATIONAL TRAFFIC SIGNS—Can save you a ticket!

CONVERSION CHART OF CLOTHING SIZES, Weights and measurements, metric system.

WINE LIST—68 moderately priced quality wines in 17 countries, including U.S.

WORLD WIDE TIME ZONE CHART for 200 cities.

EACH ITEM, SEPARATE, REMOVABLE!

Order Today. Only $19.95* For The Travel Buy of the Year.

The Trading Post, P.O. Box 567B 4C
Indianapolis, Ind. 46206

I have enclosed $19.95 + * 75¢ postage & handling for my real leather Passport case and 10 vital travel aids. Specify either ☐ black or ☐ red. Gift orders mailed with Bon Voyage card listing your name.

PRINT NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE_____ ZIP_____

☐ Enclosed is check or money order.
Bill to: ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Credit Card No._____

Expiration Date_____

If Master Charge enter 4-digit Interbank number appearing above your name_____

Signature_____

Name (print)_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

If you prefer use perforated order form on page 129. Indiana residents only add 4% sales tax.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With a little bayberry scent, a dash of spice scent, 2¼ pounds of wax, 8 cavity reusable molds, a smear of candle gloss, 5 colors of dye and lots of wick . . . you, too, can make the wickedest candles around. This kit contains instructions for 52 different candles. Make a candle for a wicked friend . . . no occasion necessary. $6.95 per kit plus 75¢ postage and handling.

The Holiday Shopper
P.O. Box 567B, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

Please send me ____ candlemaker kits, $6.95 per kit plus 75¢ postage and handling.

☐Check enclosed. Bill to: ☐BankAmericard ☐Master Charge

Credit Card No. _____ Expiration Date _____

If Master Charge, also enter 4-digit Interbank number appearing above your name: ____ ____ ____ ____

Signature _____

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Indiana residents add 4% sales tax. Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery. 4C

Meier shakes his head. "I couldn't see any."

This discussion has been not unuseful to the Carnegie agent, but the official fire department report is essential.

At the fire station, in Battalion Chief Harris's office, there are piles of forms stacked up on the desk and even on the cot where Harris might catch a nap.

"The curse of the day," Urling remarks, "is paperwork."

The chief accepts this sympathy with a solemn smile. He is a dark, powerfully built man with a tattoo on his forearm. The walls of his office are decorated with framed photographs of his sons in football uniform.

"The call came in at 2:53 p.m.," the chief says, referring to his official report. An "extremely dangerous gas condition" was the radio phrase. The first victim was being brought to the surface as Harris arrived at the scene. Gas was shooting out of the manhole with such force that dust and rust were whirled fifteen feet in the air. "It looked like a damned tornado," says the chief.

He and some of his men jumped into the hole with masks on. They stuffed a man's jacket and some wet cloths into the six-inch main from which the gas was pouring, and finally they forced a metal seal into place, stopping the flow.

Meanwhile, other firemen on the street were trying to resuscitate the victims by mouth-to-mouth respiration. The chief joined in this effort. "There was no response," he says. Natural gas, methane, is not a "poison gas." But it suffocates by replacing the oxygen in a person's lungs. Harris remembers rust in the eyes of the dead men staring up at him as he tried to breathe life into their gaping mouths. And there was rust caked in the backs of their throats.

"Shouldn't they have been wearing lifelines down there?" Urling asks.

"Lifelines are one thing," says the chief, "but they didn't have a mask! I know why, all right. Because you can't tell people what you want to say through a mask, never mind safety! Utilities are always doing things like this—changing equipment 'on the fly,' as they call it."

"On the fly?"

"Yes, instead of shutting off gas in the neighborhood—that way they'd have to notify every home—they leave the gas on, remove the old valve, and shove in the new one real quick. On the fly. They do it all the time."

Harris angrily pulls off his glasses. "In this case," he says, "the negligence was very evident to me."

Irwin Urling blows the air from his cheeks. Establishing negligence or culpability is not any part of his function, which differs from that of a detective. He is looking for the admirable, not the guilty, deed. But now the question of fault inevitably is going to shadow his work on this case, creating reticences where there are more than enough complications already and more than enough men silent.

Urling has calls to make. A nearby YMCA offers as convenient a phone booth as any. First, the gas company. It is cooperative. It arranges to have him meet the few surviving members of the Troy Hill manhole crew. But they are out on a job, will not return to the maintenance division shop till four o'clock in the afternoon. That is still two hours away.

The widows of all the rescuers in the incident will have to be visited personally. The Hero Fund is not only, or even primarily, an agency for dispensing medals. Carnegie made it quite clear that, if financial need could be demonstrated, heroes and their dependents "should not suffer pecuniarily."

Thus, over the decades the Commission has paid more than $8 million in pensions to injured heroes and in monthly "contributions to the livelihood" of heroes' widows, until they remarry. Another million has gone to further the education of awardees or their orphaned children; and nearly $3 million in outright grants to heroes in need.

These are not rewards. It was Carnegie's view that true heroism could not be stimulated by hope of gain. In fact, persons who earn their living by protecting life—e.g., police and firemen—usually are ineligible for Carnegie awards. So, too, are most members of the armed forces and those rescuers impelled by the spurs of kinship, like the father who rushes into a burning house for his own child. The fund exists for the selfless volunteer.

With his spectacles up and his head bent close over the telephone book, Urling notes the home phone numbers of the six dead men: William Letzkus, Albert Zeleny, Raymond Grundler (the only one who was unmarried), Donald De Vine, Monroe Coleman, and their supervisor.

Coleman and De Vine, so far as the investigator knows at this point, were the pair in the pit: victims rather than heroes. The others went in after them. The Commission can do nothing for victims' families. It is necessary for Urling only to "fill in some blanks," as he puts it: confirm the victims' names, addresses, ages, marital status. He will go to some lengths to do this without the painful necessity of visiting their homes, if he can avoid it.

It is not unusual for him to encounter people who get exasperated at the amount of detail his reports require. But he pleads, "I have to fill in the blank somehow." And such is the universal sympathy of those who have at times to face government forms and other niggling requirements of bureaucracy that they resignedly give him the data he wants. Anything but force a man to leave a form blank empty!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classes are out at the high school across the intersection when Urling returns to Mrs. Helen Flack's Hilltop Confectionery. Gray and plump in her loose housedress, the lady exudes an air of gruff maternity with the teenagers who fill her shop. Her voice is a husky whisper—from the cigarette in her fingers, or from years of yelling at kids? "I bought this pop," says a boy, holding out a dime to her without the two cents for bottle deposit. "I'm gonna drink it here," he says. She smiles and chucks him under the chin, saying, "If you don't, I'll get ya tomorra."

But to the Carnegie investigator she is unable to confirm that she saw "everything." She remembers a man running into her store crying, "Three of our guys are down in the hole! Call the rescue squad!" And she did. A minute later someone brought in the fellow who was still alive. She gave him a glass of ginger ale. But that was as close as she approached to the event itself. When she looked outside, saw firemen trying to revive, mouth-to-mouth, the dead men in the street, their eyes staring and their faces gray as iron, she felt woozy herself.

"They worked and worked on them for hours," she says but instantly withdraws the exaggeration, ". . . oh, not for hours but quite a while. There was nothing they could do."

No, she did not know any of the victims. They had been working outside her store just that one day. A few of them had come in for a snack at one time or another. One nice fellow—she believed it was De Vine—had a cup of tea about 2:45, not ten minutes before the accident, and a lady who happened to be in the store at the time remarked that she would be afraid to work with gas all the time. De Vine smiled. "What's to be afraid of a little gas?" he said. He was a veteran of twenty-three years with the gas company.

"A few nights later," Mrs. Flack says, "I heard crying outside. I went out and found this man kneeling by the spot. I said, 'Come on now, you don't want to do that.' 'You don't understand,' he said, 'he was my father.' He named one of them, I forget which. 'He was my father.' "

And Mrs. Flack, remembering this, has tears in her eyes.

Riding toward the maintenance depot of the gas company en route to meet surviving members of the ill-fated gas crew, Urling recalls that this is not the first industrial case he has investigated in which the failure to employ fundamental safety equipment has caused what he calls needless death. "I've known 'em to die while life jackets and masks were sitting on the back of a pickup truck six feet away," he says to the driver.

In the toolroom of the maintenance depot he catches up at last with a true eyewitness. Edward J. Klingensmith, thirty-one, is a friendly, red-haired man who wears his work pants slung low on his hips and his white cap at a jaunty angle. He is a welder. He was about to enter the manhole in Lowrie Street when the gas started pouring out.

The job had looked routine enough: changing a worn valve in a six-inch main. The main itself had been turned off. The gas that figured in the accident was the so-called back flow from the neighborhood lines off the main.

In the manhole stood De Vine, Coleman, and John J. Ladasky, Jr. At street level, handing equipment into the hole, were Letzkus, Zeleny, Grundler, Herman Ranallo, Klingensmith, and the crew supervisor.

The supervisor had telephoned one of his own superiors at the gas company, and the decision had been made to change the valve on the fly. De Vine and Coleman unbolted the old valve. Ladasky was standing ready to slip the new one into place. But when he tried to work it into position, for some reason the fit wasn't right. Gas from the backflow began escaping. Up on the street, the supervisor ordered the men in the manhole to stuff the line temporarily with a wad of wet rags which were thrown into the pit. This was done; yet enough gas escaped that Ladasky's knees suddenly buckled. De Vine and Coleman caught him before he fell. "Get Ladasky out of here!" shouted De Vine. He and Coleman hauled Ladasky over to the ladder; Ray Grundler came partway down to help him up, and Ranallo and Klingensmith hoisted him to street level. Unnoticed in the confusion, the wad of wet rags slipped out of the gas pipe and fell to the floor of the manhole.

"I took Ladasky over to the side of the building to walk him around," says Klingensmith. "You could see he was overcome by gas. By then you could smell a lot of gas."

And by then De Vine and Coleman had collapsed in the bottom of the pit—and Letzkus, Zeleny, and the crew boss, one after another, were jumping in after them to try to get them out. Klingensmith distinctly saw two men enter the pit, but ironically he was not sure which two they were.

"Why did they jump in the hole without masks?" asks Urling.

"I guess they thought they could hold their breath," says Klingensmith. "It was awful quick though. I yelled after them. There was no answer."

Ray Grundler whipped off a light sweater he was wearing and wrapped it around his face like a mask. He seized a rope desperately. Klingensmith saw him too late. "Ray Grundler came running with the rope," he says. "He was going down in the hole. Me and another guy grabbed him—and then he just keeled over into the hole. We had him by the arm. He fell right out of our hands."

It is four o'clock and the maintenance crews are coming back in their trucks from various jobs out on the

"I keep getting these pains in my lower starboard side."

READ ALOUD

continued from page 87

said they would sing with him and help him.

So the rooster lifted his head high, flapped his wings, and crowed to the sun with all his might.

The sun heard the rooster crow and was impressed with the bird's sincerity. But the sun was afraid.

Twice more the rooster lifted his head, flapped his wings, and crowed to the sun. And the third time, all the sparrows and small birds in the trees began chirping merrily, helping the rooster with his song.

Hearing that, the sun decided the rooster was not deceiving him and would not let him get shot by Opopolo. So the sun peeped his head from behind the mountain and climbed slowly into the sky.

As the sun rose higher and higher, the earth became warm and the sky was light once more.

And since then, the ninth sun has always come back to warm the earth after the rooster has crowed three times.

If my husband ever met a woman on the street who looked like the women in his paintings, he would faint.
—*Mrs. Pablo Picasso*

Breeze through spring in the new Float dress by Oscar de la Renta II. Navy and tan plaid splashes over pale beige in this new bias-cut design. Fabric of cotton, rayon and silk, sizes 4 - 14. $105.

Order your Float dress from:
The Holiday Shopper
P.O. Box 567B
Indianapolis, Indiana 46206
Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

division. They are big men, most of them, with strong, grimy faces; they wear Levi's and hard hats, sweat shirts, and mud-caked boots. They stamp into the depot out of the parking lot and josh each other at the battered metal lockers. They don't pay much attention to the portly gent in the gray, rumpled suit who stands in the middle of the floor with his notepaper behind his back. The low sun glares off puddles in the parking lot through the open door. Urling watches the trucks as they pull in. He is looking for two more men, but one of them especially he does not want to miss. Ladasky has the key to it, he feels sure.

Someone in the lot is pointing him out to two men who have just arrived in their truck. He walks out into the light as they approach and shakes hands with them.

John Ladasky is an "m and s" man, meaning that his job involves maintenance and service. He is thirty but looks younger, with straight black hair and a boyish face that turns instantly solemn when he learns that Urling has come to talk about "the case." He was the only man actually in the pit to survive: one out of seven. And he can speak of the incident only in the awestruck tone of one who, for reasons he cannot quite fathom, has been somehow chosen by fate.

He had, he says, at the supervisor's orders, stuffed the gas line temporarily with a quantity of rags. Then, as he was removing this plug of rags, to try again to install the new valve, he passed out. "It gets into your system," he says. "You get kind of dizzy." He had opened his eyes to see Ray Grundler on the ladder extending a hand to him. "He came down to help me, and Coleman and De Vine got me up on the ladder."

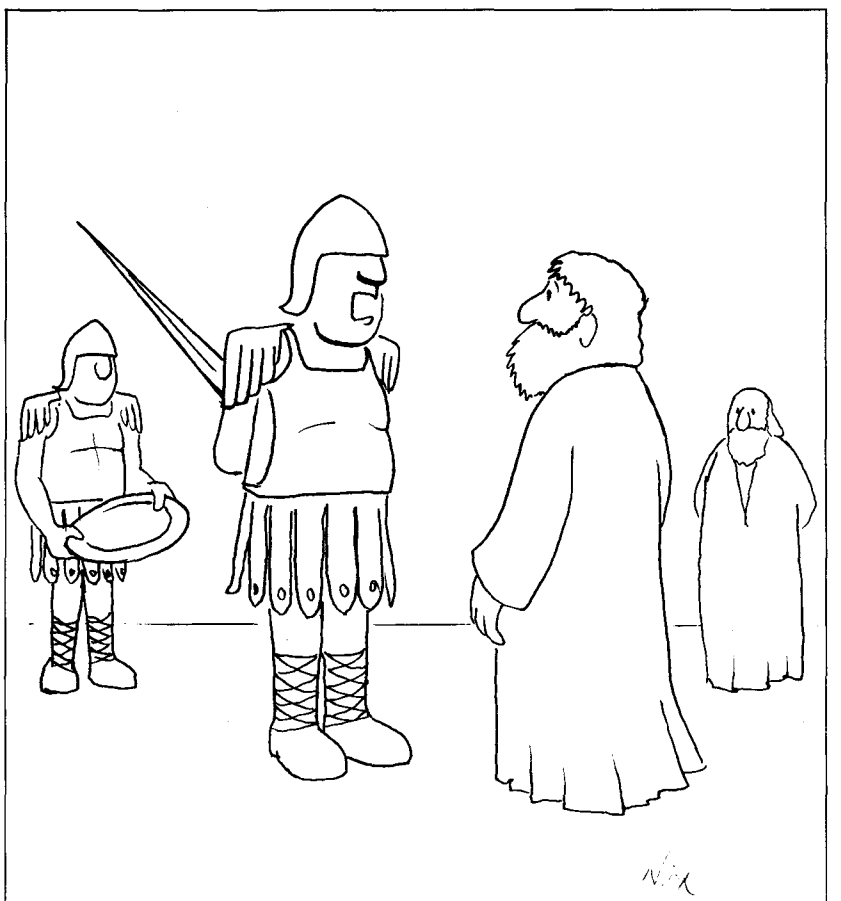
The story is taken up by Ladasky's companion, Herman Ranallo, fifty-five, a wiry man in a red cap and with a stubble of beard on his sharp chin. "I helped pull Ladasky out and then I ran into the store to tell the lady to call the fire department. Grundler went back in the hole to help the others out—he went in twice. And I saw the supervisor jump in. There was four in the hole when I went in the store. When I came out, there was six in."

Urling asks, "Weren't there any lifelines or masks that could have been used?"

Ladasky and Ranallo look at each other and shake their heads. "I didn't see any." "Me neither."

The case, with its many implications, has rather shocked the agent of the Carnegie Hero Fund. He is sorting it out in his mind as he drives home through the long shadows of late afternoon.

He had thought De Vine and Coleman, the two men in the pit, to be only victims. Might they also now be heroes? There is corroborated testimony that they both helped Lada-



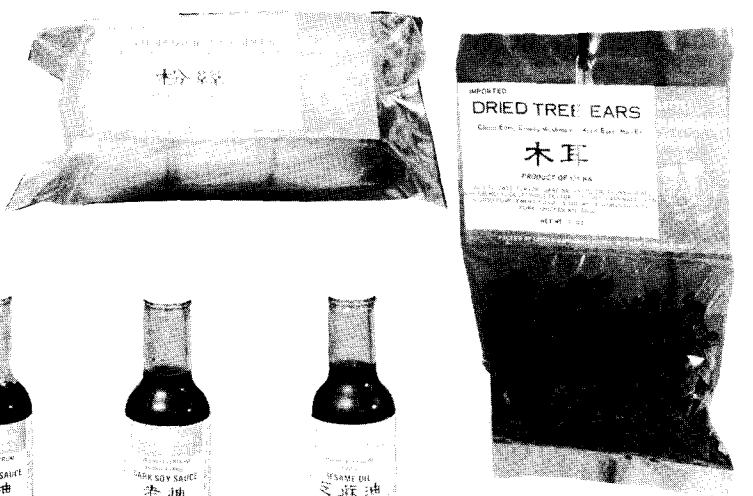
"First the good news—you're going to see Salome dance . . ."

NOW YOU CAN COOK REAL CHINESE DISHES AT HOME

The secret of authentic Chinese cooking is authentic ingredients and recipes. Little Mandarins provide both so you can now easily treat your family and guests to real Chinese dishes at home.

Here is a starter kit of cellophane noodles (bean thread), meaty black mushrooms, crunchy tree ears (wood mushrooms) and crisp bamboo shoots, all from the Orient. And for spices, the kit contains Szechuan peppercorns and red hot peppers for North China dishes as well as aromatic star anise and fermented black beans (soybeans) for the famous shrimp with black bean sauce. Did you know that the Chinese use two types of soy sauce? A light one for chicken and seafood and a dark one for beef and pork recipes. Both are included plus sesame oil for its subtle aroma and pungent flavor for seasoning soups, green vegetables and many stir-fries. Four pairs of chopsticks with instructions are also added so you can eat as well as cook in the Chinese manner.

And step-by-step recipes by cooking authority Emily Kwoh make it easy to cook authentic Chinese dishes with these ingredients plus readily available staples. The complete kit is only $13.00 plus $1.50 for postage and handling. Order today so you can start enjoying delicious Chinese meals at home. To order, just fill out the coupon below or see page 129A for ordering information.



The Trading Post
P.O. Box 567B
Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

Please rush me the 12-item Chinese Grocery Pack, just $13 plus $1.50 shipping.

☐ Check or money order enclosed. Bill to: ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Credit Card No. _____ Expiration Date _____

If Master Charge, also enter 4-digit Interbank number appearing above your name: ___ ___ ___ ___

Signature _____

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.
Indiana residents only add 4% sales tax. 4C

LITTLE MANDARINS FOODS, INC.
小菁食品公司

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sky from the pit, certainly saving his life. Yes, but did they think he was just momentarily overcome and themselves in no imminent danger? Or were they giving him a place on the ladder at the hazard, fully comprehended, of their own lives? Heroism—or just a helping hand? That would take thinking about.

Grundler seems clear enough. He went into the pit once for Ladasky, and a second time to try to get a line to the other men down there. He meant to save life, this is clear.

But Zeleny and Letzkus: less clear. They were seen entering the pit, at best, out of the corner of someone's eye. None of their words at the scene is recorded. Can it be fairly inferred that they intended to perform rescues? There were several moments when desperate men were literally jumping into the pit, taking a risk that they could hold their breaths long enough to save a buddy—and yet no one precisely saw what they were about. A heroic moment—perhaps—while everyone was looking the other way!

And the supervisor: the hardest case of all. No question but that he courageously entered the pit to try to help his men out—and gave his life for their sakes. But he was the supervisor! Would they have been down there at all, if not for his decision? And where were the masks, the lifelines? Were they not his responsibility? Or was he himself the victim of lax company procedures? An ordinary man may be such a victim, but not a hero: he would insist on safer procedures for his men, no matter how it affected his standing in the firm.

"I once investigated a street cave-in in Chicago," recalls Urling. "The rescuer—who died in the attempt, you understand—was the supervisor who had got his men into the fix in the first place. I interviewed his superior later. The man was shocked. Some hero, he told me! If the fellow weren't dead, he would have had him in jail!"

The Carnegie Fund happens to be adamant on the same point. One who causes the peril to others can be no hero. No matter that he atones at once by attempting rescue and sacrificing his own life.

"This will be a hard case to establish," Urling had said at the beginning of the day. Now he realizes that for all his experience he hasn't known the half of it.

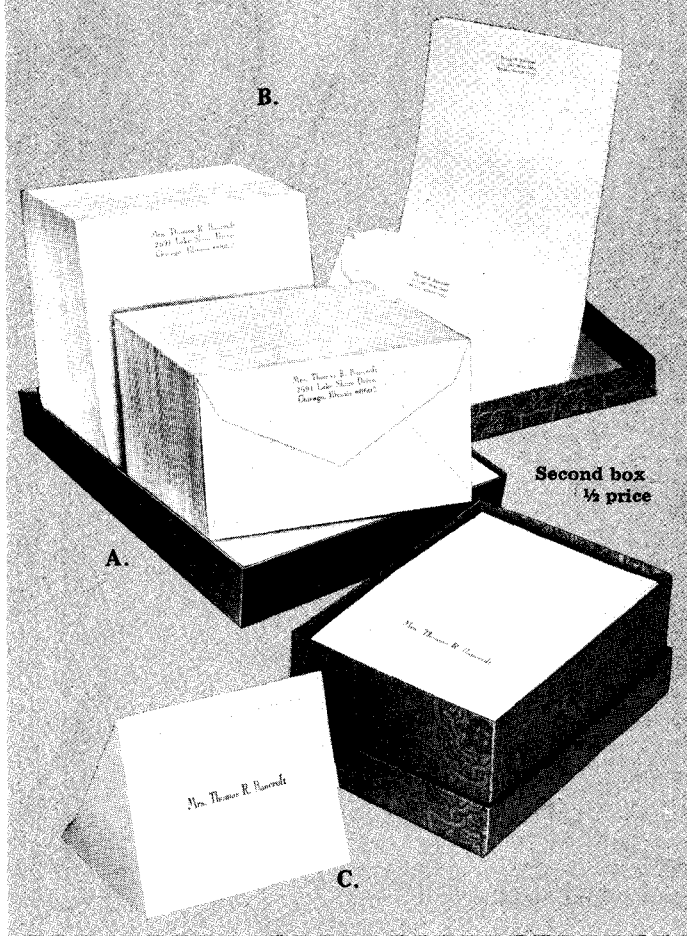
In the Commission's own city some men will be declared heroes, perhaps with financial aid to their kin. Other men, just as dead, equally brave, no less precious to their own, will get nothing.

Such an uneven division of praise and hard cash will create as much bitterness as joy and pride.

Yet to walk away would be unthinkable. Carnegie made his instructions clear: the survivors of heroes "should not suffer pecuniarily." But equally clear is that the seemingly pleasant chore of dispensing praise and a rich man's money also can be a

Continued on page 98

Distinctive, Personalized Stationery for Plain Stationery Prices



CLASSIC LAIDMARK, a traditional favorite. The creamy white, damask-smooth paper bears the faint laid watermark of quality. Equally suited to pen or typewriter.

A. *Club Size* for women, 5¾"x7¾" sheets, personalized in deep blue script style.

B. *Executive Size* for men, 7¼"x10¾" sheets, personalized in rich grey traditional style.

One Box, 50 sheets with 50 envelopes $3.00
Second Box, same size, quantity, personalizing.....$1.50

An extra 50 unprinted sheets for second pages, only $.75 with order.

C. EMBOSSED INFORMALS, for brief—but socially correct—notes and thank-you's. Heavy white paneled notes with raised print in black. Folded size, 3¼"x4".

One Box, 50 informals with 50 envelopes $3.00
Second Box, same quantity and personalizing.....$1.50

From Georgetown House, custom stationers for over 40 years.

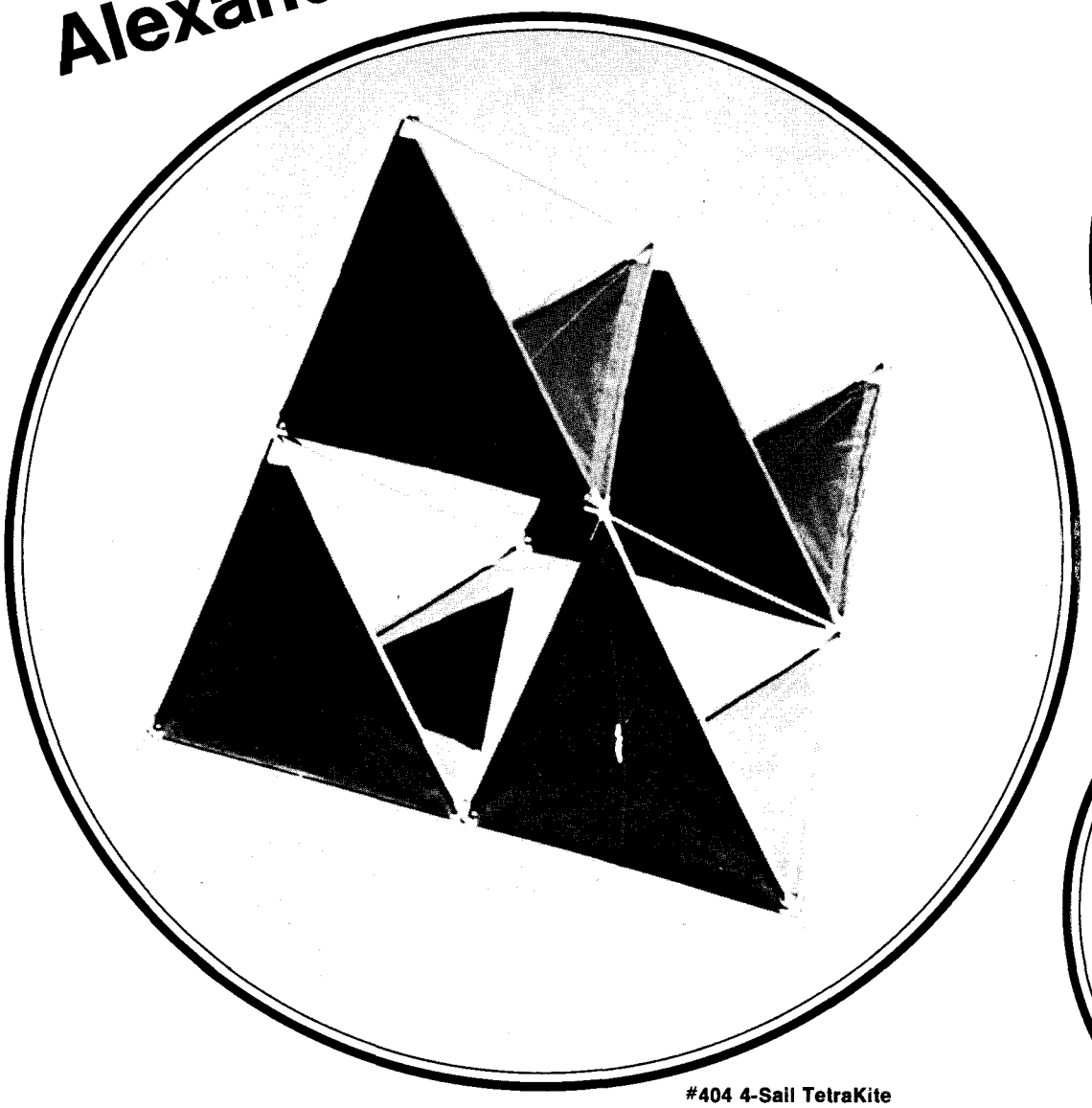
Please allow 6-8 weeks for custom printing and delivery. For additional orders, write on separate sheet. To order, simply fill out the coupon below or see page 129A for convenient tear-out order form.

CHECK CHOICES	PERSONALIZED PRINTING INSTRUCTIONS
CLASSIC LAIDMARK STATIONERY ☐ One box @ $3.00 ☐ Second box @ $1.50 ☐ 50 extra, plain sheets for $ .75	_____ _____ _____
EXECUTIVE VELLUM STATIONERY ☐ One box @ $3.00 ☐ Second box @ $1.50 ☐ 50 extra, plain sheets for $ .75	_____ _____ _____
EMBOSSED INFORMALS ☐ One box @ $3.00 ☐ Second box @ $1.50	_____
Merchandise total $_____ *Plus postage and insurance $_____ TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED $_____ **Include postage and insurance:* If your order is up to $3.25.....Add $ .75 $3.26 to $4.50.....Add $1.00 $4.51 to $7.00.....Add $1.25 $7.01 or over.....Add $1.50	TRADING POST, P.O. BOX 567B, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA 46206 SHIP TO: _____ Address _____ Apt. ___ City/State/Zip _____ Indiana residents add 4% sales tax. 4C

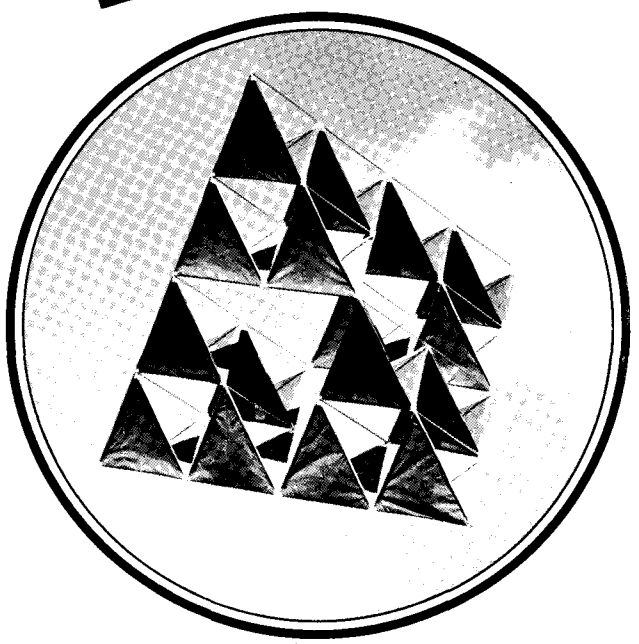
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Feel the Wind at your back and fly

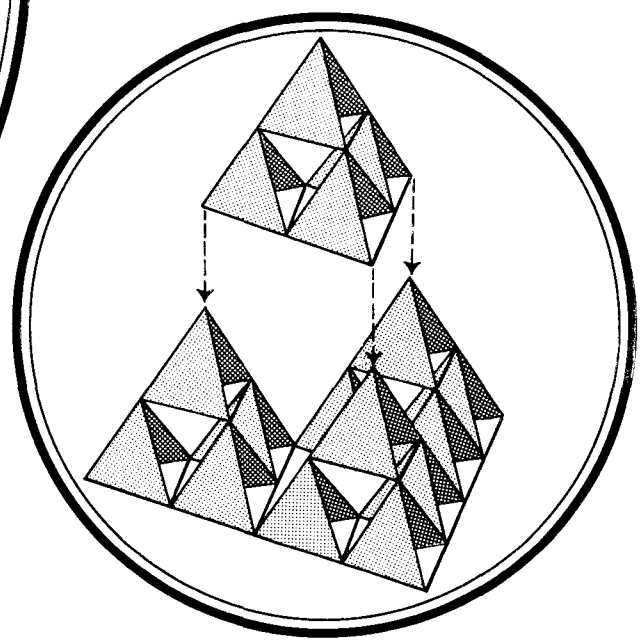
The Amazing Classic Alexander Graham Bell TetraKite™



#404 4-Sail TetraKite



#416 16-Sail Super TetraKite



The Super TetraKite is four TetraKites assembled together.

With incredible ease you launch your Amazing Classic Alexander Graham Bell TetraKite™. It grabs the wind and climbs swiftly and surely towards the clouds. The principle was developed more than 70 years ago, and kite connoisseurs have known it for years. Now, modern technology brings the TetraKites™ to everyone . . . in simple kit form. Our exclusive connectors, branches and sails make it all happen today.

The size of these beautiful kites is as impressive as their lift. The 4-Sail TetraKite™ is 33″ on edge (4312 cubic inches), while the 16-Sail Super TetraKite™ is a whopping 5½ feet on edge (34,496 cubic inches . . . imagine the pull on that line!). The Super TetraKite™ can be built and flown as four separate TetraKites™ . . . a fantastic kite flying experience for the whole family. The red and orange sails make them visible way up . . . the most impressive sight in the sky.

To fly these strong pulling kites, you'll need very strong cord. We recommend 25 lb. test cord for the 4-Sail TetraKite™ (such as our #425) and a full 80 lb. test cord for the giant 16-Sail Super TetraKite™ (such as our #450).

To make it all simple, we include fully illustrated assembly instructions with kite flying tips, a Beaufort wind scale, and excerpts from Dr. Alexander Graham Bell's article "The Tetrahedral Principle in Kite Structure," *The National Geographic Magazine,* Vol. XIV, June, 1903.

Satisfaction guaranteed or return within 10 days for full refund.

Trading Post
P.O. Box 567B
Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

☐ Check or Money Order enclosed
☐ BankAmericard
☐ Master Charge

My credit card number is: _____
Expiration date: _____
Signature _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please Send Me the Following:

Quantity	Item			Postage & Handling per Item	
_____	#404 TetraKite	$ 4.95	+	$ .95	_____
_____	#416 Super TetraKite	16.95	+	1.95	_____
_____	#425 TetraKite Cord 500′	1.00	+	.15	_____
_____	#450 Super TetraKite Cord 1000′	2.95	+	.30	_____
				Total	_____

4C

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LEOPARD

continued from page 78

movement of the tip of his right index finger. It was no more difficult than this. The leopard would have to gather all of its senses into a superbly coordinated act of stalking and killing its prey. And even then it would have to leap upon it and twist it to the ground. A tremendous expenditure of muscle and energy in a violent struggle which would not always be successful. But man? All he needed was a single solitary movement. A one-quarter-inch pull of the tip of his right index finger.

"We've got two choices," the white hunter said as they sat by the campfire after dinner. "We have one week left. We can either push on in the morning and move out to the plains and try for some more antelope and zebra or we can stay here and hunt for the leopard. We cannot do both."

The man from New York sat by the fire and pushed a stick into the coals. For twenty years he had dealt in price-earnings ratios and quarterly earnings. Percentages he could understand.

"What are the odds?" he asked.

"If we leave, I am sure we can have two or three days of food hunting. There are thousands of antelope on the plains this time of year. The zebra will be migrating. We might even get a couple of buffalo. We should have some excellent shooting."

"And if we stay?"

The white hunter shook his head. "I can guarantee you nothing. The tracks of the leopard are four or five days old. He may come back tomorrow. He may not come back for two weeks. We can string some bait and set up the blinds and we may never see him. He may have only been passing through."

"Yes, but what are the odds?" the man from New York persisted.

The white hunter paused for a long moment before he spoke. "If we had a month to spend here I would say we might have a fifty-fifty chance of seeing him. Not shooting him, but seeing him. But with five days," he shook his head again and frowned. "We would have to be lucky. Very lucky."

For the moment the man from New York gazed into the fire. He knew his answer. He had known it from the very first time he had set his eyes upon the small indentation in the dust. "The leopard," he finally said, "is it a good one?"

They had eaten a full dinner. The white hunter stood up and walked over to the small table by the fire and poured another cup of tea. When he returned he eased his tall frame back down into the canvas chair. The wrinkles of his age were hidden by the caked dust of the safari. A jagged scar etched along his right cheek where a buffalo had almost gored him. There were few men in East Africa who knew more about game than this man.

"He is a big one," the white hunter said. "I'm not sure that I've ever seen prints that big."

On the morning of the second day they left at the break of dawn and drove for two hours and when they were sure that the leopard could not possibly hear, they shot three gazelle. Then they brought the carcasses back to camp, and in the heat of day they walked very quietly along the dried stream bed where they had seen the tracks. A mile apart they found three different locations to place the bait.

Each bait was carefully hoisted into a tree and hung so that the leopard could feed upon it easily. Then with the greatest of care the white hunter and the tracker set about to prepare the blinds.

The white hunter tested the wind, drawing the dust up in his hand, then watching it sift down at an angle across the ground. Once he determined the direction of the wind, he watched the sun. "We will need every advantage," he said. "His vision will be uncanny."

Then they pulled and cut away the brush to build up the blinds. From 150 yards away the Kikuyu tracker crouched by the bait in the tree and watched the hunter add the final touches to the blinds. Only when they were so camouflaged that he could not see a white shirt move behind them did he cluck his satisfaction. Two of the blinds they prepared on the ground. The third was placed on a small platform which they fixed in a tree some eight feet off the ground.

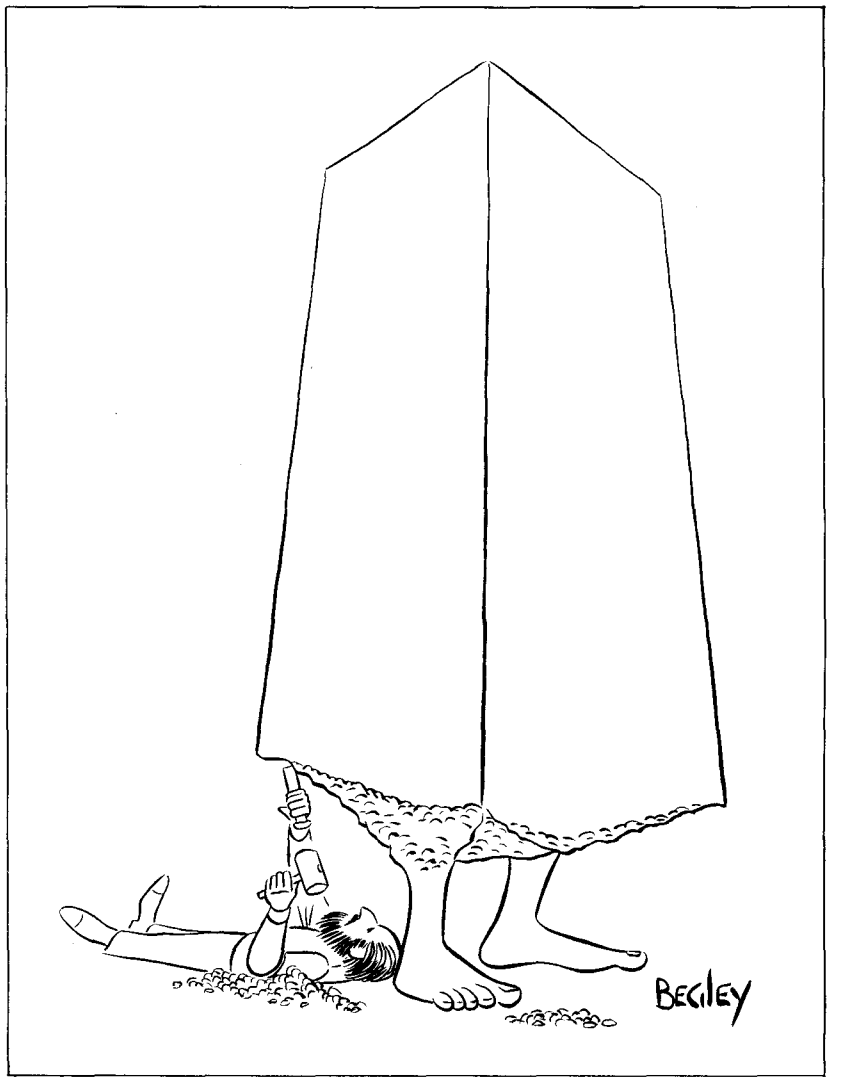
Once the blinds were finished they spent an hour cleaning away a path behind each blind to go all the way to the dried stream bed. In this way a man could tiptoe along the pathway and enter the blind without stepping on a broken twig or making a sound.

Each morning for four days they drove to within a mile of the stream bed, then walked on foot along the dried sand and carefully inspected the baits. And each morning for four days the answer was the same. "Nothing," the white hunter whispered. "Nothing yet."

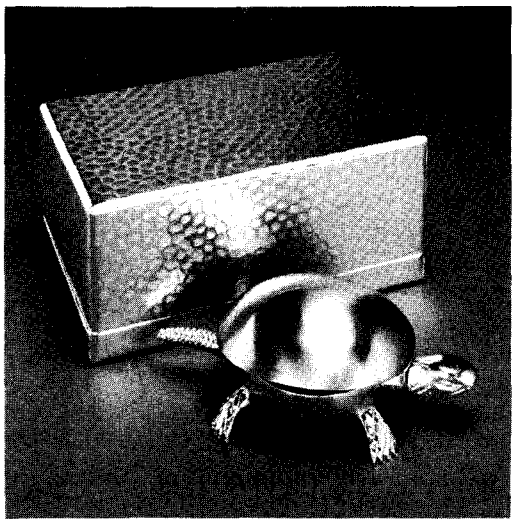
Then on the fifth morning, at the base of the blind with the platform, the Kikuyu guide suddenly froze and held up his hand.

The man from New York stared off toward the area where he thought he knew the bait would be. Through the bush he could hardly see the tree 150 yards away. He couldn't see the bait at all. He tried to push forward to see better, but the tracker motioned for them to turn around; they quietly retreated

Continued on page 99



TURTLING-A-LING



Ever try to disengage yourself from a prolonged telephone conversation? Now you can effect a very smooth hang-up, and what's more, it will be at the suggestion of the person on the other end of the wire. Merely depress the head or tail of the Turtle for a few moments and the resultant ring sounds exactly like the phone bell of your "second" telephone. (Repeat, if necessary, for diehards.) The brass and polished steel Turtle can also call the maid to the dining room table, or bring assistance to a patient's bedside. It can announce breakfast, hold down papers on a desk, open a conversation over cocktails. All this, while looking sleek, svelte, and handsome. $30.00 plus $1.00 shipping charges.

The Holiday Shopper
P.O. Box 567B
Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

Please send me the Turtling-A-Ling.

☐ Check or money order enclosed. Bill to: ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Credit Card No. _____ Expiration Date _____

If Master Charge also enter 4-digit Interbank number appearing above your name: ___ ___ ___ ___

Signature _____

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Indiana residents only add 4% sales tax. 4C

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

continued from page 90

Cooperative, Inc., (LIDFCI), which does their processing at a plant in Eastport. About 200 people, mostly women, work at the plant; although the bulk of the labor is performed by specially crafted machines.

Beginning at 5:30 a.m. on weekdays, double-decker trailers pick up ducklings from member farms and bring them to the plant, 1,000 to a truck. The ducks to be slaughtered are chosen with precision—all seven weeks and two days old, give or take a day or two—the most profitable age.

The entire procedure, from quack to freezer (nearly all Long Island ducks are frozen these days), takes fifty-five minutes; and during the peak summer season the plant can freeze 20,000 ducks a day.

TIME TO EAT

Each American consumes an average of two-tenths of a pound of duck per year. For turkeys, the figure is 8.2 lbs., for chickens, 32.2.

Breathes there a recipe book that doesn't offer a few ways to prepare duck? The LIDFCI's recipe booklet contains formulas for Duckling Stroganoff, Duckling Salad, Duckling Chow Mein, Duck Sandwich Filling, Duckling Hash, Duckling Casserole and Duckling Tetrazzini.

SOFT FEATHERS, COLD FEET

The feathers are sold, at sixty-seven cents a pound wholesale, to make pillows and sleeping bags and such. It takes four and one-half ducks to make one pound of feathers.

The feet and lower legs are shipped frozen to the Orient, where they are deboned, stuffed with meat, vegetables and spices, cooked and served as a great delicacy. The viscera become a major component of mink feed, of all things.

People in the duck business say, "It's all used except the quack." It's a good thing: If it weren't for the by-products, the price of duck would go up.

ESCAPE TO THE POND

When you see a white duck in a pond on Long Island, it's an escaped Pekin, or rather, a Pekin set loose.

Long Island boasts a good Easter trade in baby ducklings (fourth favorite pet purchase), that have a habit of growing into larger ducklings and then full-fledged ducks. At some point along the way, mommy and daddy decide enough is enough and let little Donald (or some such imaginative name) loose on the nearest pond. There he or she stays for the rest of his or her days.

NON-FROZEN DUCKS

About 5 percent of Long Island ducklings are shipped live, for kosher killing, or they are "New York dressed," which means just defeathered and blood-drained, mainly for the Chinatown trade.

Before the age of freezers, New York dress was the common preparation of ducklings, which were shipped in ice-packed apple barrels.

FOOLING WITH FAKES

Decoy manufacturers sell fake ducks to hunters under trade names like DURADUCK. These impostors are set in the water to attract real ducks, who drop in for a visit and get shot. Some hunters make their own decoys, with varying degrees of precision and of various materials. Duck-shooters report success in fooling ducks with tin cans and pieces of old tires. In some circles, fine painted wood decoys are considered collectors' items and bring high prices.

SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS

Scientists use ducks for some experiments, finding them easy to hatch and care for and no great problem to get along with. When ducks are used in experiments they could be called guinea ducks, but they aren't.

One chap earned a psychology Ph.D. at Columbia in 1968 with a research project, supported by the National Institutes of Health and the National Science Foundation, titled "Generalization and Preference on the Wavelength Continuum Following Monochromatic Rearing of Ducklings."

Medical people use duck eggs to make certain vaccines for use in treating human beings.

UNSTATED HONORS

Not much acclaim is given to the duck. Every state, for instance, has an official state bird: Alaska's is the willow ptarmigan, New York's the bluebird, Hawaii's the nene. About the only honor ever bestowed on the duck is the naming of the Long Island Ducks, a hockey team. Ducks could use a good PR man.

FINAL BIRD-BRAINED QUESTION

Why ducks? Why not?

Special Credits

"The Uses of Slang" c 1973 The Register and Tribune Syndicate.
"Flights of Fancy Over the Duck" reprinted by permission from *Lithopinion* No. 31, the graphic arts and public affairs journal of Local One, Amalgamated Lithographers of America (New York). c 1973 by Local One, A.L.A.
"Corporate Wives—Corporate Casualties" c 1973 by The New York Times Company. Reprinted by permission.
"Vitamin C and the Common Cold" reprinted from *New Scientist*, March 29, 1973.
"The Great American Food Revolution": Recipes and illustrations courtesy of Kraftco.
"Emergency Care": Illustration on page 130 reprinted with permission from Robert J. Brady Company.

Special Photography Credits

Page 10 bottom, Tor Eigeland, Black Star; Page 10 top, page 12 top right, George Rodger, Magnum; Other photos page 12, courtesy of the Hospital Corporation of America; Pages 24 and 26, courtesy of AMAX Coal Company; Page 26, courtesy of National Coal Association; Page 32, Carter Allen, Periodical Publishers; Page 57, Spider Martin; Pages 60 and 61, John Newcomb; Pages 70 and 71, Paul Marsh and Associates and Mike Hewitson; Pages 74, 75, 76, 77, John Engstead Photographers; Pages 80, 81, 82, 83, courtesy of National Endowment for the Arts; Page 81 bottom, Francis O. Galbraith.

continued from page 95

burden and a weariness; for it at times requires the stern withholding of praise and money even when they may be passionately and pathetically anticipated.

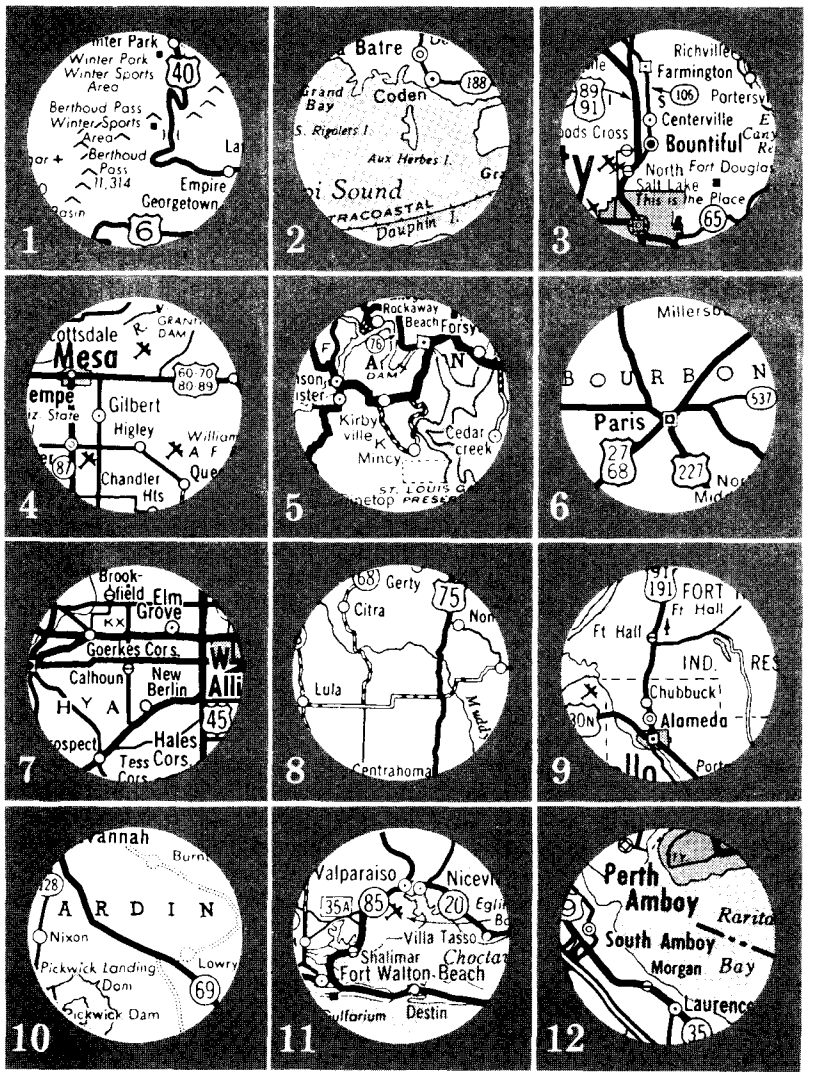
There is only one condition under which the twenty men in the carpeted office will be able to defend their decision in their own city. And that is if they are supported by an investigation of the facts as thorough, as fair, as airtight as human ingenuity can make it.

Urling must make a study of the gas company's own official reports and review all of its safety procedures. He must check out the coroner's findings in the case and probably get back, too, to witnesses Klingensmith, Ranallo, and Ladasky with more questions. In addition, there will be all those widows to visit and interview.

It has been a long day. The Carnegie investigator slouches in the car seat. But now it seems to him that there is just one design in the fact that he is the one agent back in Pittsburgh, and therefore available for this complex assignment. The most experienced man. And as it has done so frequently in the past, confidence in his craft comes to him again and lifts his energy and his spirit. The loose ends will have to be tied, the questions answered, the report blanks filled—if anybody is able to do it.

Based on the facts, bronze Carnegie Hero Award medals were awarded to Monroe Coleman, Donald De Vine, Raymond Grundler, William Letzkus and Albert Zeleny, all posthumously.

Reprinted by permission of the Stephen Greene Press from A Walk on the Crust of Hell, 1973 by Jack Markowitz.



RAND MCNALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't) add the requirement that you place the area north, south, east, west, or central in the designated state.

Harley P. Cook

Answers on Page 114

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

continued from page 97

back to the stream bed. When they were out of voice range of the blind, the tracker spoke to the white hunter in an excited whisper and lifted his arms pointing to his neck.

"He's there," the white hunter translated. "The leopard has the bait and chewed a piece out of the neck of the gazelle. The Kikuyu has seen him. He says it is the biggest leopard he's seen."

"Let's go back," the New Yorker said excitedly. "Why don't we go back and try for him now?"

The white hunter shook his head. "Tonight at dusk. The leopard will feed on the bait then. You should have an opportunity for a clean shot. He is not with the bait now. Wait until evening. Then we can take him."

They went back to camp and had breakfast, but the man from New York could not eat. Suddenly he had no appetite. All during the day he paced back and forth through the camp, sitting momentarily, then walking again as he impatiently watched the sun move slowly across its zenith and then gradually begin to descend.

He thought about his family of four children and his wife and his job in New York City on the twenty-fifth floor of the Pan American Building. But mostly he thought about the leopard, and after he had been thinking about it for a long time he knew what he wanted to do. When four o'clock passed and they settled down for afternoon tea, he first proposed the idea to the white hunter.

"Tonight, at the blind," he said firmly. "I would like to go alone."

The white hunter looked at him in amazement. "Impossible," he answered gruffly. "Out here you're my responsibility. I could never let you go."

"But I am a good shot," the New Yorker persisted. "You have seen me during the past two weeks. Have I missed a shot?"

He was right. The fact was that he was one of the best shots the white hunter had ever seen. He had killed four zebra, seven gazelle, three impala, a water buffalo and an eland with single shots, each placed directly into the heart.

"It's not the same," the white hunter answered coldly. "This animal is not one of the herd game. Now the stakes are entirely different. This is a cat. This is one of the most dangerous of all the game."

"I know, I know," the New Yorker nodded. "That's why I want to go to the blind alone."

"I'm sorry," the white hunter said. "I cannot allow that."

"But why not?"

"What if you missed?"

"You have seen me shoot. I do not miss."

"What if you wound the cat and it gets away?"

"I will not wound him," the New Yorker argued. "If I do not get a clean shot I will not shoot."

"You are crazy," the white hunter said.

The white hunter studied him

Continued on page 100

Try Troy Cory in your bedroom for 10 days Free!

. . . also try Troy in your living room, your den, your kitchen or any room you would like a soft, balladeer, background voice that will not interfere . . . while you're speaking or just plain relaxing. Troy's all new quadraphonic 4 channel, long playing, stereo album is yours for a free, 10 day examination. When it arrives listen to it on any stereo unit, dine by it, dance to it, work with it, romance to it or just relax to it.

And best of all, if you don't agree, this is the best possible album to do all the above mentioned to, send it back within 10 days, you owe nothing. Don't delay . . . Mail the No-Risk coupon today! Offer not available in stores. Some of the Largest and Best Stations Play TROY CORY . . . ask them.

TROY *sings*

- Imagine
- Something
- It's Impossible
- For All We Know
- I Love You Because
- My Clare De Lune
- Somewhere My Love
- Kiss The World Goodbye
- The Closest I Ever Came
- I Must Remind Myself To Cry
- Help Me Make It Thru The Night

watch for the TROY CORY SHOW on your local TV stations

NO RISK GUARANTEE

PLAY — Troy Cory's New Record Romance Album in your own home at your leisure, at our expense for 10 days FREE. Unless you agree that this great album will create many pleasurable memories to your life, return it in ten days and owe nothing. If you've been looking for your own personal balladeer to sing soft enough enough as to not interfere while you are "speaking" or just plain relaxing — and you're the discrete listener that demands tunes that will not fade and become obsolete with the rest of your stereo records and tapes during the up and coming 4-channel/4 speaker Quadraphonic Era — you have to play and hear this one NOW! FREE! . . .

Special Bonus

Enclose $3.99 and we pay all shipping costs and include a second TROY CORY quadraphonic of your choice (12 more songs) FREE.

BONUS A

Try A Little Tenderness	I'm In The Mood For Love
At Last	Don't Blame Me
Did I Remember	Blue Moon
There Goes My Heart	My Blue Heaven
Hi-Lili, Hi-Lo	Where Are You?
Where The Action Is	Once In A While

BONUS B

Honey Pie	Sugar To Tea
Is You Is	It Must Be True
Fool Me Some More	Moonlight Becomes You
Out Of Nowhere	Just One More Chance
Dream A Little Dream	Light My Fire
Wrap Your Troubles	Please

RUSH COUPON FOR FREE 10-DAY EXAMINATION

RECORD ROMANCE
Dept. M-2
Universal City, Calif. 91608

SEP

SEND me—for 10 days—FREE EXAMINATION—Troy Cory's LP Album as illustrated above. If fully satisfied with this all new quadraphonic compatible Stereo Album—I will remit $3.99 plus shipping cost as full payment. Otherwise I will return it and owe nothing.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

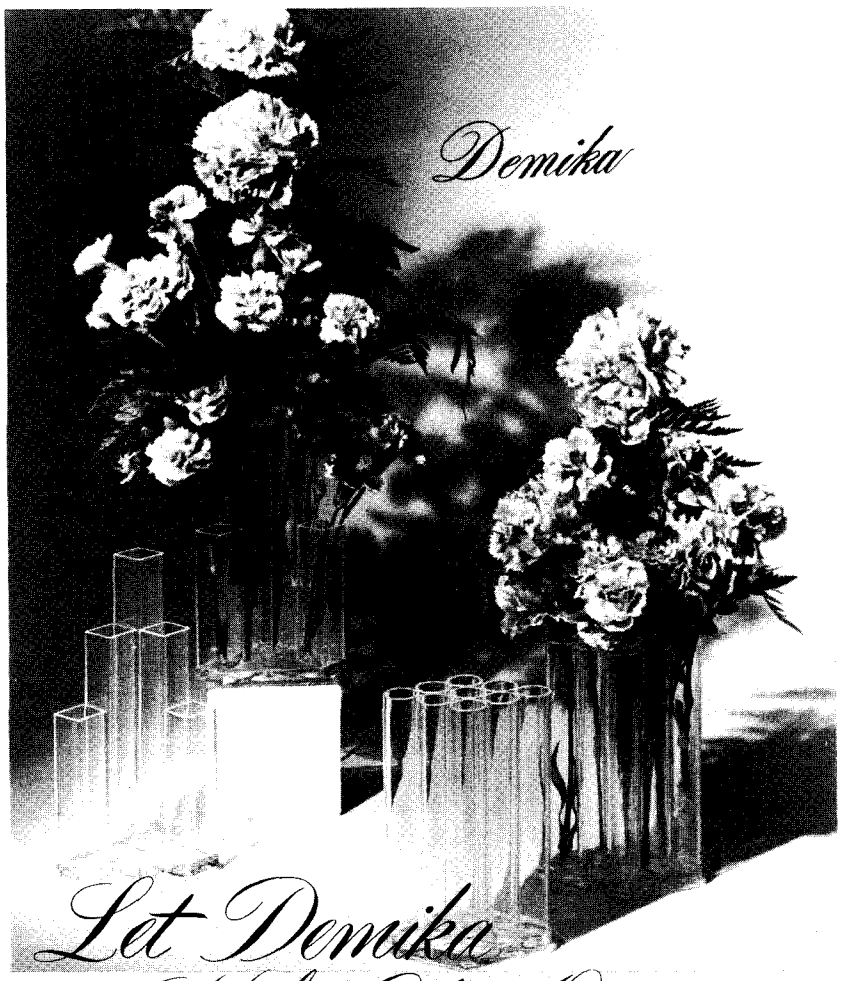
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ SAVE—check this box if you are enclosing full payment ($3.99) with this coupon. We will pay all shipping cost plus include a second TROY CORY Quadraphonic Album of your choice (12 more songs) as illustrated in A or B absolutely free. Same return for refund privilege. I want Bonus Album A ☐ — B ☐

☐ Check here for 8-track tapes—$8.99 each.

THIS IS A SPECIAL RECORD PRODUCT LICENSED BY CINEMA PRIZE INC. 1973 U.S.A. Troy Cory — Exclusive Cinema Prize Recording Artist.

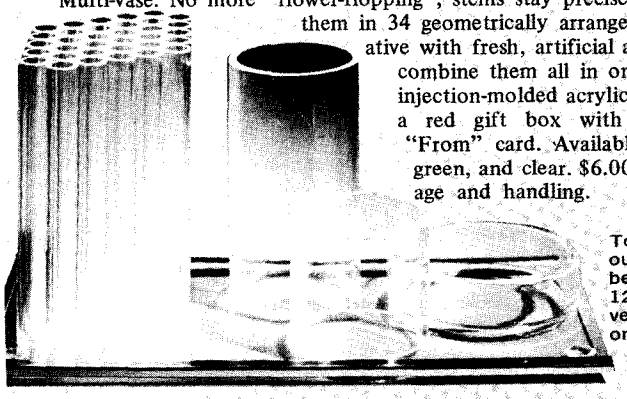
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Squares and Circles. Fresh and artificial flowers take on a new dimension when displayed in our varying levels of squares or our 6" tall, 7/8" diameter tubes. Mounted on crystal base, these handcrafted circles and squares are wide enough for heavy stems. Individually gift boxed. $12.50 each plus 50¢ postage and handling.

Demika's The Everything Organizer provides a place for all those small things which are easy to lose and fast to clutter. Its clean contemporary design makes it an attractive way to organize your desk, bar, boudoir, or bathroom. $17.50 each plus 75¢ postage and handling.

Multi-vase. No more "flower-flopping"; stems stay precisely where you place them in 34 geometrically arranged cylinders. Be creative with fresh, artificial and dried flowers or combine them all in one arrangement. The injection-molded acrylic vase is packaged in a red gift box with imprinted "To"–"From" card. Available in bronze, spring green, and clear. $6.00 each plus 75¢ postage and handling.



To order just fill out the coupon below or see page 129A for convenient tear-out order form.

New Augusta Furniture, P.O. Box 567B, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

I wish to order the items checked below:

☐Multi-Squares Flower Arranger $12.50 each plus $ .50 postage and handling.
☐Multi-Circles Flower Arranger $12.50 each plus $ .50 postage and handling.
☐The Everything Organizer $17.50 each plus $ .75 postage and handling.
☐Multi-Vase ☐ Bronze ☐ Spring Green ☐ Clear $6.00 each plus $ .75 postage and handling.
☐Check enclosed. Bill to: ☐BankAmericard ☐Master Charge
If Master Charge, also include 4-digit Interbank number appearing above your name: .....

Credit Card No. _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Indiana residents only, add 4% sales tax. Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery. 4C

carefully. This little wiry man from Manhattan Island in New York City was different from the tourist client that he usually guided. This man seemed to care about the game. He took pride in his shots. He picked his trophies carefully. The fact that he had not dragged his wife along on the safari, the fact that he came alone and hired the white hunter and the tracker on a bush safari was important. He had refused to buy the luxuries of the usual safari with its six tents and a dozen boys. He had said he wanted something simple. Something that would keep him close to the land.

"Look, leave me off and pick me up at dark," the New Yorker insisted. "What's it worth to you? One hundred dollars?"

The white hunter shook his head.

"Five hundred?"

"I do not want to bargain."

"One thousand?" the New Yorker asked.

Finally the white hunter shrugged. "If it means that much to you, forget the money. You can go. We will take you to the river bed and leave you for one hour just before dusk. I will park a mile away. At the first sound of a shot we will come."

"Good," the man from New York said. He walked over to their simple dinner table and poured some tea, but when he started to drink he discovered an uncontrollable shaking in his hand. "Well, I'm ready," he said after taking two hurried swallows. If he waited much longer he knew he would not be able to go.

At five o'clock that evening they left camp in the Land Rover and followed a pair of thin tire tracks scarred deeply in the African dust.

"The sun will be over your left shoulder so that he will have to look into the sun to see you," the white hunter told him as they stopped the Land Rover by the stream bed. "You'll have a chance for one shot and only one. Go for the body. Plant the cross hairs right behind the shoulder or directly into the chest."

The man from New York nodded impatiently, then took the rifle out of its case and shook the white hunter's hand. "Thank you," he said. He nodded to the tracker and with a faint smile he started down the stream bed.

They watched him. This man with the three extensions and the two secretaries. Because the Kikuyu tracker was closer to the instincts of the leopard than either the white hunter or the New Yorker, he could sense something that neither one had understood.

"He will fail," the tracker said in Swahili. "The leopard is too old and too clever to be taken by this man. He has lived for many years to become this big. The leopard will kill him."

The white hunter frowned and looked at his watch. Five minutes had passed since the man from New York disappeared down the stream bed. The walk to the platform would take fifteen minutes. He glanced over his shoulder. The huge African sun had begun to swell into the evening haze There was an hour of sunlight left.

"We shouldn't have let him go," he muttered. But he did not move out of the Land Rover. Leaning back on the seat he picked a tree next to the Land Rover and sighted along a branch toward the sun. Out of the corner of his eye he patiently watched the orb creep slowly downward.

For half a mile the New Yorker followed the stream bed, walking on the balls of his toes, scarcely making a sound. He could feel the soft sand spread quietly under his feet and he imagined that he was the leopard, placing one foot stealthily in front of the next. Inside him was a rare feeling of excitement.

A small bird flitted through the underbrush. Suddenly he was acutely aware of every sound, every movement around him. He had never felt his senses so keen.

There was a sudden flicker of brown movement ahead of him and he froze. A waterbuck moved silently out of the bushes and onto the stream bed. It waited for a moment–testing the wind–then made a soft bound into the sand and sprang up along the opposite bank.

He felt the weight of the rifle in his hands. He could have easily killed the waterbuck. This gave him a sense of great power. Man still ruled, he thought. He could govern the land with a one-quarter-inch pull of his right index finger. The ridiculousness of this exchange, this balance of life on the one hand and the tiniest controlled movement of his finger on the other, made him feel all the stronger. If he could control the life of the buck, he was that much more alive himself.

When he reached the point in the stream bed where they had cleared the trail to the blind, he stopped and waited for five minutes without moving. He wasn't sure what he expected to hear. Perhaps the sound of chewing meat. The only noise he recognized was a group of birds which chattered far off in the distance.

Then he stepped up onto the bank and crept stealthily along the pathway to the blind, trying not to make even the slightest noise. When he reached the blind he took a painfully long time to rest the rifle up on the platform and then he slowly pulled himself up. Once he was on the platform he was pleased that he had not made any sound. He imagined that the leopard might be pulling at the bait, so he slowly lay down along the platform in a prone position and pointed his rifle in the direction of the tree 150 yards away. As he swung the gun into position he stared through the telescopic sight and followed the trunk of the tree until it branched to the right along a large limb. When he found the bait he followed the course of its swollen abdomen. With the telescopic sight

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he could see the flies buzzing around the gunshot wound where he had killed it. Then he followed the contour of the bait up to its neck. The tracker had been right. There was a small area chewed out of the neck.

Suddenly he felt a terrible disappointment. He had imagined that he would find the leopard feeding and he would simply place the cross hairs on its chest and pull the trigger and then the white hunter would come in the Land Rover and pick him up. But the leopard was not there. He scanned quickly along all of the branches in the tree, then searched frantically along the brush on either side. Nowhere.

"Damn," he thought. It had gone. He glanced over his shoulder at the position of the sun. The shadows had begun to fall far out from the trees. He could feel the beginning of the evening coolness set in. He recognized the cackle of a flock of guinea hens from far behind him and he remembered the white hunter telling him that they roosted every evening just before dark.

What if the leopard did not show, he thought. Maybe he had scared it. Maybe by accident it had seen him as he came along the path. Or perhaps it had seen the men that morning. Desperately clinging to this last evening of his safari he tried to console himself. He checked the sun again. It had begun to turn a deep red from the bright fiery yellow which it had been a half hour before. There was a half hour of sunlight left. It would come, he tried to reassure himself. It had to come.

Finally he lay the rifle down beside him on the platform and pulled himself up into a sitting position. Here he waited, listening to all the sounds of the evening. A tree frog began to sing in a high-pitched repetitive chirp. Two weaver birds chattered noisily above him.

When he thought there might have been fifteen minutes left before it would be too dark to shoot, his eye caught a movement and he very slowly turned his head to the right. A large bushbuck had moved into a small clearing just fifty feet away. It paused, grazing gingerly. Between each bite of grass its head came up and tested the wind. Every movement was one of cautious hesitation and awareness. When it reached a point directly in front of the blind, the distant call of the guinea hens started up again. The buck stopped. Its head searched uneasily around. Then suddenly it gave a snort and bounded off in a single leap which carried it out of sight.

The man from New York thought that he might have scared it, and he wondered whether the wind had changed and had picked up his scent. He looked toward the tree again. There was a movement. Picking up his rifle he stared through the telescopic sight. The bait was moving. Hanging neck down, it was rotating slowly. His eyes widened. The leopard! The leopard was there!

Slowly he lowered the rifle and positioned himself back on his stomach. Then he brought the gun up and held his breath, gradually swinging the cross hairs across the bait. He could feel an uncontrollable shiver rack up into his spine, and only with the greatest control did he keep his fingers from trembling. He did not want to shoot right away. He would get the leopard in his sights and then watch it for a minute before he pulled.

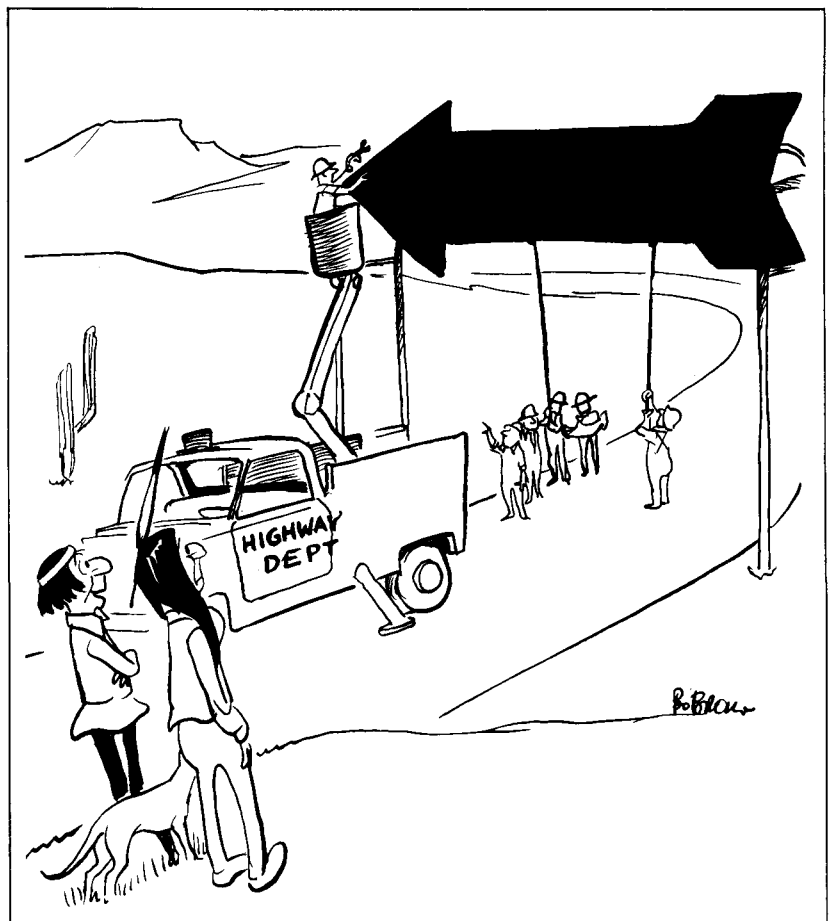
It was a magnificent beast. Through the telescopic sight he watched the leopard reach out from its perch below the bait and turn the dead animal slowly with its paw. He had never thought about the markings of a leopard before, but now he saw how the spots blended in with the evening shadows in a perfect camouflage. He wondered how far away the leopard had been. Perhaps it had been near the tree all the time and he just had not seen it. He had never heard the slightest sound.

He waited patiently until the leopard had switched its position slightly so that it presented him with a clean shot into the left chest.

He paused to test the feel of the gun. He held his breath and squeezed off an imaginary shot to feel the steadiness of his hand. It felt as good as any target shooting he had ever done, and from this imaginary shot he grew bolder. He was ready for the kill. Staring down through the telescopic sight he fixed the cross hairs on the leopard's chest and he slowly bent his right index finger up along the trigger guard and slid off the safety. He took his eye off the leopard when he did this. There was the tiniest click of metal. A click so imperceptible that he could hardly hear it himself. When he looked back through the telescopic sight the leopard had flattened slightly. Through the magnification of the glass the man from New York felt as if he was only feet away. The leopard had stopped feeding and was staring directly at him. A sudden chill shivered up into his spine. The eyes. They were looking directly toward him. And very slowly the leopard changed its position in the tree so that now it was partially hidden by a branch.

The shadows had begun to cast a heavy blackness across the ground, and the man from New York could now feel a certain urgency prevail upon him. He would have to hurry or he would lose his opportunity. A quarter-inch pull of his right index finger. That was all he would need. But suddenly this tiniest of movements had become very difficult. The leopard was not in a satisfactory position now, for a huge limb stood between the man and the cat, and the cross hairs aimed at the vital spot in the chest would only dig the bullet into the branch of the tree.

"Damn it," he cursed silently to himself. Suddenly he had an overwhelming feeling of failure. He closed his eyes for a moment to clear his vision. When he looked back



"If we could get some arrows like that we could take the country back."

BIRDSEED BUCKET

Holds over 10 lbs.

Designed for convenient and dry storage of birdseed but is also great for dry pet food or general household use. Made of metal, has matching lid, handy handle. 9" diam., 9¾" high. Comes in 4 colors, each with print of different bird affixed. Specify yellow *(gold-finch),* red *(cardinal),* lime green *(finch),* or blue *(bluebird).* $8.95 + $1.35 shipping and handling. Sorry no COD's.

Send 25¢ for new and expanded gift catalog.
(Catalog included free with order.)

Clymer's Dept. SE1-4, Chestnut Street, Nashua, NH 03060

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

through the telescopic sight the leopard was gone.

He couldn't believe his eyes. Frantically he searched along the branch and across the base of the tree, and then he rushed the cross hairs back up to the bait again. A surge of panic rose up within him. He was almost to the point of tears. How many hours had he emotionally geared himself for this one moment of encounter? Was it a change in the wind? Some sound he might have made? He could not believe it. It would come back, he tried to reassure himself. Just a minute or so before dark it would present him with the opportunity for one shot and he would kill it.

It was then, perhaps ten minutes before dark, that he smelled a pungent awful smell. At first he couldn't recognize it, though it made the hair rise up spontaneously on the back of his neck. He knew it came from somewhere behind and beneath him, and a fleeting remembrance of cats in apartments in New York sent a terrible chill up his spine. It smelled almost like ammonia. He stopped, trying to recognize the source of the smell, trying to listen for any sound which might betray it.

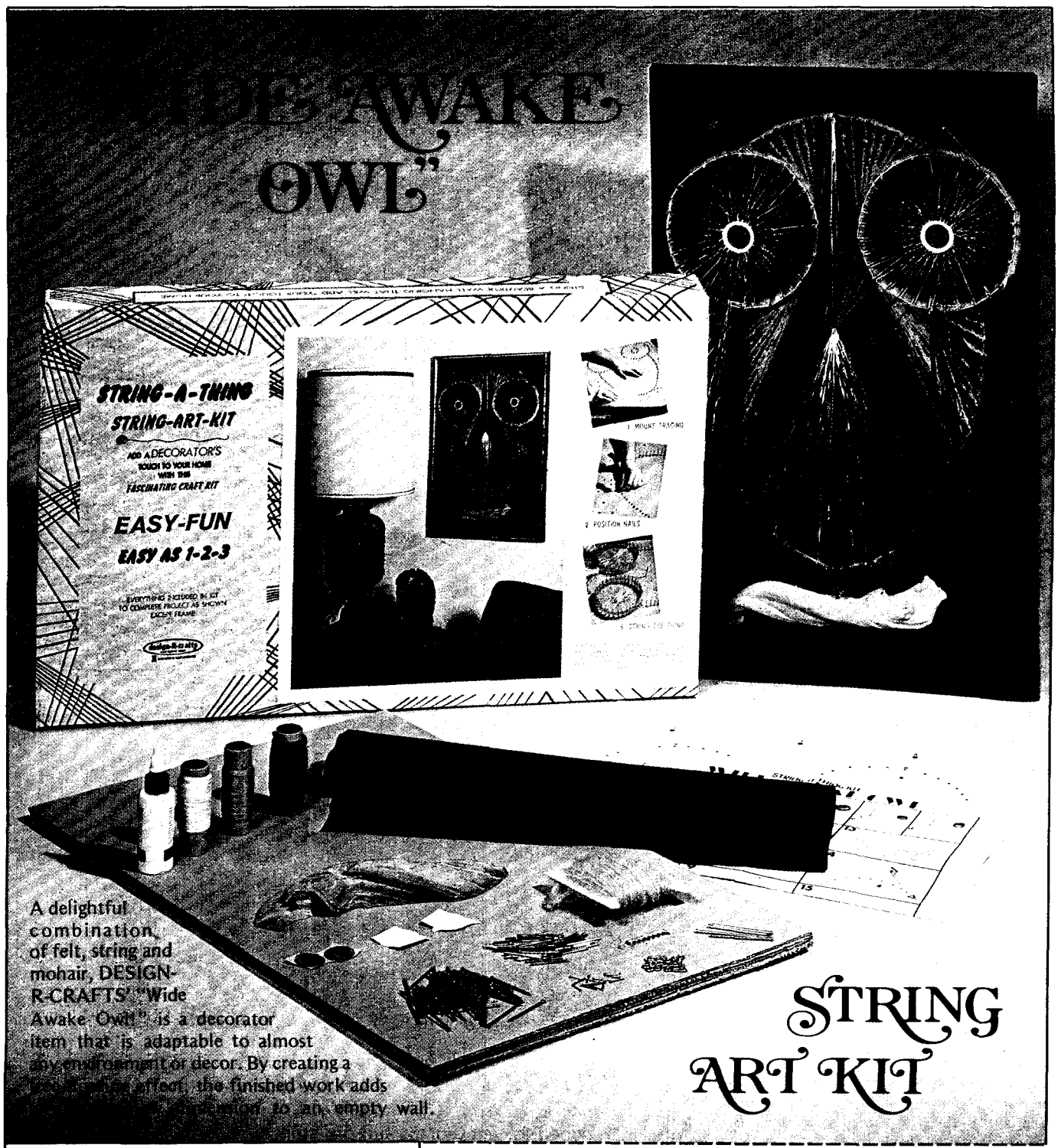
He was lying on his stomach facing the bait in a prone position when there was a sharp vibration just behind him on the top of the platform, then the thump of something heavy landing on the wood.

He froze, daring not to move, daring not to breathe. A terrible feeling of panic overcame him. The sudden outpouring of perspiration oozed out beneath his arms and along his sides until he could smell the sour odor of his own fear-laden sweat. The leopard? Something was behind him on the platform!

He dared not move. He knew that it would take an awkward movement, a painfully slow movement to bring the gun around and roll over on his side to get a shot. In close quarters the telescopic sight would be completely useless. He had one chance, that was all. If he did not move perhaps he could forestall the attack. He could feel two cold yellow eyes staring at him. It could kill him. It could kill him now with a single bite in his neck.

A minute passed, then two minutes. He froze. He could smell the awful, terrible smell of the cat. For the first time in his life he could feel death and he wanted to live.

There would be a ripping into the back of his neck and the hind feet would claw into his side. Maybe if he was lucky he could twist around and get a single shot off before it killed him. It would be a consolation shot but he did not want the consolation. He wanted to live and he thought about the simple quarter-inch movement of the index finger of his right hand. The leopard had him now. With hardly more than the same movement it could snuff out his life just as easily as he could have taken the life of the water buck in the dried stream bed. He would not have given the leopard quarter.


"WIDE AWAKE OWL"
STRING-A-THING
STRING-ART-KIT
ADD A DECORATOR'S TOUCH TO YOUR HOME WITH THIS FASCINATING CRAFT KIT
EASY-FUN
EASY AS 1-2-3
A delightful combination of felt, string and mohair, DESIGN-R-CRAFTS' "Wide Awake Owl!" is a decorator item that is adaptable to almost any environment or decor. By creating a three-dimensional effect, the finished work adds dimension to an empty wall.
STRING ART KIT

This kit includes mounting board, plated nails, three colors of string, mohair, felt, glue, screw eyes, sawtooth hanger, simulated ghostwood branch, nail pattern and complete step-by-step instructions. In spite of the intricate appearing string patterns, the nail pattern used in conjuction with the detailed instructions makes stringing this kit as simple as 1–2–3. Just $14.95 per kit plus $1.00 shipping charges.

To order simply fill out the coupon below, or see page 129A for convenient tear-out order form. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

The Holiday Shopper
P.O. Box 567B, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

Please send me the Wide Awake Owl String Art Kit.
☐Check enclosed. Bill to: ☐BankAmericard ☐Master Charge
Credit Card No. _____ Expiration Date _____
If Master Charge, also enter 4-digit Interbank number appearing above your name: ____ ____ ____ ____

Signature _____

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Indiana residents add 4% sales tax. 4C

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now—for the first time—an international Jet-Setter reveals the "inside" story:

How The Beautiful People Get Rid Of Both Cellulite And Ordinary Fat—Without Dieting!

The exquisite authoress: Luciana Avedon, the former Princess Pignatelli

Yes, the Beautiful People *cannot afford to be fat!*

Those stunning, sleekly-slim couples who grace the pages of the fashion magazines and society columns...who spend each new Season in New York and Cannes and Saint Moritz and Saint Tropez...who live surrounded by a horde of admirers and photographers *must* remain youthful and slim right up to 50...60...70!

And yet they eat lavishly, feasting on exotic cuisines as they travel the globe, but always retaining their fantastic figures.

And, if you were to ask them what they do to maintain their Beautiful People Bodies, the answer would always be the same: "*I don't do ANYTHING; I don't diet!*"

That's right! *The Beautiful People Don't Diet!* They enjoy the finest food in the world and yet the needle on the scale barely moves! How do they do it?

For the first time, Luciana Avedon (former Princess Pignatelli and now the wife of the European cosmetics executive, Burt S. Avedon) reveals the "BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE MIRACLE FORMULA" responsible for all those lusciously svelte figures on the society pages. How they NEVER go on fad diets, NEVER take dangerous amphetamines, diuretics or diet pills, and NEVER give up their favorite foods either! How they simply go right on eating the foods they like—*but in a special way that keeps them always fashionably slim, without their having to jump on and off the diet merry-go-round.*

To give just a few examples:

One California socialite says: "I always keep my weight fluctuation within two pounds. It's bad for the face when you go up and down."

Another stunning fashion leader says: "I weighed more at age 25 than I do now." (She's now 37!)

Another says: "Sitting down to nothing but clear soup or health food depresses me; it makes me feel like an invalid."

And another Italian Beauty confesses: "Take away pasta and I would die!"

But yet *they know how to splurge like this without incurring disaster on the scales!* They get their food kicks—constantly—*but their figures never show it!*

They eat the finest food in the world (even the delicacies and "tempters" you'd be horrified to touch), *but they do it in a way that never lets them put on more weight than they can simply "peel off" in a few days any time they decide to!*

(In fact, these Beautiful People secrets of delicious figure-maintenance are so powerful that, when one young, overweight model was introduced to just one of them, *she lost 22 pounds in one month and stayed at that weight from then on!* And another young girl, when shown how, *lost 20 "impossible" pounds in two short months, even though not a single meal demanded special preparation!)*

So, From Now On, Forget About Debilitating Diets! The Beautiful People Don't Use Them—Why Should You?

Once again, let us emphasize that the Beautiful People think dieting is a "bore." They eat well—very well—and they are *not* fat! They wouldn't *think* of doing without their favorite foods and the needle on the scale barely changes!

Why then shouldn't you follow their plan and lose weight—pounds and pounds and pounds of it! *The process is the same, even if you start with a 50 pound handicap.* And you do it all by yourself (without "fat" doctors, or the group therapy approach of diet clubs.) And, yet, (to repeat once again) *you do not "sacrifice" the foods you love for a single minute!*

Yes, you can still enjoy parties, restaurants, business lunches or dinners, and "super-relaxed" vacations. You can eat all the foods you usually do, and *still find the pounds and inches gradually, but permanently, melting off!*

Listen, As The Beautiful People Tell You How To:

Condition yourself by developing your own built-in "Fat Radar" so that the minute your weight starts to shoot up, you can shoot it down!

Take off fat while it's still "soft"...*before* the body has had a chance to make it part of the muscle structure. Before it marbelizes, as in a fat steak, and becomes *even harder* to lose!

Make the natural diuretic power of food even MORE effective, so that accumulated tissue water drains out of your body faster and you NEVER get that bloated look!

Lose tons of weight—all in the *right* places—and *NEVER get "scrawny" looking in the face.* Actually melt unwanted pounds right off your body, and *still* retain that "youthful" bloom in your face the Beautiful People way!

PLUS...

How to be thin as a model, and *still* have the energy and stamina of a truck driver!

The Beautiful People's special "Secret Elimination Diet" that *disintoxicates your system*...drains out internal poisons...at exactly the same time that you are painlessly losing weight!

The Beautiful People "Easy-Diet Plan", a permanent part of your life, so that *you continue to lose weight for as long as you wish, and yet NEVER feel deprived!*

How to *prevent* your body from automatically "adjusting" to your first massive weight loss, so that it actually prevents you from taking off even *more* pounds.

What to do if you are a "sandwich fiend" and *don't* want to cut them out of your diet.

Why the Beautiful People make sure that they *never* lose more than 18 pounds at a time.

How they painlessly "retrain their nervous system so that they don't go on eating binges during an "anxiety attack."

The most carefully guarded Beautiful People secret: how to lose weight super-fast, purify your body, *and heighten your senses to a new state of awareness at exactly the same time!*

The *hypnotherapy approach* to weight loss!

How the Beautiful People lose weight while they are traveling.

How the Beautiful People keep *their children* from developing unhealthy and fattening eating habits.

What the European Beautiful People *do at once* when their skin looks bad, they have trouble sleeping, or they are just feeling dreadful.

Why the Beautiful People feel that American men are a "disaster...overweight, over-tobaccoed, over-alcoholed, and under-sexed." And, what Beautiful People Males "over 30," do to retain *their* very special attractiveness.

The Beautiful People "cure" for sporadic over-indulgence. In other words, how to eat your cake, and *have a knock-out figure too!*

Yes, The Beautiful People Have Been Looking Fabulous For Years THIS Way. Now You'll Learn How, WITHOUT RISKING A PENNY!

You are just as capable of keeping younger, prettier, slimmer and more attractive as any of the Beautiful People you'll read about in this book. *And once you know their "secrets", you'll be well on your way to joining the ranks of all the Beautiful People all over the world, who realize that being beautiful also means being slender*

Return the No-Risk Coupon today, and BE A BEAUTIFUL PERSON TOMORROW!

IMPROVEMENT BOOKS CO., Dept. 5209
13490 N.W. 45th Ave., Opa Locka, Fla. 33059

ABOUT THE AUTHORS:

Roman-born Luciana Avedon, the former Princess Pignatelli, was educated in Switzerland. Her husband, Burt S. Avedon, is Director of European operations for Eve of Roma, an internationally famous cosmetics firm. She has been a fashion designer and coordinator, and is currently a beauty consultant. Her first book, *The Beautiful People's Beauty Book*, was a best-selling title here and abroad.

Jeanne Molli was formerly on the staff of the New York Times, Ladies' Home Journal and Newsweek.

SPECIAL ADDED BONUS:

How The Beautiful People "Smooth Away" Ugly Cellulite, The EASY Way!

Yes, these Beautiful People have also learned how to *FREE themselves of ugly and distorting CELLULITE!* (Cellulite, as you may know, is "orange peel fat" – the hard lumps of hideous fat that stick to the thighs, knees, arms, buttocks and back.)

This is not ordinary fat, by any means. And it can't be gotten rid of by ordinary means. Instead, *its bumpy, hard lumps become trapped in immovable pockets just beneath the skin.* It's found on almost 90% of the women in the world! But *not* the Beautiful People! Why?

BECAUSE OF THESE TWO SIMPLE "CELLULITE CHASERS" THAT YOU CAN USE YOURSELF IN A FEW MINUTES A DAY!

First, attack the cellulite you're carrying around right now through this special self-massage treatment designed to break it up and *quickly "wash" this figure-distorting mess right out of your body!*

Second, follow the unique Anti-Cellulite-Food Program that will actually *help your natural circulatory system to rid your body of annoying substances BEFORE they can build up and become IMMOVABLE CHUNKS OF FAT!*

Both these Cellulite Fighters are yours, as just one section of this great *Beautiful People Over-All Body Beauty Plan!*

— — MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY! — —

IMPROVEMENT BOOKS CO., Dept. 5209
13490 N.W. 45th Ave., Opa Locka, Fla. 33059

Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE'S DIET BOOK, #80108, by Luciana Avedon and Jeanne Molli! I understand that the book is mine for only $5.98 complete. I may examine it a full 30 days at your risk or money back.

Enclosed is check or M.O. for $_____

YOU MAY CHARGE MY:
☐ MASTER CHARGE ☐ BANKAMERICARD

Acc't #_____

Inter Bank #_____ (Find above your name)

Expiration date of my card_____

NAME _____ *Please print*

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

(Florida residents please add 4% sales tax.)

© I. B. Co., 1974

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Convert your world...

The world is yours—for den, living room, or in fun country wherever you are. A convertible Globe by Cram does wonders for your decor and your knowledge of where it's all at.

Convert your globe from floor (height 33") to desk (height 13") by removing the walnut pedestal and fastening it directly to the antique finished base. The globe ball, measuring 12" in diameter, is mounted in degree-embossed, full-swing meridian. (No lifting of unit for viewing.) Mountains are raised for easy identification. RRO Model has oceanographic measurements. Either model harmonizes with any decor or mood.

Special Offer

$24.95

Delivered in the Continental U.S.

Send for your Convertible Globe by Cram today! Write to:
The Trading Post, P.O. Box 567B, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206
☐ Check enclosed. Bill to: ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge
Credit Card No. _____ Expiration Date _____
If Master Charge, also enter 4-digit Interbank
number appearing above your name: ___ ___ ___ ___
Signature _____
Name (print) _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Indiana residents only add 4% sales tax.
Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. 4C

So why didn't it kill him? He remained still. If he did not move, maybe he would have a chance.

Off in the distance at the farthest reaches of his vision a pair of headlights flashed in two tiny beams. Then the faint sound of the Land Rover reached him as it moved along the trail next to the river bed. They were coming to pick him up.

There was a sudden vibration of the platform and he heard the barest sound of a weight landing softly in the dirt below the platform. He threw himself around, half expecting the leopard to be upon him. But it was gone.

He rolled back on his side and stared at the last glow of the sunset, trying to catch his breath and stop the incessant plunging of his heart. He waited until the Land Rover reached a point alongside the river bed directly opposite him. When it honked he climbed unsteadily out of the blind, trying to keep his feet from buckling underneath him.

He was glad when he reached the Land Rover that it was almost dark, for they could not see the ashen paleness of his face.

"We waited as long as we could," the white hunter said. "It's too dark now to shoot. No luck—uh?"

The man from New York shook his head.

"I'm surprised," the white hunter answered. "I thought for sure he would feed tonight. Sometimes cats are like this. Something must have scared him."

He nodded.

"You didn't even see him?"

The man from New York slowly shook his head. He did not answer verbally. The trembling in his voice would have betrayed him.

They pulled camp at eight o'clock the next morning, and the man from Manhattan Island with three extensions and a thick rug and two secretaries paid the white hunter a thousand dollar tip and they shook hands at the airport.

"Of all the clients I've had," the white hunter said, "you've been one of the best shots and one of the ones I have enjoyed the most. If you come back this way look me up. It would be a pleasure to guide you again."

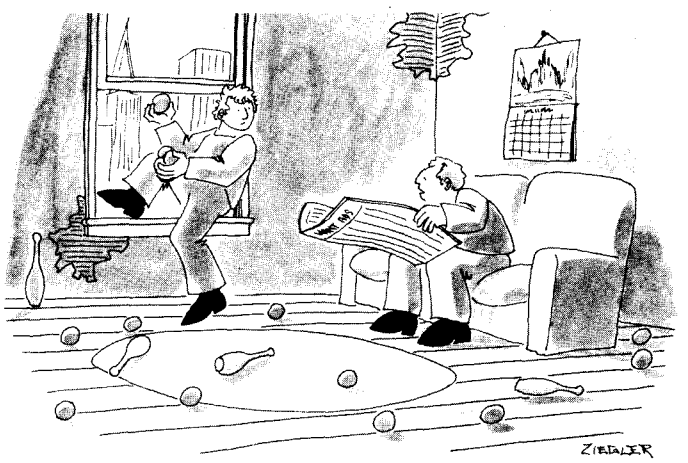
The New Yorker nodded and then he climbed into the steel structure of the aircraft and waved goodbye.

When he returned to New York he bought an elephant bracelet from a store on Second Avenue for four and one-half dollars. He wore it on his wrist, and at cocktail parties he talked about his safari to East Africa and the plains game and the beautiful African sunsets, but never again did he mention the leopard.

On occasion he would be sleeping in his bed at night when he would feel the shudder of the platform beneath him, and he would wake up in a cold sweat and have to stifle an anguished scream. And once at a party he smelled the same acid smell of a cat in the apartment and he suddenly became nauseated and had to excuse himself because he was sick. His wife told the hostess that she was sorry but he had just had too much to drink.

And ten thousand miles away in the East African plains the Kikuyu tracker would tell the story about the strange white man who arrived in the silver plane from America and had paid one thousand dollars to kill the leopard by himself. And he would describe the tracks which he found at the break of dawn before they broke camp on the last day of the safari, and he would tell how the leopard had circled the platform, then defecated without burying it before he left the imprint of his claws in the shredded bark of the tree.

Dr. Hard is a surgeon who recently retired from the U.S. Navy after a distinguished career in the Seven Seas. He now teaches at Stanford Medical Center in California. "The Leopard" is his first published story.



"Hey, here's one that's perfect. Two jugglers, minimum five years experience or equivalent, working knowledge of calculus and psychology a must. Full medical benefits and —oh, forget it. They'd want us to give up our Saturdays."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RWP®

Look for the RWP Touch-mark on each piece. Your assurance of quality.

No ware is so typical of **Colonial America** as that of the pewterer.

From his hands came objects of everyday living--pieces both decorative and useful.

Each piece in this collection reflects the special skill of that craftsman. For each is **sand cast**—the mold destroyed as the piece is taken from it. And then polished by hand.

WILTON RWP ARMETALE is an alloy, in precise proportions, of ten different metals. But it is more than that. It is the warmth, feeling and skill that generations of Foundrymen bring to pewter.

Our "New Pewter" does not bend, dent, or break. It goes from oven to table. And does not tarnish. Yet Armetale metal truly has the weight, patina, and charm of traditional pewter!

A Bit of History You Can Use Everyday!

1. **Square Base** Candlestick ..... $ 7.00 each
2. **Wine Goblet.** 5" H. ..... $ 7.00 each
3. **Wine Bottle Coaster** ..... $ 6.00 each
4. Fruit **Bowl.** 8" D. ..... $ 9.00 each
5. The Federal Collection Dinnerware Pattern
   11" Dinner Plate Shown ..... $ 9.00 each
   Five Piece Place Setting $30.00
   (Dinner-Salad-Bread & Butter-Cup and Saucer) (not shown)
6. **Great Seal of the United States Plate** ..... $15.00 each
7. **Drafting of the Declaration of Independence Plate** ..... $15.00 each
8. **Water Goblet** ..... $ 8.00 each
9. **1776 Mug** ..... $ 7.00 each
10. **Measure Collection** ..... $34.00 a set

© 1972 by The Trading Post

To use charge cards—see Armchair Shopper on page 179

The Trading Post
P.O. Box 567B, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

Gentlemen: Please send the items in quantities indicated below from your Post Collection of American Antiques.

Quantity	Description	Price

Enclosed is my ☐check ☐money order to cover amount of purchase plus $1.50 postage and handling.

Name _____

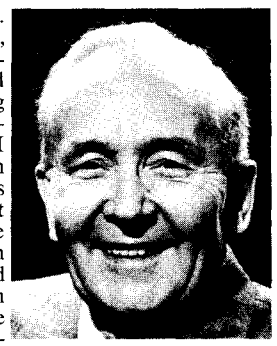
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arthritis, Rheumatism Sufferers Just Wouldn't Let Me Stop Making ICY-HOT!!!

By Bryan Auer



For 50 years the J. W. Gibson Company, makers of pharmaceuticals and household items, has been selling more than 275 different products. When I was fortunate enough to take charge of this company, I thought it wise to review all the things we had been selling. As a good manager I made an effort to economize and decided to eliminate more than 150 products. One that I eliminated was called ICY-HOT—a medicated cream that was really different . . .

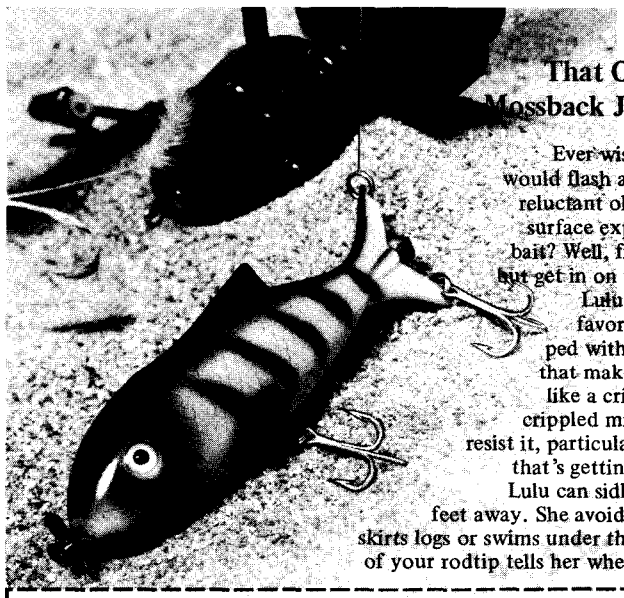
Well friends—you can't imagine what happened! It was like the roof fell in—I got hundreds—*literally hundreds*—of letters from people who suffered from the minor aches and pains of arthritis and rheumatism pleading with me that ICY-HOT was their salvation, and that I'd be letting them down if I took it off the market.

What could I do? The same thing you'd have done. I started making ICY-HOT again. What's more, I felt that if ICY-HOT was *that* good, I'd like everybody in the United States who suffers from the minor aches and pains of arthritis and rheumatism to know about it. That's why you're reading this now.

And that's why you can try ICY-HOT on this iron clad guarantee of complete satisfaction or money back. But you won't find it in your drugstore. You can only purchase ICY-HOT by mail. All you do is send only $2.00 for a big 3½ ounce jar of ICY-HOT. If you are not completely satisfied don't bother sending back the unused portion of the jar—just send us a note and I will send you your $2.00 by return mail.

Take advantage of this no-risk offer—you have nothing to lose. Trying is believing! Only by trying can you fully appreciate the benefits of ICY-HOT. Send only $2.00 to:

J. W. Gibson Company
Dept. SE34
2000 North Illinois Street
Indianapolis, Indiana 46202



A Secret Lure That Ole Granddaddy Mossback Just Can't Resist

Ever wish you had a lure that would flash and tantalize the most reluctant old hermit to make the surface explode as he took your bait? Well, friend, dream no more but get in on the action today with Lulu. Here's a lure in your favorite color that's equipped with a tiny electric motor that makes this lure look more like a crippled minnow than a crippled minnow. Bass just can't resist it, particularly the big ole lunker that's gettin' a mite lazy anyhow. Lulu can sidle up to a big one 300 feet away. She avoids lily pads and weeds, skirts logs or swims under them—because a twitch of your rodtip tells her where to go. Just $12.95.

Holiday Shopper
P.O. Box 567B
Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

Please send me Lulu in the color or colors indicated below:
☐Black ☐Grey/Black ☐Green/Yellow ☐Black & White Stripes ☐Black/Green
☐Red/White ☐Yellow/Perch ☐Blue/Black ☐Green/Silver ☐Mullet
$12.95 each plus $1.00 shipping.
☐Check or money order enclosed.

Bill to: ☐BankAmericard ☐Master Charge

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

For Master Charge, also give 4-digit Interbank number appearing on card above name:..... ____ ____ ____ ____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please allow 6-8 weeks delivery.
Indiana residents add 4% sales tax.
For your convenience use perforated order form on page 129A. 4C

GIRAFFES

continued from page 58

glue, canvas, buckets of sand and ostrich plumes. Under the elegant, glittering chandelier four saw-horses, complete with heads, tails, and hoofs of Uncle Frederick's workmanship, supported his immediate interests and amusements.

One bedroom was the display room for finished products; the other, his sleeping room, we used for tableaus.

The bathroom had become a laboratory. I contributed a dead bee and a fallen bird nest to the progress of science. Besides these, rows of shelves held innumerable jars of pickled snakes, scorpions, tarantulas, bits of volcanic rock, dried herbs, coral formations, sea flora, and insect-eating plants.

In the place of honor, right over the basin, and most fascinating of all to me, Uncle Frederick's appendix (removed ten years before) floated in its sealed jar of alcohol. Next to that all of his toothbrushes stuck out from a priceless teapot of the Ming Dynasty.

Two-thirds of the bathtub was given over to a baby alligator, the other third to a tank of piranha. "Never, Princess, never put your fingers in there," he often said. "Piranha are man-eating fish." You can imagine what a wonderland it was to a seven-and-a-half year old.

I asked him once how he ever took a bath. He led me to a commode in his bedroom. Inside was a tub like a large baby tub, an oversize sponge and a copper water carrier. "I learned to use these on safari, Eleanora. [My name is Ellen.] Never take a tub bath—they are unhealthy. I attribute my excellent health to that rule and the herbs I prepare to supplement the dregs and dross your aunts consider adequate diet. Mind you, Princess, they are the most estimable of women, but our views on living seldom coincide."

Some days we made tableaus. My favorite was a desert scene. We spread canvas on the floor, poured sand on it and set up papier-mâché cactus and lurid looking rocks. On a hopeless trek we crawled among the rocks, shaking our empty canteens and suffering terrible pangs of hunger and thirst. In the excitement, my mouth actually became so dry that I could hardly bear it, but a drink of water would have broken the rules of the game.

Sunday was Uncle Frederick's day for "mixing in society." Aunt Susan and Aunt Milly fled the house to have dinner after church at a hotel and to spend the afternoon at museums, or walking, or visiting. Servants were off all day, so Uncle Frederick—an excellent cook—prepared our lunch. I was usually so finicky about food and it seems odd that an omelette, which I detested, became tempting when it was called "a rare viand" and given some exotic name.

He left the kitchen in order—one of his "rules"—just as he kept his rooms immaculately clean despite their elaborate and artistic clutter.

Lunch over, we had a momentous decision to make: How should we spend the afternoon? We could use the stairs, lacking in his rooms, for mountain climbing or we could go out in the garden which he saw only on Sundays. I was all for the stairs. An unwitting visitor might come to the front door. Uncle Frederick was prepared for that. At the first ring he slipped on his rhinoceros mask with its long, vicious-looking horn. Gradually, carefully, he eased an opening at the door, the gap dark with shadow, then suddenly thrust out his head. The gasps and ridiculous retreats of the poor visitors made us laugh so hard we had to sit down and hug each other. However, there had been a scarcity of Sunday visitors lately and spring was already taking a foothold in the garden, repairing the monotony of winter. We decided on the garden.

Crimson buds of the japonica and the Judas tree were nearly ready to burst. The wisteria vine, allowed to festoon an old maple, was still a light tracery, but one great purple plume, fully opened, hung down not far above our heads. I wanted it and asked Uncle Frederick to get it for me. He leaped into the air; he pulled at the vine; he hooked at it with a crooked stick. None of his efforts brought it down. "It will have to stay there, Eleanora," he said. "I'd have to be a giraffe."

It was at that moment, I think, that the inspiration struck him for what he considered his greatest invention and what proved to be his final undoing.

It took hard work all the afternoons of two weeks to bring the giraffe device that Uncle Frederick had in mind into shining reality. One leopard skin and most of another were sacrificed to cover the great neck and head, while a third skin, draped loosely from the shoulder, covered his front. The lightly constrained front covering allowed free play for Uncle Frederick's arms to work the long handles he had fitted to keen-edged pruning shears which extended beyond the gaping mouth of the giraffe's upstretched head.

A small lightweight platform, fitted on and around Uncle Frederick's shoulders, served to peg down the giraffe neck and provide long grooves for the shear's handles, an arrangement to steady them, yet allow them to move back and forth easily. A short seat at the back was intended for me to add weight and balance. Also, with my legs dangling in front, I could use my feet, when necessary, to stabilize the basket for clippings which would be suspended

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

below Uncle Frederick's chin and which would represent his gullet. Ear flaps, at the height of his real ears, could be lifted by me if I needed to tell him something. A window in the lower part of the giraffe neck fitted around his face and a piece of leopard skin, carefully selected for its spots, stretched across the opening. Holes for his eyes, nostrils and mouth were hardly noticeable in the cleverly cut-out spots.

Uncle Frederick wielded a masterly brush for camouflage, but I was given the pleasure of painting a brilliant red inside the wide mouth, tipping the high ears and little knobbed horns with brown, and drawing a dark line around the slanted eyes. It was really very ingenious and we viewed it with inordinate pride.

Saturday, with only touch-up jobs left over for added comfort and beauty, we had time to worry about the weather. Low, smoky clouds hung over the house all morning and by afternoon darker clouds floated above a thin drizzle, half-hearted but persistent.

I shared Uncle Frederick's dinner tray, regardless of Aunt Susan's loud protests through the bolted door. I couldn't bear the meal in the formal dining room with its compelling, pervading gloom, the melancholy of the rain seeping into everything.

I went to sleep that night to the sound of rain rustling the ivy vines at my window.

That Sunday morning dawned clear. Up early, I watched the sun rise strong and warm to dry the raindrops still glistening on trees. I couldn't eat any breakfast, my stomach queasy from excitement. Aunt Susan said, "You'll have to stay home from Sunday School. I don't want you throwing up in the aisles. I'll be home early after dinner to look after you. Go on back to bed."

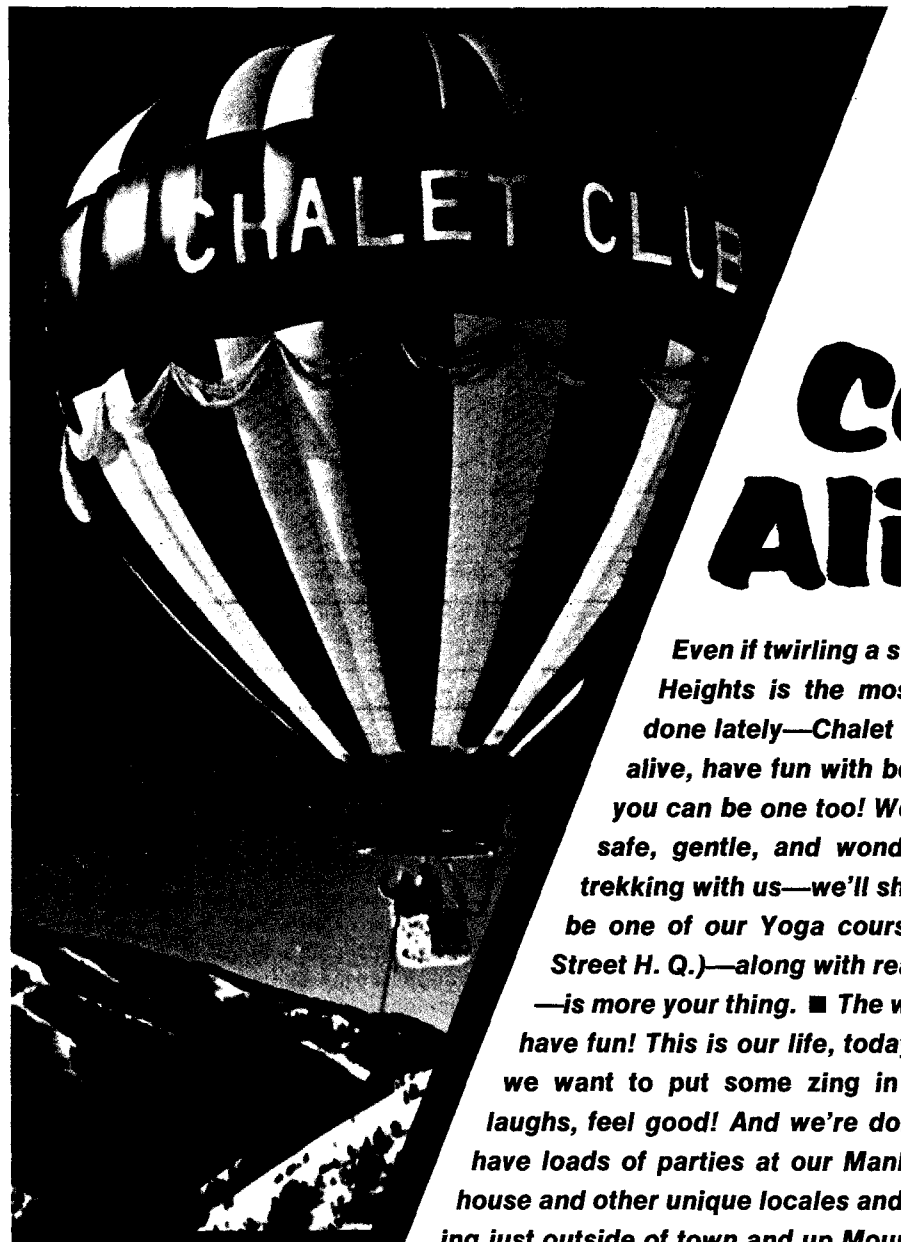
It was hard waiting for half past ten when my aunts bustled off for church. Uncle Frederick was about as excited as I was. I noticed his hands trembling as we gathered our paraphernalia for the grand premiere.

From the top of the garden steps I helped him adjust the details of our invention and then mounted my seat.

In a matter of minutes we denuded the pink dogwood and passed on to the lilacs. The giraffe was more than a success; it went beyond our hopes. We filled and emptied the basket three times before the limitations of the garden palled on us.

I had the inspiration this time, but it was so overwhelming that for a few minutes I was afraid to speak of it. Finally I gasped out "Uncle Frederick! Uncle Frederick! What about the park?" I could feel his muscles tense. He made a husky, deprecating sound, then fell silent, quite still, reflecting.

I knew his eyes were wide, fixed, and I kept quiet to allow him to reflect. Suddenly he was all action, backing up to the steps for me to get down, getting out of the giraffe in a



Membership includes getting our own publication *Chalet Club Ways*, great discounts, and 1100 scheduled activities. Wear the Chalet Club blazer patch and the club tie, use our travel desk and soon—our own dive shop and co-ed residence facilities in the U.S. and abroad. P.S. We've been going great since 1954.

Come Alive!

Even if twirling a swizzle stick in Brooklyn Heights is the most sporty thing you've done lately—Chalet Club is for you. Come alive, have fun with beautiful people—and you can be one too! We go ballooning (it's safe, gentle, and wondrous). Come pony trekking with us—we'll show you how. Maybe one of our Yoga courses—(at our 55th Street H. Q.)—along with really great people—is more your thing. ■ The whole idea is we have fun! This is our life, today and now and we want to put some zing in it, get some laughs, feel good! And we're doing it! ■ We have loads of parties at our Manhattan penthouse and other unique locales and we go hiking just outside of town and up Mount Everest, we go through Europe on a barge, moonlight sailing on our own 59 foot Nina (she's a beaut), we go scuba diving here and in the Caribbean, Colorado river rafting. And we have courses in photography, and wine tasting, and flying. We've got our own tennis facilities and skiing—wow! ■ It's a beautiful idea—having fun now, today, this weekend, here and in Europe and Russia and Mexico. ■ Hey, you're invited! Really! Come alive! We'd love to have you join us.

The Chalet Club
Of New York

Holiday Adventurer
P.O. Box 567B
Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

Chalet Club: I want to join.
☐ $25 enclosed for single membership
☐ $28 enclosed for family membership

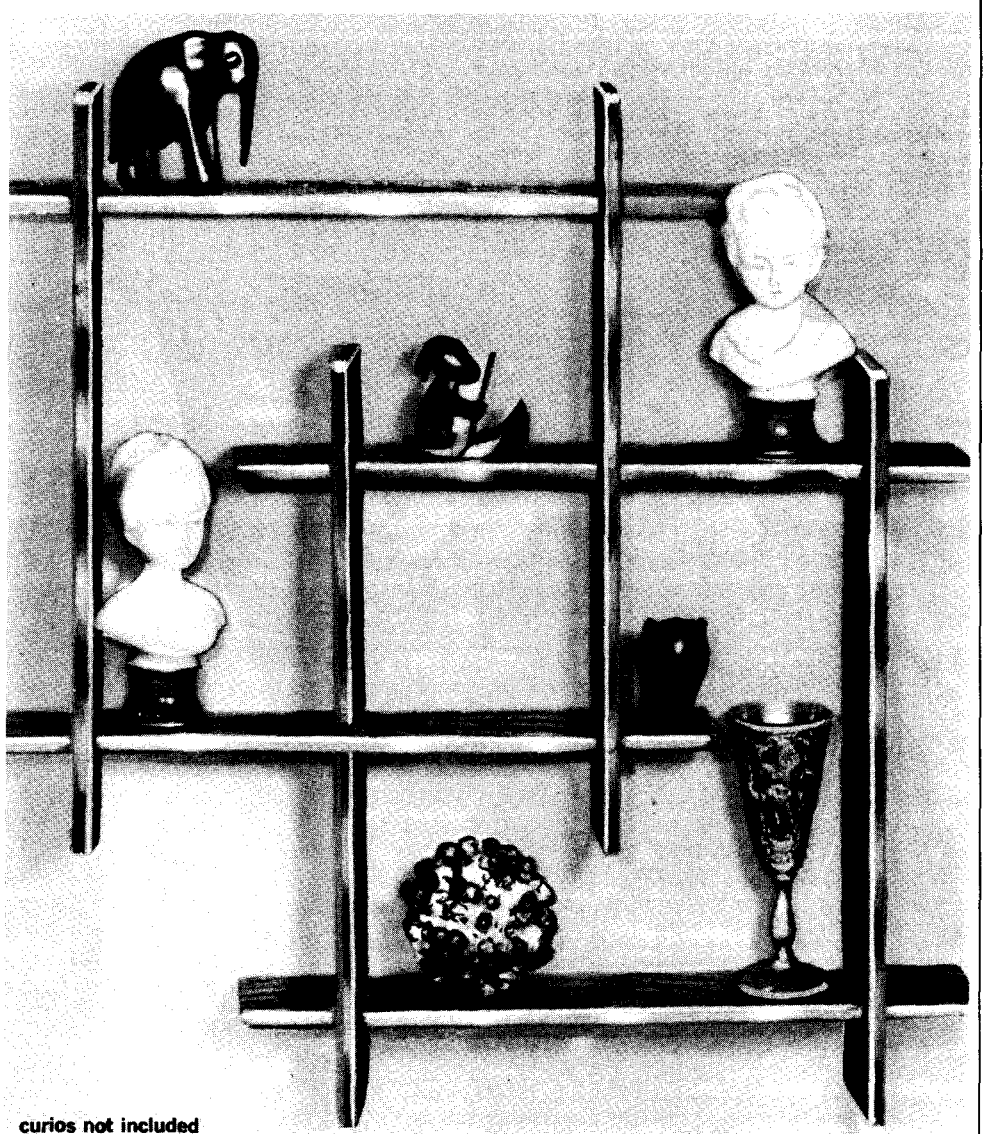
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
☐ Enclosed is check or money order. Bill to: ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge
If Master Charge enter 4-digit interbank number appearing above your name: ____ ____ ____ ____
Signature_____ Credit Card No._____ Expiration Date_____
Use this coupon or see page 129A for convenient tear-out order form.
Indiana residents only, add 4% sales tax.

4C

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Charming Traditional DEACON SHELVES

DECORATE ANY WALL RICHLY



curios not included

- SOLID WOOD – WARM WALNUT PATINA!
- NEARLY 2 FT. HIGH – 2 FT. WIDE!
- 4 SHELVES – 7 COMPARTMENTS!

SPECIALLY PRICED! ONLY $198 2 FOR $3.49

Here is a true treasure—*in* warmth of traditional design . . . *in* fine craftsmanship of another day . . . *in* "good old days" low low price! Not wood veneer—not wood "toned"—but *solid* wood, and the warm walnut finish makes everything look so elegant. Ideal for showcasing your curios, floral displays, statuary, fine china. A magnificent focal point that enriches any room in your home. *Two* are absolutely breathtaking as they sweep majestically across five feet of wall space! Please order at once — offer may not be repeated at these incredible low prices.

MAIL 10 DAY NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

GREENLAND STUDIOS, Dept. 5208, 4500 N.W. 135th St., Miami, Fla. 33059

Kindly send Deacon Shelf Units #13804 indicated below. Enclosed is check or m.o. for $_____.

☐ 1 Unit for $1.98 ☐ 2 Units for $3.49
Add 50¢ postage & handling to each order

Florida residents please add 4% Sales Tax.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

jiffy, shouting joyously, "Other lands—other lands, other worlds!"

He rushed upstairs for his "umbrella against the world." I knew that was his extra-wide, black sombrero brought from Mexico. Sometimes he wore it in the garden. It cast a dark shadow over his face and shoulders. In it he felt completely solitary. He came back with shining eyes, a folded canvas in his arms. The wheelbarrow made an acceptable vehicle for the giraffe after we secured it with pieces of rope and covered it with canvas.

Uncle Frederick hesitated at the gate but I urged him on, pushing him from the back.

The park was across the street but less than four blocks away.

He hesitated again at the wide iron gates of the park—but not for long. He strode in boldly past graveled walks, bands and circles of flowers, a fountain spraying silver, seats placed temptingly. I was beginning to tire but he didn't shorten his stride until he had pushed through a thicket of rhododendron and another of forsythia. I was amazed, then, to see such a large unexplored world ahead of us. Everything seemed to welcome us.

A bench and round table were conveniently placed under a poplar in new leaf. The sun was warm. We sat down gratefully. "Ah," Uncle Frederick said, "the world changes but the bench is still here. I've lived with your estimable aunts for four years, but the bench is still here." He lifted a corner of canvas from the wheelbarrow and took out a bag of sandwiches and a thermos bottle of milk. (Had he raided the kitchen in the middle of the night?) We ate our lunch. The sunlight quivered in patches on a flare of jonquils, on white violets, pink clover and countless cups of gold pushing up through the short grass. The air was filled with the quick and delicate scents of spring. We lingered awhile before taking up our work.

To start with, we chose a crab apple tree, the buds rose-pink, the opened flowers pale like moonlight.

Uncle Frederick swallowed often. I think he actually experienced the physical sensation of tasting buds and flowers.

A few picnickers were scattered about when we started, but they soon vanished. We began to weary before we had even reached the lilacs, so we decided to do only one purple and one white and then go home. All about were piles of green trimmings where we had emptied basketfuls. We had barely started on the white lilac when I noticed three policemen watching us, their expressions growing grimmer as they watched. I lifted an ear flap and whispered, "Uncle Frederick, cops are watching us. I don't think they like us."

Slowly, regarding the enemy with disdain, he continued his clipping. Coming up from behind, a policeman quietly lifted me from my perch. The other two advanced cautiously from the front. With me off his shoulders, Uncle Frederick bent double and charged. He landed the giraffe's head squarely in the middle of the tallest policeman, who went down with a long "oo-oof."

Uncle Frederick turned for further attack but his blow had dislodged the giraffe head, which toppled, dragging the platform and the leopard skin with it. The police rushed him then, each seizing an arm and bending it back and upwards. He was helpless.

I said with great dignity, "Policeman, take your hands off. *This* is *my* giraffe. He does what I tell him to."

The felled policeman rose up, not seriously injured, and said to me, "Little lady, this ain't anybody's giraffe. This ain't a giraffe. *This* is a lunatic—maybe a dangerous one."

I tried to follow as they led him away but the first policeman, still bent over a little, held me firmly.

I tried to think of something to do for him. I gave the giraffe whistle. I was afraid he already might be out of hearing but his answering whistle came back shrill and clear.

The officer who held me hustled me toward the gate. He said he knew where I lived, knew my aunts by sight. His hold on my hand was tight, but as we neared the park gate I let my hand go soft and limp. He relaxed his grip. With one quick jerk I was free. I took off like a wild thing. I could hear him pounding after me but I was light and fleet. I remembered what Uncle Frederick had taught me about hunted animals. I changed my course, I doubled back, and when I had lost him I crawled under a bush and heaped dead leaves over me.

It was Aunt Susan, not the police, who found me. Not much had ever balked Aunt Susan. Uncle Frederick had, but in the end he lost.

For many days I went to his door to give the code of raps and the giraffe whistle. I didn't realize how irrevocable his sentence was until movers and cleaning women prepared his rooms for a "sweet young couple." "After all," Aunt Susan said, "he is being maintained in a luxurious rest home where he receives the proper care. He should have been there years ago." I asked if he could lock his door. Aunt Susan didn't answer. I hoped he could.

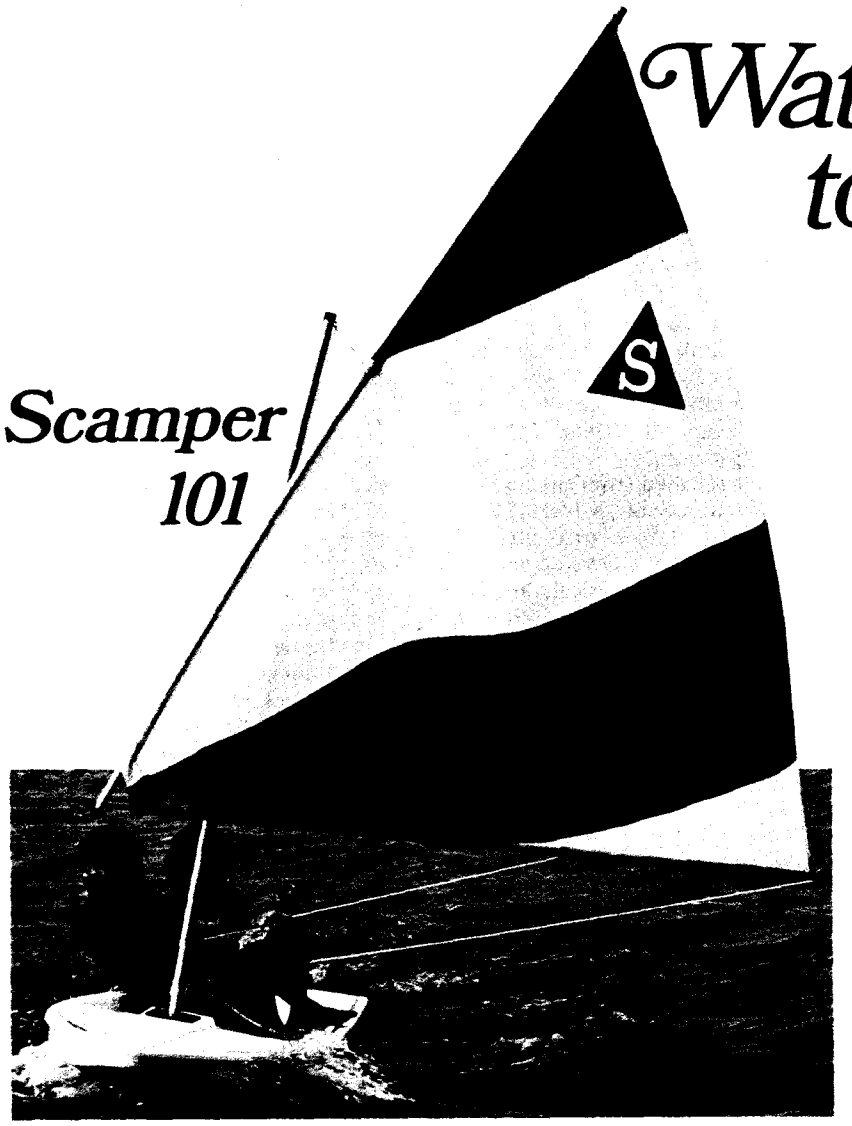
In despair, I took to writing him letters, mostly pictures of giraffes and rhinoceroses and deer. Aunt Susan said she would mail them. I don't know. I never received any reply. ⁂

"This story dropped into my head, full-blown, while I was pruning a flowering quince," says A.L. Patton (real name Alice Makielski). She lives in Charlottesville, Virginia, on land owned by her family since the Revolution.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Water-Way to Go

Scamper 101



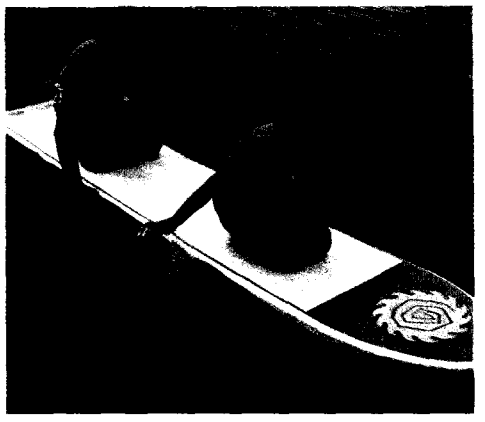
Here is a "fun" boat at a thrifty price for the new sailor just getting his sea legs. The unsinkable 11-foot expanded polystyrene hull with a 3-foot beam carries two adults comfortably in its self-bailing cockpit. She comes complete with 45-square-foot nylon sail and 10-foot aluminum boom and yardarm with an 8-foot mast. Her draft is 30 inches with marine plywood centerboard down. The 101 can be carried on a car top or in a station wagon easily. It's a cinch to rig and even a youngster can right it should it tip over. There's plenty of sailing enjoyment for very little money in the Scamper 101. Comes with complete instructions. Shipping weight is 57 pounds. $129.95.

Scamper Cat

Sail like the Polynesians in the Pacific with this new and exciting catamaran. Sail alone or with a group. ScamperCat is fast, seaworthy and sturdy, and you can move her to the water on a car top without using a boat trailer. ScamperCat has unsinkable expanded polystyrene hulls with Vacobonded plastic exteriors. She draws just 13 inches, is 12 feet long and has a 6-foot,8-inch beam. Rudder and tiller, as well as the 17-foot, 6-inch mast and the 9-foot boom are aluminum. There's a big 75-square-foot nylon sail with three battens. The hulls lock easily and securely into one rigid unit. Comes with complete instructions. Shipping weight is 185 pounds. $599.95.

Paddleboard

You'll think of many ways to have fun with the Formex Paddleboard. It's unsinkable because it's made of aluminum reinforced expanded polystyrene. It's a great swimming aid, or an ideal rescue board. Expert swimmers can be towed behind a power boat. Paddleboard weighs only 19 pounds and is 11 feet long and 2 feet wide. Shipping weight is 25 pounds. $40.62. With paddles, $52.90.



Floater loafer

The Floater Loafer is a full-length lounge that supports you comfortably near the water surface. Made of expanded polystyrene, the Floater Loafer has positive flotation all the way to the foot rest. Seat and back are made of polished aluminum with durable plastic webbing. Optional detachable table and umbrella add the final touch of the easy life. $38.95.

Holiday Shopper, P.O. Box 567B, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206
Please send me the Formex water-fun products indicated below:
☐ScamperCat 113, $599.95. ☐Scamper 101, $129.95. ☐Floater Loafer, $38.95.
☐Paddleboard, $40.62. ☐Paddleboard with paddles, $52.90.
All orders shipped freight collect.
☐Check or money order enclosed.
Bill to: ☐BankAmericard ☐Master Charge

Card No. _____ Exp. Date_____
For Master Charge, also give 4-digit Interbank number appearing on card above name:..... ____ ____ ____ ____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip_____

Please allow 6-8 weeks delivery.
Indiana residents add 4% sales tax.
For your convenience use perforated order form on page 129A. 4C

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I'm afraid our tests confirm it, Mr. Gray, your vertical hold is shot!"

RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN

continued from page 71

"We worked forty-seven weeks a year, and I had classes every night. After the third year I tried to make the producers let Kildare 'grow up' a bit more, become less belligerent and childish, but they wouldn't change him, and of course they were right. I tried to play the lines differently, and I couldn't. Then I knew I had to get out."

Once released from the high-paying jail sentence of "Kildare," Chamberlain was dangerously adrift. He played summer stock, appeared in the catastrophic musical version of *Breakfast at Tiffany's* with Mary Tyler Moore, which closed after four previews on Broadway, and had a role in the financial failure *Petulia*, in which he sensitively played an angry, sexually impotent husband. Just when it looked as though he was going to sink without a trace, Chamberlain decided to break with everything and go to England. It was the single most important act of his life, and at first he was terrified. "I had to break the mold, though. The image of 'Kildare' was so *fixed*. Americans didn't want me to change, ever. I brooded over it for months. Finally, I had a hunch: *'Go!'* And the matter was settled when Eamonn Andrews, who had a show on British TV, offered to pay my fare if I'd go on his program as a guest. I accepted, and I've never looked back."

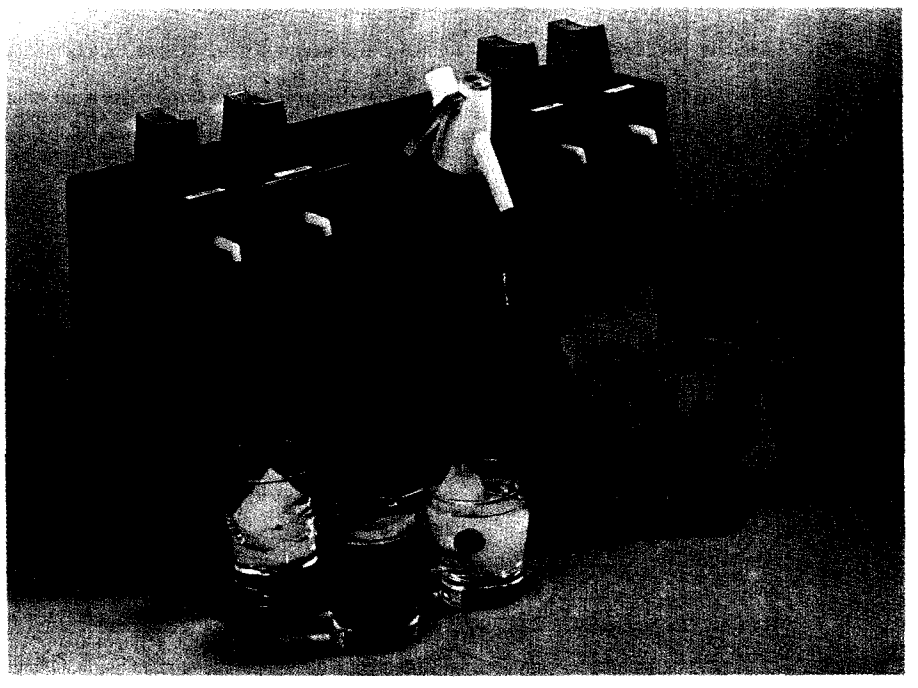
Chamberlain's agent managed to get him the role of the consumptive, romantic hero of Henry James's *Portrait of a Lady* in a BBC television serial. He played it brilliantly, displaying the same touchy, neurotic, hypersensitive quality with which he had invested his role in *Petulia*.

"The producer ruled me out completely at first, but I was determined to get the part. I sat down to lunch with him in a very Victorian outfit, and with my most 'British' accent, even though the character was American, I talked him into it."

As a result of his appearance in *Portrait of a Lady*, Chamberlain was offered a chance to play, of all things, Hamlet at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre. "Peter Dews, the director, saw me in the series and turned to his wife, saying 'That's Hamlet.' She thought he was insane, and so did everybody else. Kildare as Hamlet! Peter pushed it through his board of directors. He took it on as a challenge. The preparations were an astounding ordeal. I began working with him in New York, where he was directing *Hadrian VII*, and then I went back to his home in Whitstable,

INTRODUCING: HANDI BAR

The Portable Bar & Soda Fountain



NEW from Dolphin Dispensers

For: Home, Office, Boat, Camper

Now you can mix your own cocktails, highballs, soft drinks, ice cream sodas, and serve syrup for dessert toppings. The ½ gal. syphon fills from the faucet and is aerated by 2 throw-away chargers. One charger makes ordinary wine bubbly like champagne. A dripless pump is attached to each of four 1 qt. containers. Each pump stroke gives ½ ounce of liquid to measure your drinks. Simply fill each container with liquor, cocktails, syrup, or juice and mix with soda from the syphon. Light and portable, the HANDI BAR goes everywhere. Forget soda storage problems. No bottles or cans. No deposit or returns. No litter or resource depletion. Non electric. Add only ice and imagination. Pays for itself in soda savings. Comes in 4 colors. 1 yr. warranty.

Send to: **TRADING POST, P.O. Box 567B Indianapolis, In. 46202** 4C

Please send me_____Dolphin HANDI BAR's at $59.95 plus $3.50 for postage and handling. Check color:
( ) avocado ( ) black ( ) harvest gold ( ) poppy
Check or money order enclosed.

Master Charge #_____

Bank Americard #_____ Card expires_____

Name:_____

Address:_____

City, State, Zip:_____

Signature:_____

Please allow 3-4 weeks for delivery

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

England, where I worked in a neighbor's garage. You never heard such screaming, yelling and pounding! My problem was getting up sufficient power to carry the role. We Americans have no real vocal sustaining force. I learned from Dews the inner tension of the lines, the rhythm. I'll be eternally grateful.

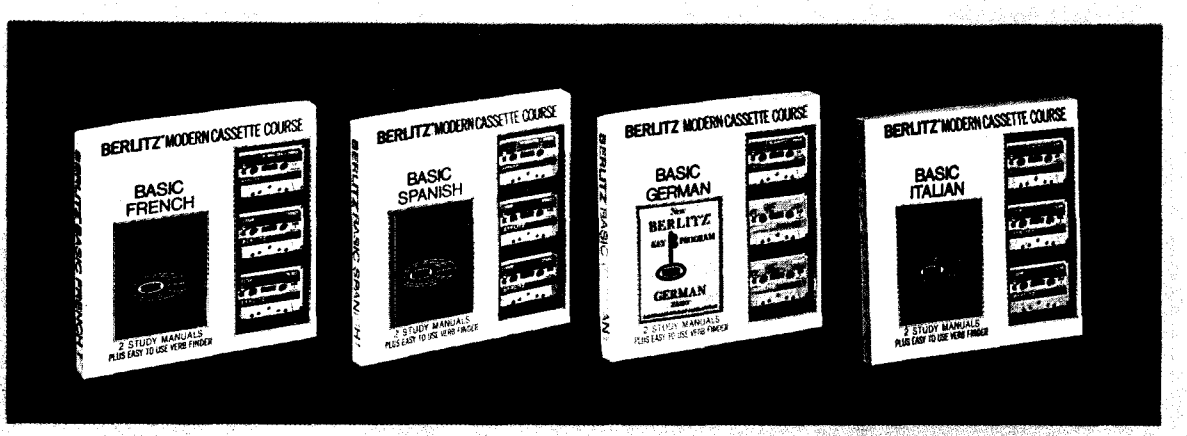
"Things went very badly once we got to Birmingham. I was whispering my way through the lines. I was playing it very, very safe and Peter was in despair. Finally he called me up to his office and said, 'I just don't think you can do it.' I said, 'I think I can. I think it will come. I don't know how or when or why. Give me a little longer.' And then I worked with him in his office after rehearsals. Finally I got the part in 'run-throughs.'

"I've never been so panicked in my life as I was on the first night. I was *catatonic* with fear. I can remember myself screeching because I had no voice. Almost unable to move, I forgot my lines in the very first scene, and then I was so frightened I became psychosomatically deaf and I couldn't hear people giving me the cues. The feeling of tension in the audience was awful. I was like a piano wire. I felt everyone was saying 'Gawblimey, it's Dr. Kildare!' Somehow I got through, the notices were fair, and I went on."

Chamberlain achieved more stardom in *The Music Lovers,* Ken Russell's extravagantly romantic film biography of Tchaikovsky. The composer was an enormously demanding part for an actor, calling for a virtually complete mastery of the piano, an ability to dance—many scenes were balletically mimed—and a range which extended from innocent bucolic rapture to agonized despair, nervous breakdown, and the agony of death from typhus.

"Ken Russell is a mad, inspiring genius. Mad and bad and very, very dangerous. A little boy. Wild and fantastic. I first met him in my agent's office, with his sandals and his long, gray hair, and his pudgy chest covered in a grubby T-shirt. He told me about Tchaikovsky and he blew my mind. I had always thought Tchaikovsky was some sweet, delicate creature who wrote pretty little tunes. I had no idea he was a homosexual, self-destructive, dangerous. That he was adopted by a patroness, Madame von Meck, whom he never actually met, but who was so passionately in love with his music that she would go into rooms after he had left them and taste the food he had left behind. And that at the end he deliberately drank typhus-infected water because he wanted to die the same way his mother had.

"I was mesmerized, thrilled by Russell's description of him and I said yes immediately. I just threw myself into the picture. It was pointless trying to rehearse, the whole mood was too abandoned, too passionate. I started piano lessons the moment I signed the contract. I had to match my fingering to the pianist who dubbed the track. It was


BERLITZ MODERN CASSETTE COURSE
BASIC FRENCH
2 STUDY MANUALS PLUS EASY TO USE VERB FINDER
BERLITZ MODERN CASSETTE COURSE
BASIC SPANISH
2 STUDY MANUALS PLUS EASY TO USE VERB FINDER
BERLITZ MODERN CASSETTE COURSE
BASIC GERMAN
BERLITZ
GERMAN
2 STUDY MANUALS PLUS EASY TO USE VERB FINDER
BERLITZ MODERN CASSETTE COURSE
BASIC ITALIAN
2 STUDY MANUALS PLUS EASY TO USE VERB FINDER

You'll Get a Lot More Out of Your Trip if You Learn Their Language!

Most traveling Americans don't get involved with the natives. Not because they are unfriendly; they just can't because, too often, they don't know even a few basic words of the language.

And . . . *it's a shame.* Travel is so much more fun when you can meet people and talk to them in their own language. (Much handier for you, too.)

But now you can learn a foreign language . . . and easily, painlessly . . . you can do it without leaving your home. *BERLITZ®, the company whose name is synonymous with language instruction,* now has the new *BERLITZ®* Basic Cassette Course. That extra ounce of courtesy—learning the language of your host country—will be appreciated by your foreign friends and will earn you extra dividends in friendliness and helpfulness while you are away from home.

Here's your opportunity to pick up the basics of French. Or Spanish. German. Or Italian. Before you leave, or even while you're on the trip. It's all done with cassettes. Just snap one into your portable cassette player. Listen to a *BERLITZ®* instructor . . . at home, or on the plane.

No grammar to learn—not until you're ready. Instead, practical, down-to-earth conversation, spiced with sound effects, wit and humor. There are thirty lively lessons in all—three and one-half hours of playing (and replaying) time. And cassettes don't scratch, don't warp and don't unwind—last almost indefinitely.

Only $24.95. A small price to start you talking like a native.

Holiday Shopper
P.O. Box 567B
Indianapolis, Indiana 46206
Please rush me the *BERLITZ®* Basic Cassette Courses indicated below:

☐ French ☐ Italian
☐ German ☐ Spanish

$24.95 each plus $1.00 postage and handling per course.
☐ Check or money order enclosed.
Bill to: ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____
For Master Charge, also give 4-digit Interbank No. appearing above your name: ____ ____ ____ ____
Signature _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Indiana residents only, add 4% sales tax.
Please allow 6-8 weeks delivery.
For your convenience use perforated order form on page 129A. 4C

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

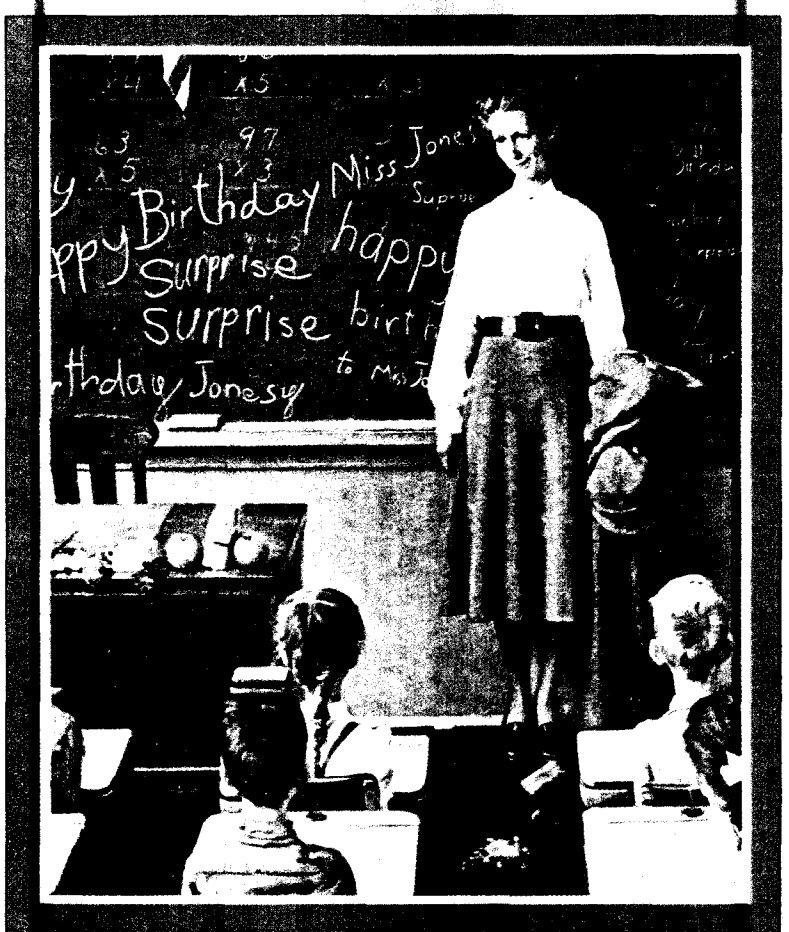
Girl at the Mirror

Breaking Home Ties

Rockwell at his best

Prized offerings for Rockwell collectors

Sunday Morning



The Schoolteacher

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Trading Post
P.O. Box 567B · Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

Please send me the following Rockwell reproductions in the sizes I have indicated. I have also specified framed or unframed, and if framed walnut or maple finish.

I understand that "Sunday Morning," "The Schoolteacher," "After the Prom," "Breaking Home Ties," and "At the Vet's" are available in 11" x 14" or 18" x 24", and that "The Defeated Candidate" and "Girl at the Mirror" are available in 11" x 14" only.

Prices are as follows: 11" x 14" unframed, $5.98; framed, $15.95; 18" x 24" unframed; $9.98, framed $24.95.

Title	Size	Framed or Unframed	Finish	Price
Sunday Morning	____	_____	_____	_____
The Schoolteacher	____	_____	_____	_____
After the Prom	____	_____	_____	_____
Girl at the Mirror	____	_____	_____	_____
Breaking Home Ties	____	_____	_____	_____
The Defeated Candidate	____	_____	_____	_____
At the Vet's	____	_____	_____	_____

☐ Enclosed is check or money order.
Bill to: ☐ Bank Americard ☐ Master Charge
Credit Card No. _____ Expiration Date _____
If Master Charge, also enter 4-digit Interbank number appearing above your name. ____ ____ ____ ____
Signature _____
Name (print) _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. Indiana residents add 4% sales tax. 4C

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enormously difficult. Then I had to play on a mute piano for the actual scenes. That was weird. The greatest problem was the dialogue. It was awful, painful dialogue, full of formal expositions of the plot. Ken's genius emerged in the *non*-dialogue scenes, the scene where the girl runs through the rain to mail the letter, matched exactly to the 'Letter Song' in *Eugene Onegin,* the journey of Tchaikovsky and his brother Modeste through the burning harvest fields."

After *The Music Lovers* Chamberlain made an even more romantic movie, *Lady Caroline Lamb,* directed by Robert Bolt, in which he played an even more romantic figure: George Gordon, Lord Byron, poet and lover of Lady Caroline. "I felt much closer to him than to Tchaikovsky. Byron could be a most dazzling charmer, warm and witty and wonderfully gregarious and jovial. But he could also be narcissistic, ruthless, cold. I remember I was sitting here in my kitchen at the house when Bolt called me from London and asked me if I'd play the part. I said yes at once.

"Bolt told me, 'Byron has a touch of genius, but he's also a bit cheap. He was the first pop star.' I went to England. I started the role, as I do all others, at complete zero. Naked, very insecure, with no reserves at all. And suddenly Robert Bolt got cold feet. He said, 'I want him insolent and hard and cold. Why don't you play William Lamb, Caroline Lamb's husband, instead?' I told him, 'I must do Byron.' He said, 'All right.' And gradually I got the savagery, the cruelty Bolt wanted. It wasn't easy."

On television, Chamberlain has done "The Woman I Love," the story of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, with Faye Dunaway as Wallis Windsor, and "The Last of the Belles," in which he played F. Scott Fitzgerald, with Blythe Danner as Zelda Fitzgerald. Of the two, he found "The Woman I Love" more rewarding. "The Duke was still alive when I did it, so that was a major problem. I felt a tremendous sense of responsibility to him and to everyone who knew him. I looked at him on newsreels and read his autobiography, and warmed to him far more than I would have thought possible. Of course I had always been dazzled by the image of the two of them. But what I hadn't understood was that the giving up of a kingdom wasn't romantic so much as an expression of discontent with being a king anyway. It seemed so unreal to believe he would give up a kingdom for a love affair. But even when I did understand him, I realized that there was an immense problem in embodying a myth. That may have made my playing a little too tense and stiff. And on top of that we had a very tense TV crew, and the schedules were very tough for me in Hollywood after the slow pace and endless tea breaks of filmmaking in England."

For Richard Chamberlain, the most taxing roles have been Richard II in Jonathan Miller's production at the Los Angeles Music Center, and his Cyrano de Bergerac under the direction of Joseph Hardy at the same location. "We did *Richard II* first in Seattle—a warm, sympathetic treatment. When we got to Los Angeles Jonathan Miller, who is very brilliant, took over as director, and everything was changed. It was exciting but disconcerting: Jonathan had Richard not as a beautiful, tragic figure but as a kind of petulant child. I felt that sort of unsympathetic treatment wasn't really fair to the character or the play in the long run. I think it's far more deeply and convincingly tragic to have a man who's seeking growth than a man who's defeated from the outset."

Cyrano de Bergerac, on the other hand, was an exalting experience. Chamberlain loved the thrust, the passion, the wildness of the Rostand play. "The play *is* Cyrano. A wonderful, fascinating, complex character—immensely lovable. I saw him as a man absolutely bursting with life, with humor, with love. But thwarted because he was so conscious of his huge nose. He could have won Roxane in a second. But he was so terrified of rejection he lost out. He was immensely sexual, not in the modern, horrible, pornographic way, but in a total sense a *man.* I'm crazy about him."

Most recently Chamberlain has played another dashing—if lesser—figure: Aramis in Richard Lester's new film version of *The Three Musketeers.* "The new version follows the book very closely, with some added humor. Aramis is fascinating—the ultimate hypocrite, the smoothest operator at court, rather like a French nineteenth-century Milo Minderbinder. I've known people like that. He was having an affair with the Queen's sister, and perfectly happy to pick up money from her despite a religious facade. Whenever things go wrong he just becomes a priest for a while, then comes back. I'm fascinated by people who are dangerous under a foppish exterior, who aren't quite what they seem. 'Operating' is one of the things I can't do; I'm completely open, I'm not slick. Instead, I have a tortoise's determination."

Plans for the future? "Well, by the time people read this, I may—at the speed I've been working lately—have made four more pictures! But seriously, I'd love to do Dorian Gray."

Richard Chamberlain, looking extremely young, stands up and looks out across the sweeping browns and greens of Coldwater Canyon. "But they'll have to hurry. Meanwhile, I'm learning, studying every day. Disciplining myself, training myself. When the next part comes along I'll be a complete blank. Naked, trained, waiting like an athlete at the start of a race. And then the adventure begins." ⚔

BIRMINGHAM

continued from page 57

Her grandfather found her and sobbed to his daughter, "She's dead, baby. I've got one of her shoes in here. I'd like to blow the whole town up." For a moment, it seemed that might happen. But out of the dust of the innocent came the knowledge that made the new Birmingham.

Denise's father, Chris McNair, picked up the pieces and built a monument of better race relations to his daughter. "I couldn't brood over it," he told me. He didn't. He campaigned. He worked. Now he sits in the Alabama legislature. He is, with the possible exception of Gordon Parks, the most famous black photographer in the world. "He has a one-man exhibit at the Birmingham museum right now," says a photographer from the *Birmingham News.* "I thought I'd go over out of professional courtesy. I've been back three times." McNair is typical of the tone of New Birmingham. Forgiving, not altogether forgetful; but optimistic.

So the next evening (only $200 a plate for the finale) when Pat Harris says, "Who would ever have thought ten years ago that in Birmingham tonight a black girl from Mattoon, Illinois, would be receiving an award?" Birminghamians turn to each other (hard turning, they are in boiled shirts and evening clothes) with amazement, almost agony, then pride. For the racial hell the city had gone through was, a young lawyer, Charles Morgan, Jr., recalls in his book, *A Time To Speak*, "really a microcosmic study of the nation," Birmingham's people were "merely average if sometimes bewildered Americans. In the city, the destructive forces of humanity got loose. In most of the nation they have been contained." And, in a way, the way of a surrogate, Birmingham helped contain them.

The city's government had always been a sort of movable feast (vending machine variety) to which everybody was invited but the citizens. The old aldermanic system, controlled largely by saloon keepers and contractors, was thrown out around the turn of the century in favor of a three-man commission. But as Diogenes discovered in his wanderings, it is harder to find three honest men than one. So in 1963—blacks would come to call 1963 the Year of Birmingham—11,000 Birminghamians signed the dotted line for a referendum to change the city's form of government. Despite the usual southern scene—some of the incumbents refused to vacate their office, the new mayor and city council had to go to court seeking an order to oust them (the city, said the wags, had "a King [Martin Luther King was there leading the drive for civil rights], two mayors and a parade every day") the New Jerusalem began to rise.

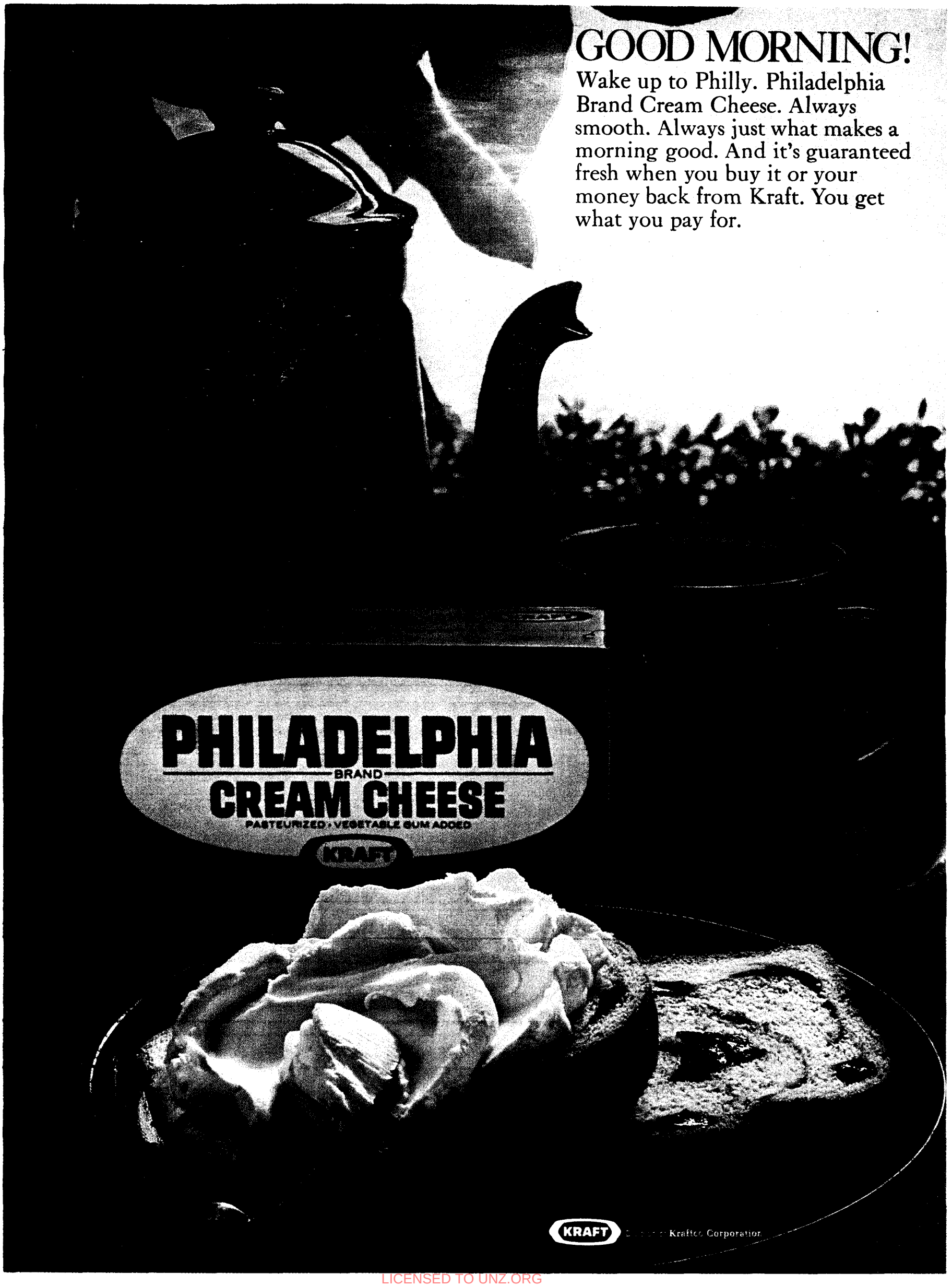
Then the Medical Center became the first industry, replacing steel.

Continued on page 132

Answers to
Where Do You Think You Are?
Page 98

1. Colorado
2. Alabama
3. Utah
4. Arizona
5. Missouri
6. Kentucky
7. Wisconsin
8. Oklahoma
9. Idaho
10. Tennessee
11. Florida
12. New Jersey

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


GOOD MORNING!
Wake up to Philly. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese. Always smooth. Always just what makes a morning good. And it's guaranteed fresh when you buy it or your money back from Kraft. You get what you pay for.
PHILADELPHIA
BRAND
CREAM CHEESE
PASTEURIZED • VEGETABLE GUM ADDED
KRAFT
KRAFT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GREAT AMERICAN FOOD REVOLUTION

The world's largest food processor, Kraftco, is concerned with people, ideas—and food.

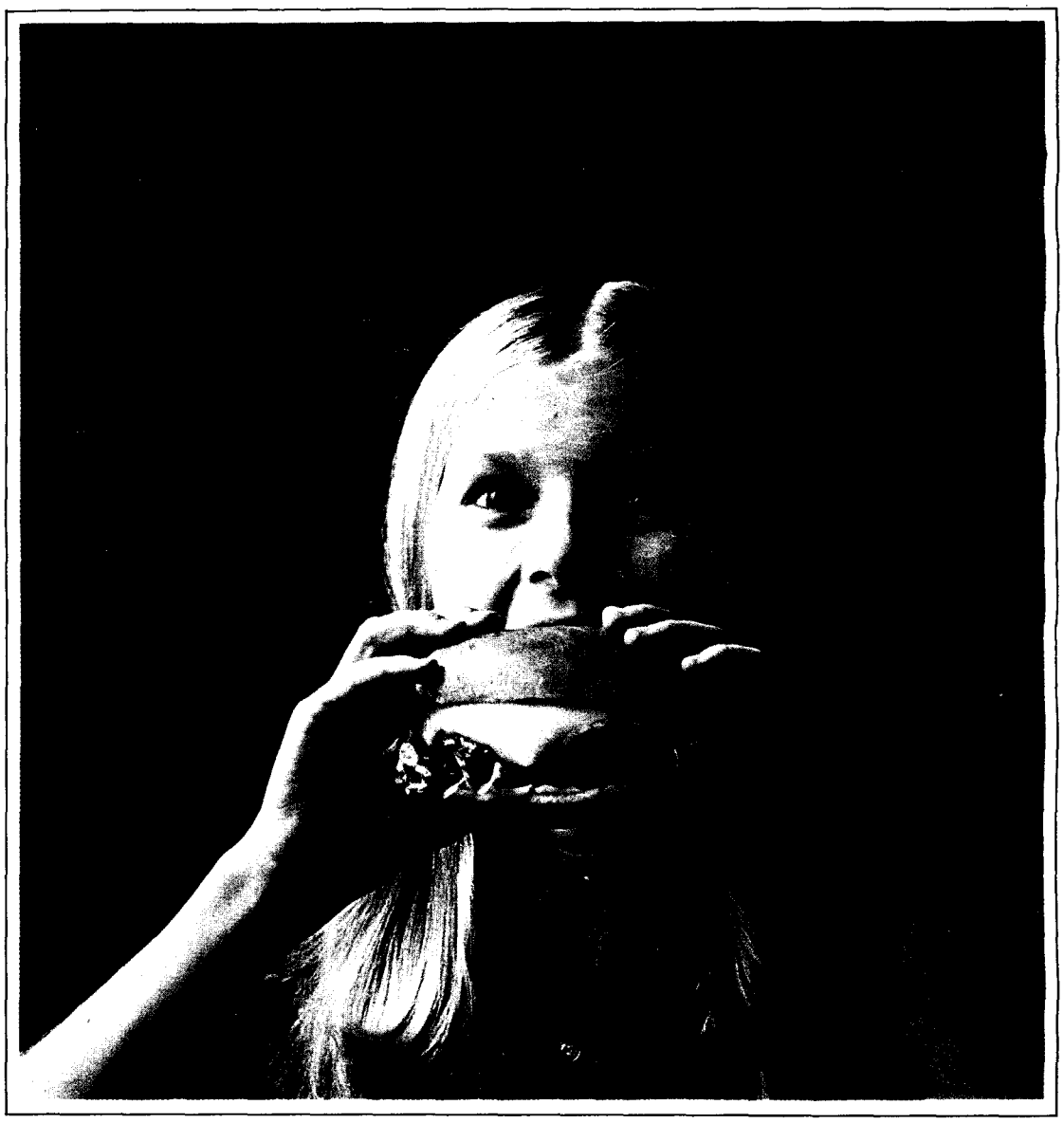
By William B. Furlong

Nick's hair is gray now. His shoulders are slumped ever so slightly. He runs one of the supermarkets in our town and when I first met him—after church on our first Sunday in town—he was tall and straight with jet black hair and glowing eyes. But he's spent these last few years in the firestorm of revolution—the revolution of changing American food demands. The crosscurrents—indeed, the riptides—of these changes have elevated, inspired, baffled, and sometimes wearied the men and women who, like Nick Tomei, run the 208,000 retail food stores in the nation. It's also deeply affected the people who produce and process the food. And it's given a new sense of purpose and reward to those who brought about the revolution: the housewives and food-buying public of the nation.

The evidence of the change they've wrought is visible everywhere, from the research labs of major food processors to the shelves of the neighborhood supermarket. Consider the vast new variety of goods available on those shelves: there are organic foods—agar-agar, blackstrap molasses, carob powder, kelp, granola, gruenkern, and goat's milk. There are ethnic foods—Italian, Greek, French, Mexican, soul. There are easy-to-cook foods—heat-and-eat, shake-and-bake, tote-and-toast, brown-and-serve, boil-in-a-bag. There are, in fact, nine times as many different items in the average food store as when Nick was a boy: back in 1928, the average retail food store carried only 867 different items, while in 1972 it carried 7,950.

The swiftly increasing scope and complexity of the modern supermart—indeed, of the whole food industry—is a response to the changing demands of the consumer in recent years. Some of the changes are obvious, such as the rising popularity of ethnic, organic, and convenience foods. Other changes were more subtle and so were the reasons behind them. Perhaps nobody has defined them more profoundly than Dr. Paul A. Fine, head of the Paul A. Fine Associates research group, who made in-depth surveys of 10,000 housewives to find out what was happening in the great American food revolution. He presented some of his findings to the American Medical Association and its Food Science Council in November, 1971. They included such percipient insights as:

Breakfast is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. For generations, girls grew into housewives on the admonition that "breakfast is the most important meal of the day" and "never send a man out without a hearty meal under his belt in the morning." The hearty meal figured to be juice and cereal or pancakes as a starter, then ham, bacon, sausage, or sometimes steak, with



The Great American Pastime finds a supporter in a member of the sugar 'n' spice set. Good nutrition aplenty, with meat, cheese and vegetables. No doubt about it—the meal-on-a-bun is everybody's favorite.

eggs or home-fried potatoes as the main course, followed or accompanied by something sweet—a sweet roll, a cinnamon roll, toast and jelly—and a large glass of milk. "Today," says Dr. Fine, "that kind of breakfast is eaten most often only on Sundays, if then. We estimate that probably no more than 25 percent of U.S. households have anything approaching this kind of breakfast. One reason is the time demands on the housewife. She doesn't have to get up and cook; she has to find mittens, change diapers, unknot shoelaces, get the galoshes on the kids, and perhaps drive for the car pool. Not to mention the possibility that she has to get out to work herself. On top of this, there is no set time for breakfast when everybody will meet for their "hearty meal in the morning." Various members of the family get up and out at various times in the morning, from six-thirty until after eight o'clock. Since timing is of the essence in making breakfast—there is nothing worse than having soggy eggs or cold sausage or bacon—she'd have to be a short-order cook for ninety minutes to two hours every day to give everybody "the most important meal of the day." Moreover, she doesn't have anybody to help her in getting a piping hot meal on the table in the morning. "She *can* demand and get help at dinner," observed Dr. Fine, "but how can she ask her teenage daughter who 'can't get my hair right' to help in the morning?" The result is that breakfast has become—in Dr. Fine's word—"individuated." Everybody eats what he wants and skips what he doesn't want: "Even small children are allowed to select their own cereal." Their elders don't often get as much nourishment: "Coffee, juice, and a couple of vitamin pills are standard breakfast fare for a great many adults," said Dr. Fine. The unplanned, disorganized nature of all this leaves the housewife very upset; she thinks she *should* be in control of things and she worries that perhaps the members of her family aren't getting enough nourishment through this anarchic system. But she compensates for it by conceding that there's not enough time to get breakfast for everybody and "at least they're getting *something* into them."

The "main meal," where the family gathers to sit down and dine together, almost as a congregation, is also in decline. This *also* is very upsetting to many a housewife, for she's been brought up to regard this main meal as almost "sacred". In certain cultures, if a person is absent from the "sacred" meal, a seat is left vacant to symbolize his presence; in primitive societies, the preserved skulls of ancestors are actually "fed" on important occasions. Even in modern industrial America, high business executives feel compelled to get home for dinner—"it's the only time I ever see the kids"—even if it means continuing their work after dinner, late into the night. The hard fact is that if he doesn't get home for dinner—if he goes out to dinner with a business acquaintance—he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doesn't feel the impact of his absence as much as his wife does. For it is usually the wife and mother who feels the need for punctuating the day by having everybody gather around the dining table; it is the wife and mother who is most likely to be upset by its gradual decline and disappearance. For Dr. Fine estimates that—in contrast to the seven-day-a-week ideal for main-meal consumption—it usually happens only three days a week. And then the "main meal" may last for as little as twenty minutes. The reason is that in modern America, many husbands don't get home from work until after the smallest children have gone to bed; other fathers and some sons are going to night school, the grade-school kids are at Little League or hockey, even the mothers may be off to Garden Club or the PTA meeting. There's another factor: the time available for cooking the main meal has become increasingly limited, either because so many women today are working or because they're immersed in the kinds of social and civic activities that keep them busy until evening. This is an irony, for as the horizons of food preparation are expanding, the time available to the woman to pursue them, through complex cookery, is declining. At the same time, the individual members of the family are making more inroads on her time by demanding that she serve their "favorite" food. Thus the habit she tolerates in the morning—"individuated" meals picked up according to each individual's taste—returns to plague her in the evening, when she has no time or inclination to make individual meals to please everybody's palate. So she compromises: she develops a few menus with the "lowest common denominator"—with those foods that will satisfy all or most of the members of her family—and she serves them over and over again. "Some women appear to operate on as few as seven basic meals which are rotated with unswerving calendrical authority," said Dr. Fine. "Most seem to use ten to fourteen basic meals with the rare 'experiment' thrown in." But the fact that the meals *are* the lowest common denominator tends to make the main meal less attractive to some members of the family; they prefer to get their tastes satisfied by meals outside the home. Thus the structure of the main meal is weakened even further; weakness breeds weakness and eventually the main meal itself might disappear.

Almost half the time, the wife and mother isn't directly involved in the choice of the foods that her family eats. Some 40 percent of the money spent on food these days is spent for food consumed outside the home. Consider the frequency of outside eating: at coffee breaks during work—when many persons eat "breakfast"—or at the desk in the early work hours; at school during recess or lunch; after school in the local kids' hangout; and at business lunches or business dinners where the husband may eat so much—on an expense account, of course—that he feels he's had his main meal of the day. Thus the total picture: while breakfast at home is disappearing, lunch at home is nonexistent, and the main meal, dinner at home, is in decline, the response of many people is—in Dr. Fine's view—to get their individual tastes "fulfilled away from the main meal" and thus away from home. With so much eating away from home, the housewife's ability to regulate or oversee the food intake of her family—and by implication the health of her family—is diminishing.

Neptune Caesar salad—a nutritious and slimming main course for a luncheon. Greens are high in vitamin A and tuna provides protein; onion rings and ripe olives provide subtle flavor and eye appeal.

Behind all this, Dr. Fine discerned yet another revolutionary change in eating habits: Americans no longer get "three square meals a day" in the historical tradition of the nation. Instead they have one meal a day—a meal that starts with juice and vitamins in the morning and continues through coffee breaks, snacks, TV watching, and before-bed gnawing with only an occasional interruption for (a) breath, and (b) a recognizable menu. To the housewife, all this offers the problems of high calories and no nutrition—she's been taught that snacks are "junk" foods. (Some are, in fact; some aren't.) So she worries all the more: her family is going to get fat and have malnutrition at the same time. The import of all of this is that she feels she's being frustrated in her womanly responsibilities: that of delivering health as well as food to her family. For everything she's been taught suggests that food is the key to nutrition and nutrition is the key to health—ergo, food is the key to health. Yet the revolution in eating patterns has demolished everything she'd ever come to understand about the patterns of good eating—and thus the pursuit of good health. "In a sense," said Dr. Fine, "she feels that the future of the world is supposed to be in her hands and yet it escapes her constantly."

Among her responses—in the views of some persons—was to turn, in her anxiety, to the ethnic foods of her mother's generation and to the organic and "natural" foods of the younger generation. The ethnic foods were something of an emotive anchor; they were something she was sure that all the members of her family would eat and their food value had been impressed on her by her mother and her mother's mother. The organic foods of the younger generation promised more nutrition and "meaning" than processed foods, even though they cost a great deal more; moreover, they gave her a feeling of rebellion against the giant food processors who—she might have felt—weren't providing everything she wanted in the way of ideal food consumption for her family.

Nowhere was the revolution in eating habits demonstrated more dramatically than in the turn to organic and "natural" foods. Rooted for years in fading farm, and mom-and-pop city business, "health foods" began booming in the late 1960's as part of the "youth" reaction against the status quo. By 1970, they were a $100 million-a-year business: by 1972, they'd quadrupled—they were a $400 million-a-year business. The number of health food stores increased from 1,800 in 1968—when the fad was already rolling—to well over 3,500 in 1972. The products they were putting on the shelves seemed to be multiplying like gerbils. Not long ago, just one large store, the Natural Foods Center operated by the Berkeley, California, food co-ops, offered 23 different kinds of nut butter, 80 different

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brands of herb tea, 50 different "natural" cheeses, and 110 different flavors, blends and sizes of honey (which, in the mythic heaven of the counterculture, will protect you from everything from arthritis to itchy palms). And the prices were as expansive as the number of products. Vitamins, wheat germ oil, garlic capsules, and dessicated liver tablets were selling at markups of 100 to 300 percent of what they cost at wholesale. Wild honey shampoo began selling at $15.80 a pint, organic natural shoes cost $35, and wheat-germ-and-yeast beauty mask marketed at $5—just in case you wanted to absorb "health" through your skin instead of your mouth. In April, 1972, the *Journal of Milk and Food Technology* reported on a comparison of twenty-four health foods with twenty-four traditional foods and found the health foods sold at 70 percent more than the traditional foods. The reason is suggested by the one-time TV manufacturer who decided to open a health food store in the chic upper East Side of Manhattan. It cost him, he said later, $50,000 to make the place look like a barn.

At the outset, the health foods drive was part of the rebellion of the counterculture. But eventually two things happened. One was that the "revolution" began falling into the hands of the establishment. When Archon Pure Products was formed in 1970 to market health foods nationally, it boasted such backers as Clare Boothe Luce, Robert Sarnoff, chairman of RCA, the Rockefeller brothers, the Rothschilds, and some partners from Lehman Brothers, an old-line investment banking firm. The other thing that happened is that some exploiters began moving in—even on the counterculture—with extravagant claims about what health foods, and excesses of vitamins, could do for you. Milk could cure cancer, honey could prevent arthritis, vitamin E could help everything from the sex drive to protection against air pollution, and a brown-rice-and-nuts diet—the macrobiotic diet—could protect its proponents from an atomic bomb. ("A macrobiotic person cannot be killed by an atomic bomb," said the late Georges Ohsawa, the leading philosopher of the diet.) Once the exploiters began moving in, how did the food processors respond? What are they doing that recognizes the changing pattern of eating and the changing tastes of the American food buyer?

Some of them began marketing "natural" foods to augment their traditional products: Quaker Oats has a "natural" breakfast cereal, for example. Some of them have gone heavily into the heat-and-serve convenience dishes—"if you can't warm it and serve it in twenty minutes, *forget* it," says one housewife. Almost all of them are going into the production of a greater variety of food products in recognition of the greater range and location of food consumption—Kraftco, which has a general renown as a maker of cheese products, actually markets some 6,000 food and non-food items worldwide.

But the responses to the innovative demand—the processes and techniques—can only be measured by taking a close and comprehensive look at what one company is doing. Let's take Kraftco. As one of the largest food processors in the world (it grosses some $3 billion a year), what it does inevitably influences what the whole world of food might do. "We aren't dealing with food alone," says William O. Beers, the forceful, sturdily built chairman of Kraftco's board. "We're dealing with people and their ideas."

Hickory-smoke-flavored barbecue sauce adds tang and zest to Do Ahead Beef Stew. Cook it over an outdoor grill for a real woodsy flavor. See page 128 for the easy, foolproof recipe. Terrific!

The ideas are rooted in the way that people express their preferences in food. Historically, the food processors watched sales for the expression of those ideas. Coffee-flavored ice cream sells well in the northeast—say Kraftco executives—but not in the rest of the country. Mayonnaise sells well on both the East and West Coasts but Miracle Whip—a product that looks like mayonnaise but is actually a salad dressing with a tangier zip—sells better in the Midwest. Barbecue sauce sold better on the West Coast and in the Southwest before it hit hard in the rest of the country, and yogurt also sold well on the West Coast before it spread to the rest of the country. "On the whole, the West Coast tends to be a forerunner of national trends," says William H. Mallory, director of market research for Kraftco. By watching various marketing trends, Kraftco can get something of an idea of what the food-buying public will seek next, on a national scale. It can hope to do the same by watching the mail: Kraftco normally receives between 5,000 and 30,000 requests per month for recipes, but some months the requests have totaled 50,000. By watching the trend in these requests it can discern some of the current drives in taste. But now Kraftco is turning to in-depth interviews involving thousands of families. We're trying to get the housewife into the picture at an earlier stage," says Bill Mallory. "What are her ideas? How is she changing? How are her needs changing? How can we meet those changing needs?"

It is up to Kraftco to trace the answers and then to take action on them. Once a potential answer is discovered, it is delivered to the company's Research & Development headquarters in Glenview, Illinois. This is a spare, spotless structure built around atriums—or inner courtyards—on a suburban road some twenty-five miles northwest of Chicago's Loop. It is here that Kraftco examines everything from the basic structure of food—"We're finding components in it that we didn't know existed a few years ago," says R&D director John White—to the total passage of food as it's converted from a raw material to a body element. ("We can tag a single element of a particular food with a radioactive isotope," says John White, "and trace its progress all the way from the production process in our pilot plant through the digestive system of our laboratory animals.") Thus Kraftco's R&D is equipped not only for a searching examination of the food idea itself, but the systems of change that process and manufacturing might bring to it.

The first step at R&D is to examine the way the product might be used in the home, then to develop a formula that meets that use—a formula involving all the ingredients in the ultimate product. Every ingredient in that formula is examined for its nutritional value and the results of the analysis are fed into a computer for use now and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the future. Thereafter, everything that happens to that food product—no matter how it's cooked, stored, altered, or processed—will go into the computer so that a continuing analysis can be maintained of the nutritive value of the product. This is clearly a response to the concerns of the modern-day housewife about the nutritional value of the nonstop, nonstructured eating patterns that her family indulges—as well as to the imperatives of the U.S. government. For the government is requiring that, as of January 1, 1975, any product for which a nutritive benefit is claimed or to which a nutrient has been added must have all the nutritive benefits of the product listed clearly on the label. Indeed, the government now requires that many food products—TV dinners among them—carry certain minimum quantities of nutrients. More than that, it demands that certain foods be enriched with nutrients useful to the consumer. The amount of iron added to flour has been tripled recently and that added to enriched bread has been doubled. In addition, the mandatory levels of the vitamins thiamin, riboflavin, and niacin have also been increased. Today, four slices of enriched bread (or close to four ounces) will provide a young woman with all her daily calcium needs, with 15 percent of her protein needs, with 24 percent of thiamin, 19 percent of niacin, and 13 percent of riboflavin.

While all of this is going on, the Kraftco R&D researcher is exploring all the likely alternatives to the original formula. He may want to add a little more spice here, a little more sauce there; he may want to reduce the pasta a bit and build up the vegetable content. "As you go along, it's inevitable that there will be changes applied to the original concept," says John White. Some of those changes are very subtle ones involving taste and texture. "Individuals have an amazing capacity for picking up the nuances of taste; we still have not improved on the human palate as a way of detecting these nuances," says John White. Those subtleties of taste are extremely important and vary from country to country.

In several foreign countries, Kraftco sells products designed to suit the particular taste preferences of the country. In Germany a catsup flavored with curry, special sauces for meats, different types of cake mixes and a nutritious chocolate snack for children are manufactured and sold to appeal to the tastes of Germans.

Australians are fond of a yeast product called "Vegemite." One Kraft Foods Division official estimated that the product is found in about 90 percent of all Australian homes. Efforts to market it in the United States have failed because the product has a very salty taste and a peculiar smell which Americans find offensive, but the Australians find appealing.

Other foreign countries where Kraftco markets products will also have special items found nowhere else but in that country.

In all of this, the Kraftco researchers are examining just how to add and mix these elements. In fact, they've already been analyzing the ideal methods for adding or preserving the nutrients in food. For Kraftco, like all food processors, is aware of how the systems of manufacturing and processing can impact on the food value of a product: "We make every effort not to destroy or reduce the value of the nutrients that are in the raw materials," says John White. In some cases, if any nutrients are lost in processing,

Today's homemaker is clearly concerned about the nutritional value of her family's nonstructured eating patterns. And of course she is concerned that foods be attractive as well as palatable.

efforts are made to restore the food to its original nutritional value. This is a very careful, complex precaution, for the food must go through high temperatures, through pressing and processing, through refrigeration procedures—through all the stresses and strains that any substance must endure before it is perfected for mass production. Even the final mass-production processes are to be analyzed, questioned, and appraised to make sure that they are thoroughly susceptible to quality control. (In one Kraftco plant, which processes 2.86 million pounds of food a day, every aspect of the plant's production is checked continuously by everything from computers to microbiological samples to the human mouth. "We taste a lot but we don't swallow," says Joan Macomber, a weight-conscious member of one quality control lab.) Beyond all this, Kraftco wants to make sure that the production process won't pollute the environment—"We're *not*," says John White, "going to produce a great and healthful food item for our consumers and then pollute their environment while doing it."

Even when all this is known, the search for perfection in the product goes on. For example:

In one lab there is a series of devices that reveal what happens to the product when it is shipped by truck or rail. One device is a jostling machine, which duplicates what happens to the product—perhaps a salad oil, or a mayonnaise—"as it's being jostled along on a truck for a given number of miles." Another is an impact machine, which duplicates the smashing and bumping that a carton of Kraftco products might endure in being shipped by rail—what will happen to it as it is bumped back and forth on a highway crossing or as it's being shuttled around in a railroad yard. Still another is a device which duplicates conditions at the various elevations in the United States—from mile-high Denver to below-sea-level Death Valley—so that the changes in the product due to various air pressures can be determined before the product emerges from the lab.

In another lab there is nothing but a number of refrigerator cases and shelves, just as they appear in your local supermart—under exactly the same conditions of lighting. That is exactly the point: to find out what will happen to a product when it's exposed for long periods to supermarket conditions, including the effects of light in its visible and invisible manifestations. ("We're looking particularly hard at the action on the ultraviolet end of the spectrum," says John White.)

In yet another lab, more than 100 different kinds of wrappings are mounted on horizontal spindles sticking out from a wall. Kraftco has always been a leader in perceiving the importance of the packaging of a product in terms of its usefulness to the housewife. It was the first company to put out a quart-size bottle with a wide mouth, for example—"so the housewife can get the spoon all the way down to the bottom of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

jar to get the last of the mayonnaise or dressing out," says Chester Green, the company's top vice-president in marketing and research. In this lab, the packaging principle does not embrace glass so much as various kinds and thicknesses of polyethylene film wrappings. "Some of them are ideal for sealing," says John White. "Others are best for preventing moisture loss, still others for preventing gas transmission"—the infiltration of air which might reduce the quality of the food. This is why Kraftco uses laminations of several wrappings—not one thick wrapping—to protect certain of its products: through the laminations it gets the best of all possible actions. It also provides for a wrapping that the housewife can open without using hammers or dynamite—a wrapping that can continue to be used by the housewife when she puts the product in the refrigerator. For Kraftco's concern is not just in selling the product—a concern that would end in the supermarket—but in delivering the best possible product to the consumer in every stage from innovation to complete consumption. That's why it wraps its Cracker Barrel cheese in a five-ply lamination—so that the wrapping can serve all the scientific needs for food protection, yet be easy to open and thereafter serve as a ready instrument to protect the food while it's in the family refrigerator.

The idea that's being turned into a food product must go through proving found testing in these and in many other labs at the Kraftco R&D headquarters. When it's passed all its tests in these labs, it still must survive several more tests on the outside.

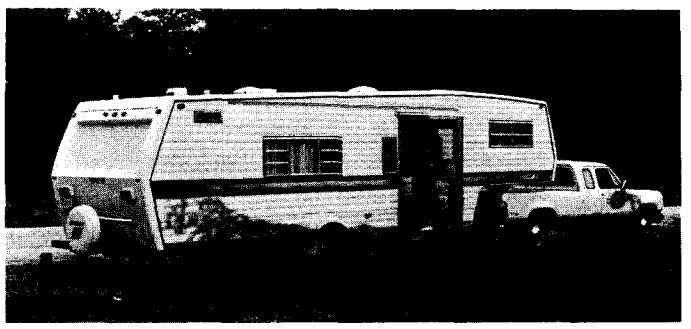
Among those are the tests in the Kraft Kitchens. These are a congerie of eight kitchens set in an enclave of warm woods and soft pastels on the sixth floor of an austere office building that was once a production facility hard by Chicago's downtown lakefront. These kitchens are designed to duplicate in every possible detail the actual kitchen work in various phases of "the outside world"—i.e., the world outside the disciplined strictures of the research lab. One kitchen duplicates all the activity of a fast-food service facility, complete with deep fryers and steam ovens. Another duplicates a suburban outdoor grill, complete with a charcoal bed and brick linings. Still others are much like those you'll find in any home or apartment except that they offer a wider choice of cooking possibilities—with gas, or with electricity, or in a microwave oven, for example. It is not just the equipment that is identical to that being used in the home; it is that the lighting and decor and "move-around" space are virtually identical to that in the home kitchen. There is one exception: the Research Kitchen does not have bright colors on its walls or fixtures; they are of beige or soft off-whites and the overhead lighting is white and neutral. ("We wanted to eliminate colors which would reflect off certain foods and perhaps inspire a subjective judgment based on how the foods looks rather than an objective one based on how it tastes and 'handles,'" says Dorothy Holland, vice-president and director of consumer relations for Kraft Foods.) There are twenty-two home economists—"housewives"—working in this area and every year they test and examine some 1,200 different products to see how they'll work in the kitchen—at home or in a restaurant—as well as how they act and react in the lab. Not all of these are new or modified products; some of them are old products with a new urgency. But some idea of the stringency and care of Kraftco's research and development might be achieved by taking that figure and comparing it with the forty new products that Kraftco actually put on the market in 1972—i.e., that one idea in every thirty gets past the Kraft Kitchens and onto the supermarket shelves (or, if you want to conform to new-product testing exclusively, cut the ratio in half, one idea in every fifteen).

The examination an idea gets in the Kraft Kitchens, and the way the home economists work with research labs personnel, is suggested by a new product which hit the supermarket shelves in the summer of 1973. It was a liquid margarine and it was thought to be very convenient for the general use of margarine in the kitchen—substituting easy pouring for constant cutting—as well as for special uses with certain foods (to pour on popcorn, spread on corn on the cob, or top pancakes or wheatcakes with, all of which are best when the traditional solid margarine—or butter—has melted to a liquid). But it wasn't enough simply to melt margarine and package it in a plastic bottle instead of a paper carton. That simply wouldn't work at all. For to be useful in the kitchen, liquid margarine had to meet a great many practical tests. For example, it had to be smooth and somewhat thick, or creamy, in order to "set up" well on the food it might be used with. On the other hand, it had to be "thin" enough to flow readily out of a small spout, one with an opening, say, a sixteenth of an inch in diameter. That was just one specification: to make the margarine a thick, somewhat creamy liquid that was thin enough to flow readily out of a small spout. Now add a complication: refrigeration. The margarine would have to be refrigerated, whether in the supermart or later in the home. That means that it would get cool and as it cooled, the liquid would tend to harden. Not to "freeze," in a literal sense, but simply to get a little firmer and more solid. But that meant it wouldn't flow out of the spout when it was taken from the refrigerator; it would be like trying to force solid butter through a small spout. Both the home economists in the Kraft Kitchens and the white-coated researchers in the R&D labs could see the implications of this: one or two frustrations with nonflowing liquid margarine—or episodes of impatience while waiting for the margarine to soften enough to become "pourable"—meant the housewife would never buy the product again. So now the research team, including the Kraft Kitchens experts, had to find a substance that was both thick and thin as well as one which would be preserved perfectly in a refrigerator without hardening to an "unpourable" state. All these contradictions had to be worked out scientifically in the R&D labs and then proven practically in the Kraft Kitchens. And these problems were linked inextricably with others—with the design of the spout and seal, for example; and with the very design of the bottle (*it* had to be designed not only for looks and for a woman's handgrip but to enhance the flow of the margarine when the bottle is near empty, so that the housewife is not gypped out of the use of the bottom ounce of the margarine). Altogether, almost five years of research and of testing—at both R&D and Kraft Kitchens—went into liquid Parkay margarine before it was deemed ready for the supermarket. The effort was worth it: in a very short while, liquid Parkay margarine became one of the rising new "stars" of supermarket sales.

Beyond the Kraft Kitchens, there is often—though not inevitably—yet another test that the idea-turned-into-product must survive. It is with the housewives of the country who will use the products. For Kraftco, like many other food processors, tests new products with the women who'll have to use them. The results develop insights that are sometimes invaluable. Not too long ago, several food processors developed systems for spreading cheese on crackers and bread by "squeezing" the package instead of spreading with a knife. Nabisco was one of the first into the field with a system that involved a cheese spread in a can and squeezed out through a narrow nozzle with the aid of an aerosol valve. Kraftco decided to try to eliminate both the aerosol valve and the can—both costly items—and thus lower the cost while keeping the cheese quality high. Instead of the can, it developed a plastic wrapping that looked much like a sausage. Instead of the thin nozzle and aerosol valve, it provided a wide opening in the plastic casing that would be closed with a cap. Also it developed a cheese which would look and feel somewhat firm in the packaging but which was still soft and "flowable" enough at room temperature so that it could be squeezed by hand—through the opening. But if the cheese spread was kept in the refrigerator, it would likely harden. Thus Kraftco came up with a cheese spread that didn't have to be refrigerated; it could be kept on the pantry shelf, even after being

Continued on page 128

Recreational Vehicle Buyers Guide



Steury Corporation features a complete line of travel trailers, truck campers and fifth wheels. For free, full color brochure, write to Steury Corporation, Dept. P44, 310 Steury Ave., Goshen, Ind. 46526.

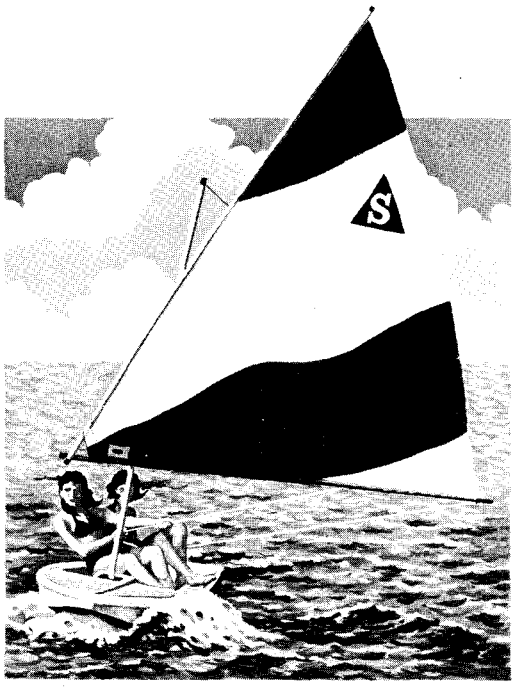
1974's most luxurious mini-home.
One of 6 motorhome coach sizes. Sleeps six comfortably. Full bath, kitchen, dinette and living areas. Self-contained. Catalog: BARTH, INC., MILFORD, INDIANA 46542.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE POST TRAVEL CENTER

NOW IS THE TIME TO LET YOURSELF GO

To sprout wings, to see the world while everybody else is hugging home. Prices are cheaper. Hotels and restaurants and the world's wonders are less crowded. Imagine the Taj Mahal, a pearly vision of alabaster in the moonlight. Imagine Mozart in Austria. You are listening, seeing, feeling that these masterpieces were made for you alone. Sail, fly, swim in the ethereal air of the perfect. Let the others stay at home. This world was made for you.



AIR INDIA: London, all Britain and the Continent. Send for colorful folders featuring Air India's 1974 individual and group tours. 1

ALABAMA: 1974 Full-Color Brochure—"Alabama Has It All." Complete guide to over 100 historic and scenic attractions that offer fun, variety, and economy in vacation planning. 2

AUSTRIA: The European country always in season, always beautiful. Write for colorful brochures. 3

BARTH MOTORHOMES: Color literature & specifications. 14 floor plans for 6 coach sizes. RV data booklet. Facts you should know about motorhomes. 4

BAY POINT: Panama City, Florida's exciting new bayfront residential resort. Condominiums. Yacht and country club. Waterfront and golf-course lots. Championship golf course. Twelve granule all-weather tennis courts. Vacation packages for families and business groups. Color brochures on request. 5

BRITRAIL: Take advantage of this interesting way of touring Britain by train. Send for our free illustrated brochures.

(A) BritRail Pass. 6

(B) Open-to-View Pass. 7

(C) Britainshrinker Tours. 8

CURAÇAO, NETHERLANDS ANTILLES: Visit "The Unexpected Caribbean." Dutch-like Curaçao is truly unique. Enjoy big savings on duty-free shopping, sight-seeing, world's finest skin diving, perfect hurricane and allergy-free weather. Send for our free, colorful *Bon-Bini* welcome kit containing full information. 9

DAYTONA BEACH: Find your Florida in Daytona Beach. See all of Florida from here. Twenty-three miles of the world's most famous beach. Write for color brochure for further information. Daytona Beach Resort Area, P.O. Box 2169, Daytona Beach, Florida 32015. 10

ERROLL ESTATES: For full information on a "lifetime vacation" when you live at Erroll Estates, including championship golf, tennis and swimming, gourmet dining in Florida's finest area. For a preview ask for folder on golf weekend vacationing at Erroll Estates Country Club. 11

FIAT: Europe's best-selling car. Drive it across Europe—then ship it to the U.S. The savings might pay for part of your vacation. Write for full information. 12

FINNAIR: 1973/74 Russian/Finnish Festivals. 8- and 16-day escorted tours from $331 including air fare. 13

FLORIDA: Write for your free Florida *Vacation-Master*. 14

GOVERNMENT OF INDIA TOURIST OFFICE: *India: It's not just another country. It's another world.* Please send descriptive literature on traveling to and within India. 15

INTERNATIONAL CULTURAL DANCE CENTER: Dance Holiday in Greece. Comprehensive dance program including ballet, tap, toe, jazz, gymnastics, and acrobatics; native folk dances of Greece and Spain, Slavic and Middle Eastern countries; language classes; courses in ancient Greek history and archaeology. Write for your free descriptive brochure now. 16

JAPAN AIR LINES: Send for free colorful 1974 Happy Holidays World Festival of Tours guide including over 1,300 departures for the Orient, South Pacific, and Around the World. 17

LEITZ PHOTOGRAPHIC: New 14-page brochure on new Leica CL. Slowest range-finder camera features interchangeable lenses and through-the-lens metering. 18

MASSACHUSETTS: Our free full-color vacation guide and poster will show the way to more vacation value for your family. We're nearer. So, come closer to Massachusetts and save your energy for a special kind of vacation. 19

MERCEDES-BENZ: How to save by ordering Europe's finest car through the European Delivery Service. Free brochure. 20

MISSISSIPPI: Free full-color folder about what to do and see on "America's Riviera"—the Mississippi Gulf Coast. Scenic drives, 300 years of history, luxury hotels, 28 miles of beach, plus every seashore resort attraction. 21

NORWEGIAN AMERICAN LINE: Free brochure describing luxurious 10- to 90-day cruises to everywhere . . . through Mediterranean, Caribbean, South Pacific, and more. 22

QANTAS: THE AUSTRALIAN AIRLINE has tours for high rollers, tours for bargain hunters. We'll send you our brochures about all kinds of tours to Australia. 23

ROYAL VIKING LINE: Full-color, 92-page brochure on all first-class cruises to every part of the world, including around the world voyages. 24

SABENA AIR LINES:

(A) Low seasonal rates to Brussels and other European destinations, including special discount books. 25

(B) Africa. 26

SOUTH CAROLINA TRIP KIT—A free packet containing folders on campgrounds, state parks, beaches, mountains, golf courses, historic homes and gardens. Plus a big color brochure and South Carolina highway map. 27

SOUTH DAKOTA: SEE MT. RUSHMORE. And more and more. South Dakota, of all places! Free Trip-Pak. Call free 800-843-1930. 28

STEURY CORPORATION: Send for free, full-color brochures on travel trailers, truck campers, and fifth wheels. 29

TAHITI TOURIST BOARD: Free brochure and map let you plan any vacation in Tahiti and nine other islands. 30

TENNESSEE: Free! 32-page color booklet—"Tennessee, It Just Comes Natural." Illustrates and describes why Tennessee is ideal family vacationland. And Tennessee is near you. Also see our advertisement for more specifics and literature. 31

UNION CASTLE LINE: Yesterday's sea voyage to tomorrow's continent. Please send your two new brochures:

(A) AFRICAN HOLIDAYS. 32

(B) FARES and SAILINGS. 33

VENTURE OUT IN AMERICA: Recreation Vehicle Resorts—a terrific way to spend your retirement or vacation. Write for more information. 34

VIRGINIA: More America to the Mile—Williamsburg, Jamestown, Yorktown, historic homes, the Blue Ridge Mountains, and famous beaches are just a few of the attractions you'll find in our free 36-page color vacation guide. 35

VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA TOURIST DELIVERY: Brochure and price list. 36

STATE OF WASHINGTON: Send for your free Washington State Travel Kit including information about the Expo '74 World's Fair. 37

WESTOURS: ALASKA. Now you may combine a cruise through Alaska's beautiful Inside Passage with a tour of Alaska and the Yukon. Free Westours brochure. 38

HOLIDAY: (A) All new pocket-sized *1974 Guide to Fine Dining in America, Canada & Mexico*, by Robert Lawrence Balzer. Send $1.00 per copy for immediate delivery. 39

(B) *Guide to Fine Dining Abroad*. 1973 edition $1.00. 40

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MY TWO-YEAR FLIRTATION WITH JAPAN PART II

By Sandra SerVaas

Editor's Note: *The author of the article is a young American who, just out of college, had the opportunity to live with a family in Japan, the Hagiwaras, and–as they hoped–introduce them to American ways. What happened was just the opposite. She was so entranced by her hosts, young and old, that she became* Hambun nihonjin, *"half Japanese." She took up Japanese diet, entered a judo school where judo is really an art, and won her brown belt. "Actually, I had come to be converted by the natives, not vice versa. And after only two* months–*much less two* years–*I was already beginning to speak in Japanese, and even dream in Japanese!" Evidence of this conversion is very clear in the photograph, on the opposite page, of Sandra SerVaas of Dutch descent, looking more Japanese than some Japanese. The story of the love affair is told in her day-by-some-days diary, continued here from the last issue.*

April 2. A trip to Kyoto with the family was a good excuse to ride the 200 mph Super Express. Even though the train sped along so fast that the scenery out the window was blurry, it smelled like tangerines, just like every other Japanese long-distance train. In Kyoto, of a choice of 200 temples, we chose three a day. Even though thousands of tourists tramp through them day after day, not a hobnailed boot has touched the hallowed halls. Slippers are a brilliant conservation scheme! Check your footwear (and chewing gum) at the door. We returned to our *ryokan* (Japanese inn) just in time for the old-fashioned dinner *ryokans* always serve: salmon eggs, Japanese pickles, raw fish slices, squid, soup with small mollusks. At least the quantities are so minuscule that if anything is "inedible," it goes down quickly. I gorged myself on a new-found favorite: raw eggs and soy sauce over rice.

April 18. I'm sitting in the Kokusai Bunka Shinkokai (International Culture Center) Library gleaning a few choice statistics about Japan: Japanese are approximately 100 percent literate. In 1958, traffic deaths per 10,000 motorists were 47.1 (only 5.5 for the U.S.). By 1980, 70 percent

The author's integration into the Hagiwara family is graphically portrayed by their insistence that she pose with them in this official wedding portrait. The bride is Mrs. Hagiwara's younger sister, Hiroko. Mrs. Hagiwara is front row, right end. Mr. Hagiwara is top row, fourth from right.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the population will be living in less than 1 percent of the national land area. My librarian friend interrupted to say she was leaving to march in a strike to protest low wages. She speaks five languages but doesn't make enough to rent an apartment.

April 20. My first lessons in *Kamakura bori*—an ancient and famous carving and shellacking art. This is in Kamakura, a little town forty-five minutes south of Tokyo by train (and four hours by car). After the first lesson, we toured some temples—of which Kamakura has plenty since it was an ancient capital of Japan. The insides of Buddhist temples are strange—filled with all sorts of things people bring to feed the Buddha or as tokens for favors bestowed. Hanging from the ceiling are thousands of origami paper cranes. When someone is dangerously ill, friends fold 1,000 cranes, tie them together, and hang them in the temple for a quick recovery.

April 30. I visited Takasaki, a provincial town an hour north of Tokyo. My escorts were two Japanese college boys returning to their high school's annual festival. The school was unpainted and barrackslike, a firetrap, and set in hills dominated by a grotesque 140-foot concrete Goddess of Mercy. The school boys were all in their black high-collared uniforms and caps with foot-high wooden *getas* (clogs). It was a scene from prewar Japan. The club projects on display seemed of college caliber, and my friends said, yes, Japanese high schools were very advanced and students were hard pressed to keep up the pace. They study constantly—both at high school and after-school cram schools—knowing they *must* pass the difficult college entrance exams. If they pass, their future is secure. They enter college and frequently become academic decadents. Why not? Much college material is a repeat from high school and graduation is practically automatic. Students must get into the *right* college (Tokyo University, Keio University, Kyoto University) in order to land the best jobs.

The author in geisha costume for school play. Slight grimace as zori, *slippers, are too small!*

May 15. The same two boys and their girl friends from my English classes at the college took me along with them to famous Nikko—home of the rococo vermillion-splashed temples and the "see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil" monkey carvings. The whole temple complex was fantastic beyond description, which probably led to the Japanese saying "Never say *kekko* (marvelous, brilliant) before you see Nikko."

May 20. Conversation for the day: My English teacher, Mr. Sakai, and I were looking back at Vietnam-Cambodia, and he remarked that "the U.S. should have moved decisively to end the mess in Southeast Asia for the good of your people. The only way to erase deep-seated misguidedness in people is something of great impact—like the Bomb. Only that could shock them back into reality—as it did the Japanese people." I wonder how many Japanese feel that way?

Later in the day, I spoke to Mrs. Hagiwara about the war and asked her what Tokyo was like then. She said that Americans think only about the two atomic bombs, but that Tokyo, in some ways, was far worse. Practically the whole city was destroyed by continual strafings, and every day there were dead people in the streets. She missed most of high school because it was closed during that period. One day, when she happened to be standing in front of her family's house, a bomb fell on it. The family all threw water on it and themselves because the fire was so hot. After that, her father stayed on to work in Tokyo and sent the whole family to stay with relatives in Izu.

Mankai (full bloom) in the northern city of Sendai. Lunch boxes on tables under cherry trees await gardeners whose pleasurable job it is to sweep up the blooms.

June 1. Tomorrow is the judo test for advancement to the next rank. There is really no need to worry, because all those who are "allowed" to take the test will pass. Those who would fail save face by being "advised" not to show up.

During my last practice, one of my friends ran head first into somebody else and was carted off to the hospital. This prompted a fifteen-year-old Israeli girl to tell me about her mother, who broke her leg at Kodokan a few months ago. Luckily, one of the women teachers is a bone setter (there are such things) and immediately set the bone by feel while it was still in shock and not painful. She then applied a Japanese medicine and wrapped it in bandages. The Japanese don't often use casts—but instead bandages and a "healing" medicine which keeps the swelling down. This is changed every day until removed for good. Being a foreigner and of course suspicious of such primitive procedures, the Israeli lady went to the hospital the next day for X rays—which showed the setting job was perfect. From then on, the bone setter was the doctor. She changed the bandages every day, and in only two months, the badly broken and crushed ankle healed without weakening the leg in the slightest.

Sept. 10. It's taken me only nine months to discover the best Japanese language school in Tokyo. I quit UNESCO in the first month when the teacher disappeared, finished two courses at the Yokohama YMCA, and am now enrolled in a more advanced class at the Naganuma School. We're also learning to write in Japanese, but the characters are difficult to memorize—some with twenty-three separate strokes which must all be made in a prescribed order. At this point, my Japanese is so good that the Hagiwaras seldom bother with English. If I travel away from home, they expect to receive postcards from me written in Japanese. My friend Kayoko is helping me along too: she reads me Japanese kiddie bedtime stories for practice.

Sept. 16. Yesterday was Old People's Day and there were numerous festivals and celebrations all over town. Movies and restaurants everywhere were crowded with old folk on an outing with their children and grandchildren. It seems ironic that a country with such a history of revering and caring for parents now reverts to one day a year as the official "honor thy parents" day.

Sept. 25. Kayoko told me about the predicament of Japanese working women. Secretarial jobs are practically the only decent paying jobs available. Men start making approximately the same as women in equivalent jobs, but men's salaries increase with length of service while women's do not. In fact, many companies set compulsory retirement for women at age thirty. Sometimes there is a clause to the effect that if any woman employee marries, she will be dismissed. Recently, several women have taken the latter discriminatory practice to the Supreme Court and won. The victory was short-lived, however, when the Tokyo home office welcomed them back with orders to transfer to Osaka.

Oct. 16. I am more well traveled than the average Japanese (who are inveterate travelers). I've just discovered some obscure temples nobody's ever heard of, an authentic *onsen* (hot springs) town from the twelfth century, an old castle town, the home of one of Japan's most venerated potteries, a famous shrine set out over the Inland Sea—and now, Hiroshima. My melancholy in visiting this town-known-round-the-world was abated some-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what by laughing at my predicament: the hotel, which I had selected from the "budget" section of an old guidebook, turned out to be in the red light district. Fortunately, the Peace Park and New Hiroshima Hotel were right across the plaza. At dusk, we walked in the Peace Park, inspected Kenzo Tange's Cenotaph monument, and the ruins of the Industrial Pavilion, the only building left in its bombed condition. Most of the young Hiroshimans we met on the street would have to go to the Peace Park Museum themselves to find out what happened. But in another sense, Japan does not entirely forget. In my first Japanese wedding, Hiroko married a boy from Hiroshima—but did not receive parental consent until her fiance's whereabouts on That Day were determined and he was cleared.

Oct. 29. I introduced Halloween to the Hagiwaras in the form of a few small, green pumpkins for them to carve. All the faces turned out looking Japanese, for some reason!

Oct. 31. Spent the weekend at the resort area of Hakone, near Mt. Fuji. I saw the mountain completely for the first time. Usually it is obscured by clouds and pollution. On an especially clear day, we can see part of Fuji from the roof of the Hagiwara House.

The Japanese are on their *kikuhana* (chrysanthemum) kick now. In March, they go to see plum blossoms; in April, cherry blossoms; in June, hydrangeas; in July, iris; and in October, chrysanthemums. I myself am a convert to blossom watching.

Nov. 2. This weekend the college English Speaking Society put on a play (in English) which I wrote for them. Originally, they said they wanted to do something like *My Fair Lady*, but I dissuaded them in favor of a simpler and more familiar story which I would produce. It was a traditional samurai-geisha soap opera confrontation and they loved it. Even though they had little comprehension (and worse pronunciation) of what they were saying, the audience was amused, especially at authentic costumes and wigs we had begged and borrowed from NHK TV, and at the minor role I played: a geisha who spoke Japanese in the midst of a drama in English. I do believe that my Japanese was better than their English.

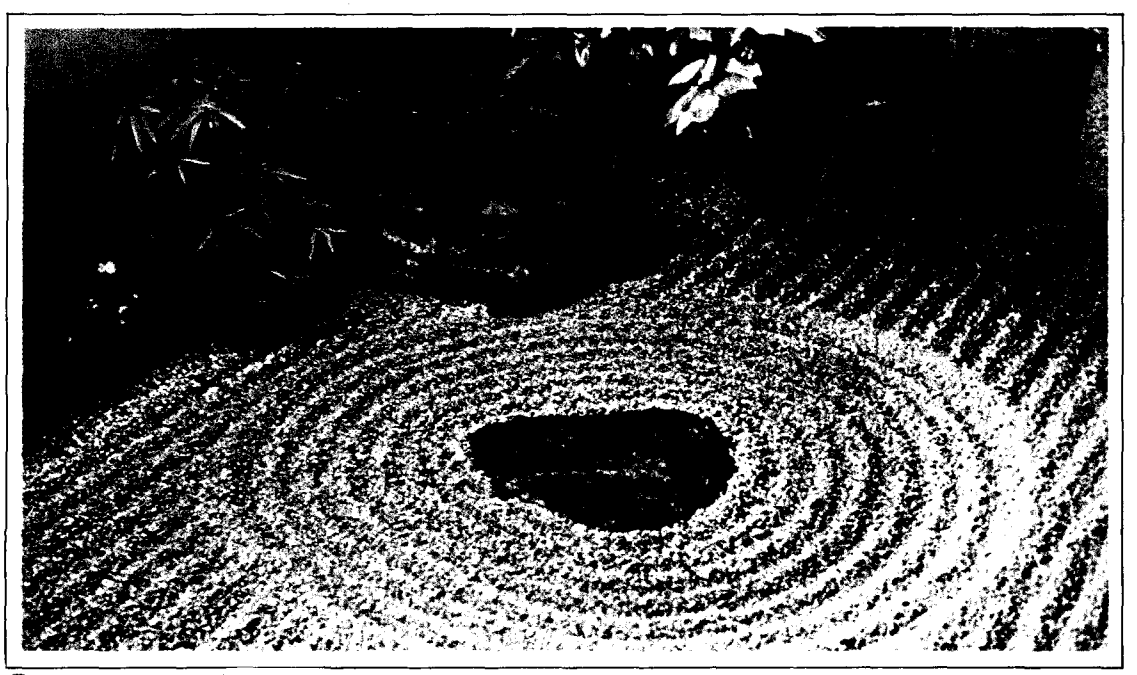
Dec. 21. I cooked a colossal Christmas feast—American style—for twenty-five Hagiwaras and relatives. The gargantuan spread included everything Betty Crocker ever heard of: five kinds of Christmas cookies, mincemeat bars, oven-fried chicken topped with baked peaches, garlic rice (this one really wowed'em, as they'd never tasted anything but the plain variety), ambrosia, lime-cream cheese-Jell-O salad, cranberries, broccoli casserole, wassail and eggnog, figgy pudding. All miraculously prepared on the two-burner Hagiwara stove with its minuscule 10"x10" oven. I had to give up the turkey idea because I would have had to disjoint it to jam it into the oven. Besides, the Hagiwaras thought they hated turkey because last year Mrs. Hagiwara bought—and unbelievably—*fried* a ten-pounder and everybody agreed it was *mazui* (tough and tasteless). After the orgy, I introduced the little kids to "Pin the Nose on Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer" and the adults to "Dirty Bingo." They fought over the prizes like red-blooded Americans. They taught me a chopstick dexterity game where players lift slippery disks off slippery plates as fast as they can. Also *Tabesaseru* (to make someone eat), which is played by blindfolding two people and giving one a spoon and a cup of ice cream. He has to force-feed his partner as fast as he can and the speediest team wins. The party room, by the way, was decorated with a scrawny fifteen-foot evergreen (alias Christmas tree) which the gardeners had dug out of the backyard for the occasion and potted temporarily in a Japanese hibachi. It was probably the most successfully constructed Christmas that Tokyo has ever seen.

Dec. 25. Kyoto again, but this time pilgrim style. We were allowed to stay in an inexpensive temple dormitory by promising to attend morning *zazen*—the Zen meditation hour. Every morning at six, the bells would ring, and the guests would shovel through the snow (the first accumulation in ten years) and assemble, kneeling on the concrete floor of a drafty 16th-century building. The *Obosan* (priest) lectured on the disciplines of *zazen* and told us (if I translated correctly) to count breaths for an hour since the object was to empty our heads of any worldly thoughts. Then he lapsed into recitations of sutras and ringing of bells. Only the *Obosan* (in long johns, robes, and Russian hat) and I (in similar long johns, blue jeans, hat, long scarf, and ski sweater) were adequately dressed for *zazen* at the North Pole. I had difficulty clearing my head and alternately listened to the rumblings of stomachs and tried to look through the keyhole of the door across the room. My Japanese temple-mates pretended to meditate, but actually were keeping close watch on a burning incense stick which, when it burned completely down, signaled the end of the torture. I promptly paid for my small irreverences by accidentally dropping one of the temple slippers down the toilet (the kind on the floor). The *Obosan*'s wife spent days trying to solve the mystery of the odd slipper, but I never had the courage to confess—even after *zazen*.

Dec. 31. The night of the 31st, we went to the traditional New Year's center of things in Kyoto: Yasaka Shrine. There each person obtained a foot-long length of rope and lit it from the great mother fire of all fires at the Shrine. The idea is to walk home keeping the fire going, light your own home fire from it, and cook your New Year's rice cakes on the fire. Our eyebrows were singed, and we were nearly killed trying to light our fire at the same time that some five thousand others were trying to light their fires—all from the same tiny burning lantern.

Jan. 2. I was proud to be selected to participate in Kodokan's annual New Year's judo exhibition which is also on TV. From an English girl who is a fourth-degree black belt, I picked up some inside dope on Kodokan: the young, thirty-five-year-old bone setter and judo teacher, Yoshiko, is Venerable Bede's disciple. As such, Yoshiko is at her beck and call twenty-four hours a day and will also be expected to care for the old lady in her old age. I thought feudalism was over.

Jan. 20. This peripatetic foreigner now reports from Nara where I traveled to view the traditional burning of Wakaksayama Hill. Nobody in Nara can remember why they burned the hill originally, maybe 1,500 years ago, but they have loyally continued the tradition anyway. Veteran though I may be, I made several major mistakes on this particular trip. Such as arriving at 6:30 a.m. in historic Nara, an extremely provincial town where the only action until 9:00 a.m. is from the famous deer raiding garbage cans. Secondly, as luck would have it, the famous and lovely temple of Toshodaiji was undergoing major repairs and was thus under wraps under a tin can of scaffolding. Thirdly, our position to view the fire was such that we could barely see it. My friend Yoshiko had said beforehand that she didn't really want to see a blaze no bigger than a campfire. She overestimated. From our vantage point, it looked like smoke from an outdoor grill. People standing directly in front, however, said it was a veritable "furnace in the sky." After these fiascoes, we tiptoed back to our temple lodgings and found no refuge from the cold. Our room, for all practical purposes, was outside anyway since the shoji paper sliding doors did not fit together. So we faced the trial of the *Goemonburo* (a kind of bath named after an old-time robber named *Goemon* who was sentenced to be boiled to death in an iron tub) which still reliably carries out the execution of any hapless bather. There is a small hole in the side of the iron tub through which boiling water flows, and no matter how fast cold water is poured in, it can't keep up. Meanwhile, the iron sides are conducting heat



Esoteric, intricate Japanese rock gardens like this one at Daikukuji in Kyoto were a continual fascination. The Japanese creative genius is exquisite in landscape miniaturization.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

madly. But, we had to get in and force the blood to surface or else freeze all night long. So we submerged ourselves and climed lobsterlike into our fluffy *futons* on the floor.

From Nara, we caught a train to Kyoto, an hour away, and then planned to transfer to Shin Kansen, the speedy Bullet Train. Hundreds of people were lined up for the ten or so seats probably available. At least the stationmaster was courteous enough to announce five minutes ahead of arrival that "the next train from Osaka is very crowded in cars one through five, so those who do not have reserved seats please line up in the areas marked for cars six through twelve." We missed the announcement, with the result that when the train pulled in, we were men without a queue. We stood up the four hours to Tokyo. I ran off the train at Shin Yokohama station—and I mean *ran,* because the train stops for exactly one minute and you can barely get out in time if you're sitting (or more likely, standing) in the middle of a car. There are stories, by the way, of rural families who visit Tokyo for the first time and become separated when the train door closes behind sonny and leaves mom and dad and the other kids inside. Sometimes they never find each other again.

At any rate, I arrived home and began to report on my Nara travels, and specifically on my disappointment with the fire on Wakaksayama Hill. Those who stayed home commented that the mountain burning had been on TV in color and that it was fantastic and beautiful.

The 150-year-old plum tree outside the Hagiwaras' window bloomed two magnificent times.

Feb. 4. Today is the annual bean-throwing festival. All homes and buildings are cleansed of evil spirits by throwing good-luck beans all over the interiors. This year is the Year of the Boar, and since I am the only *inoshishi* (boar) in the household, I was elected to do the honors. Mrs. Hagi trekked to a nearby temple to collect the magic beans while I memorized a long speech in Japanese—something to the effect of "Out, out, damned spot" which invokes the evil to get out of the house, out of the garden, and out of the yard. At the climax of the speech, made in each room of the house, I tossed a handful of beans over my right shoulder. Fortunately, I did not have to clean up the mess.

Feb. 15. I am beginning to form a close friendship with Takako, Mrs. Hagiwara's fourth sister, who is extremely spontaneous and apt to say what she thinks even if it tends to be strong or crude (by delicate Japanese standards). Therefore, people say of her that she "has a good heart" but *"kuchi ga warui,"* which literally means "a bad mouth." Recently Mrs. Hagiwara's mother, Mrs. Hagino, spoke to me of Takako and asked me to forgive her *"kuchi ga warui"* streak. To which I could only reply that *that* was the very basis of our understanding. But Mrs. Hagino was buying none of it, and explained that Takako's naughty behavior came from her high school which was experimental and reinforced such aggressive responses.

Feb. 17. I started pottery lessons (at three dollars a month) today with an old potter who lives up in the hills behind Kamakura. So far, I'm making tea bowls and other things by hand. The master says after five years he will teach me to use the wheel, but not before. I never completely understand his long explanations about technique, but I do understand his hands and how they shape the medium. We work in a dilapidated old shed heated by a Ben Franklin stove, and my first day I backed into it and burned the seat of my pants.

Feb. 20. Formal Japanese society and business is organized roughly along teacher-pupil *(oyabun-kobun)* lines. All the little wheels go around to the tune of one big wheel. Little wheels of the same rank don't get along together unless they report to the same big wheel. As a result, business is much less mobile than in the U.S. and unions are weak. The system does not tolerate more than one person at one level, so consequently the Japanese cannot bring all of their experts and all of their know-how together to cooperate on anything. University faculties are made up almost exclusively of (1) graduates of the University who (2) have become disciples of one of the present faculty. This kind of closed circle led to the University of Tokyo riots a couple of years ago, spearheaded by medical students who faced an impenetrable geriatric hierarchy. The result was not the overthrow of the system. Far from it: the University simply had no graduates that year and the protesters were replaced the next year by eager new students ready to tolerate the status quo.

A stone lantern against shoji screens and clipped shrubbery lacks only a geisha in pink kimono. Japanese landscape planning is a subtle lesson in geometric counterpoint.

Feb. 22. We have a small uproar at home due to the fact that Tomoko, the fifteen-year-old, participated in a protest march against the February 11 Founder's Day celebrations (which are linked with Japanese military victories). Tomoko marched despite the fact that if collared by the police, she would be expelled from high school (a strict Catholic school). As it turned out, she luckily ran faster than others near her who were grabbed, and everything returned to normal until her mother returned from vacation and found out about what had happened.

March 15. On the train today, there was a Japanese boy standing up across the aisle from me. He was taller than the door of the train. The Japanese will be in trouble if they have to remodel trains, buses, and buildings for a new race of giants.

March 21. The long-awaited event: Fumiko's wedding. I had known Fumiko since my first days in Japan. She speaks perfectly fluent English and had accompanied me on several ski trips and all Kamakura Bori lessons. Suddenly she had been set up by a middleman, become involved in a whirlwind courtship with a Japanese associate professor of German, and disappeared for months. She didn't surface again until the wedding. I had actually been looking forward to it until I was asked to make one of the long-winded, laudatory speeches at the banquet—in Japanese, s.v.p. My spiel was the last of ten, so I could hardly enjoy the food or the talk. Apparently, what I had to say was effective enough to wake everyone up (they were probably aroused by my mistakes in grammar). Somehow I spoke fifteen minutes on the virtues of marriage and the virtues of this particular couple.

April 14. I've just returned from a lengthy trip to Kyushu, the southernmost island, with my judo partner Emi. This was really a penetration into the hinterlands where the locals had never seen a *gaijin* (foreigner). The stationmaster of one little whistle stop was struck dumb at the sight of a real live American, and refused to understand me when I asked in impeccable Japanese if the train about to depart was No. 96A for which I was holding a ticket. No answer. In desperation, I called Emi over, she repeated the question word for word, and his mental block evaporated into a grateful "*hai, hai, so desu* (yes, it is)." He went on to say that I had just asked him something in English, which he couldn't understand—the fact being that he *couldn't* believe his own ears! We

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

very narrowly avoided missing the train.

In the course of our wanderings, we hit on the famous Inland Sea cruise for honeymooners, Beppu Hot Springs; the apricot and plum blossoms of Dazaifu Shrine; the famous Korean-inspired pottery towns of Imari, Arita, and Karatsu; Nagasaki, a picturesque Dutch city with the best Chinese restaurants in Japan; and finally Tsushima, an island forty miles off the coast of Kyushu, which was invaded by the Mongols in the Middle Ages. From its awesome spine of steep mountains, one can see Korea. Tsushima was a five-hour slow-ferry-to-China-type trip on a rough sea. Unfortunately, the rocking roller was also packed like a train at rush hour and seasick bodies were wall to wall in every hold. We retired to two vacant steps on the stairwell and "slept" for the duration of the voyage. Due to the limited schedule of ferries to and from the mainland, we were able to spend a mere overnight on the island. It was either that or a week. The whole town was constructed of stone from the mountains and around every turn in the winding streets were little Japanese children staring and pointing in horror at the sight of their first foreigner. Many of them ran inside to get their parents and grandparents. Just why we went to Tsushima, I'm not really sure. Emi had never heard of it, but the description (from the same guidebook with the "budget" inn listing) was so tantalizing that I insisted on seeing it. As we boarded the ferry back, the chief inspector of the island and his several assistants marched solemnly up the gangplank and asked to see my passport and alien registration card. They also asked me why I had come to Tsushima, which was unfortunate because, as I've noted, I wasn't quite sure. That did not sit well with the inspector, and he explained in rather strained Japanese that there had recently been rumors of smugglers from Korea, and since I was the first foreigner he had ever seen, perhaps there was a significant connection . . . the Korean connection?

April 26. The latest rage is a mysterious book called *Jews and Japanese*, written supposedly by a Kobe-born Jew. It has won some literary prize and the Japanese—who are intrigued by the perspicacity and fluency of the author—are clamoring for him to step forward to identify himself. Since the book is so critical, I doubt that the author will bare himself to the mercy of the critics.

May 1. Tripping again. This time to the northern city of Sendai in the province of Tohoku. Aiko, Mrs. Hagiwara's second sister, had just moved there with her family. The trip had an auspicious beginning: the Sendai cherry trees—not the Tokyo variety, but streaming, weeping cherry—were in *mankai*, full bloom. In three days, I tried to see as much of Tohoku as possible: the mummies of the Fujiwara family, the making of the simple, cylindrical wooden *Kokeshi* dolls, mile after mile of rugged mountains and hills and farmhouses with thatched roofs. There was still snow on the ground in places, and somehow the northern people get used to six months of snow piled so high they have to climb in and out of second-story windows. The severe cold results in a peculiar provincial pronunciation because people don't open their mouths much when they speak.

May 15. I've been home long enough to pack my rucksack for a short sojourn in western Japan. This time the impetus came from an article I had read in my English newspaper, the *Japan Times*, about the obscure little town of Kawada whose sole industry is lacquerware. We were perhaps the third and fourth tourists of the year and were given the imperial treatment. I was disappointed to hear that now 80 percent of the town's production is plastic. The remainder is wood and each piece requires approximately six months to complete. Then on to Eiheiji temple, which at one time was the political stronghold of northwestern Japan.

Next was Kanazawa with its famous landscape garden and an interesting "guest house" temple where the folks from the nearby castle used to "entertain" the enemy for the night. There is one room there where the whole tatami floor revolves and dumps the guest into a hole forty feet deep. No mess and no loss of furniture since a Japanese room is bare anyway.

On to the Noto Peninsula north of the city. We were excited at the prospect of riding in one of the few tatami-floored trains (almost equivalent to riding in a stage coach) still in service, but we were thwarted by a group of Japanese tourists who were having a private sake party inside the one preserved car.

June 2. Things are not new and strange now, and the Hagiwaras no longer consider me a foreigner. I can scan a group of Japanese scurrying across a station platform and feel that I can determine their lifestyles by their appearance alone. Although I am intimately acquainted with a few individuals, I tend at the same time to categorize the Japanese. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. . . .

Kayoko says that to stay and belong here for a while is a priceless experience; but to stay indefinitely is a dangerous existence. Perhaps that is so. But my propensity toward Oriental viewpoints and aesthetics has persuaded me that I could become more than *hambun nihonjin* (half Japanese).

But there is a vague uneasiness, an ambiguous dissatisfaction that I still feel very strongly. The part of me that responds so readily to Western stimuli, and which has been in suspended animation for so long, is seeking its release.

So I will return to the U.S. and submit my psyche to the remedial Americanization that will be necessary in order to return to "normal." For a while, I will feel that I am surrounded by loud-mouthed, uncouth giants in the wide-open spaces of grass and big houses. The reverse culture shock will be every bit as great as it was two years ago. And then suddenly I will feel totally at home and remember only vaguely the time when I was Japanese.

Advertisement

Exclusive Medication...

Does More Than Help Shrink Painful Swelling Of Hemorrhoidal Tissues Due To Infection

Also gives prompt, temporary relief in many cases from pain and itching in such tissues.

WHEN hemorrhoidal tissues swell, become inflamed and infected—it can be very painful for the sufferer. But doctors have found a remarkably successful medication which is so effective that it actually helps shrink swelling of such tissues. And it does *more.* In many cases, it also gives prompt relief for hours from the pain and itching in hemorrhoidal tissues.

This medication is obtainable without a prescription under the name—Preparation H®. Tests by leading doctors upon hundreds and hundreds of patients verified Preparation H gave similar successful results in many cases.

When you consider Preparation H offers so many benefits—it's no wonder millions of sufferers buy it each year to obtain this relief. See if it doesn't help you.

There's no other formula like doctor-tested Preparation H. In Ointment or Suppository form.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HEIRLOOMS OF THE FUTURE

In view of the multitude of good things about America—of which the POST proudly and frequently makes mention—we are not about to shriek "Crime Wave" from the housetops. But please note that THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has easily become The Most Stolen Magazine of our time. It is the apple of the eye, the purl in the smile, of filchers, moochers, swipers, and just plain people who know a good thing when they see it. This magazine is the most treasured publication of today. Tomorrow it will increase in value, into tomorrows when it will become an heirloom possession.

Here are collector's items in mint condition. Can we help it if your present copies are all frazzled from being passed from reader to reader, or just disappear? Here is your chance to make sure that your file of the POST with the most is yours—complete—to enjoy and to treasure. Complete set of fourteen back issues for $15.00. Single copies are $1.50 each. To order, simply fill out the coupon, or see page 129A for convenient tear-out order form.

Winter 1971

Fall 1971

Summer 1972

Fall 1972

Winter 1973

May/June 1973

July/August 1973

Sept./Oct. 1973

Jan./Feb. 1974

March 1974

HEIRLOOMS
1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Ind. 46202

Please send me the following issues of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST at $1.50 each; $15.00 for a set of fourteen. I am enclosing a separate sheet of paper with a list of friends whom I wish to receive the issue(s) or set of fourteen as indicated.

- ☐ Summer 1971
- ☐ Fall 1971
- ☐ Winter 1971
- ☐ Spring 1972
- ☐ Summer 1972
- ☐ Fall 1972
- ☐ Winter 1973
- ☐ March/April 1973
- ☐ May/June 1973
- ☐ July/August 1973
- ☐ Sept./Oct. 1973
- ☐ Nov./Dec. 1973
- ☐ Jan./Feb. 1974
- ☐ March 1974

☐ Check enclosed. Bill: ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge.
Master Charge 4-digit Interbank No. _____
Credit Card No. _____ Expires _____
Signature _____
Name (print) _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

continued from page 120

opened. Everything seemed to work perfectly in the labs and then in the Kraft Kitchens. In both instances, the persons working with the spread were well aware that the cheese spread didn't have to be kept refrigerated. When the product was put out for test marketing, Kraftco quickly discovered a stumbling block: the everyday user of the cheese *wasn't* aware that the cheese spread didn't have to be kept refrigerated. And she didn't seem to notice that fact as it was spelled out on the labeling. The housewives in the test-marketing group did reflexively what housewives have been doing for generations: they put the cheese in the refrigerator—"to keep it fresh"—after opening and using it once. The cheese spread stiffened while in the refrigerator, naturally. Then when the housewife took it out of the refrigerator and squeezed it, the cheese wouldn't flow out of the opening. So she'd likely hand it to her husband and ask him to squeeze it out the opening—"and he was so strong that he'd squeeze hard enough to pop the cheese out the end of the package," says William Mallory. This was reported back promptly to Kraftco's researchers, who went to work to overcome that flaw. The plastic package was strengthened to prevent popping-at-the-end, the opening-and-seal was redesigned to make it more efficient under these more strenuous conditions, the labeling was changed to make it even clearer that no refrigeration was needed, and the cheese process was altered ever so slightly so that the cheese spread would remain somewhat "squeezable" even if the housewife succumbed to habit and put it in the refrigerator. The product came to the market as "Squeez-A-Snak" and rapidly carved an appropriate place for itself in the marketplace. "Which would not have been possible without the 'playback' from the homemakers," says Mallory.

This playback, this dialogue between food buyer and food processor, is a vital part of the Great American Food Revolution. There are those who claim that the food processors are not listening—that they are going their own way and imposing their will on the people. The evidence is in the supermarket, not only in terms of more food and more modern food—i.e., organic and natural foods—but also in more subtle ways. One of them is in the dating of food in ways that are clear to the consumer as well as the food processor; today it is possible for the housewife in the family to find a date on most food products which will tell her whether it's fresh or not. Kraftco, like certain other food processors, regards this as a "pull" date—the date on which Kraftco's salesmen must pull the product off the shelf. In 1972, Kraftco pulled about $18 million worth of food off supermarket shelves, not because they were in any way dangerous but because they'd passed that moment of consistent and peak quality that Kraftco, in this era of consumer consciousness, demands of itself.

The supermarket is the place where all this becomes apparent as part of the firestorm of revolution in eating habits. But there is more than food involved in the revolution. The evidence is in the many nonfood roles that the supermarket now plays in American life. The supermarket operator today operates a check-cashing service for housewives ("won't you *please* cash this check for ten dollars over the food bill?"), and a rental service (everything from party glasses to rug shampooers), and a nonfood store (he sells everything from pantyhose to paperback books), and even a waste disposal service (he may give away cardboard cartons to his customers but he has plenty more left: John O. Whitney, president of Pathmark Supermarts, estimates that the average supermart in his chain disposes of *eight tons* of cardboard and packaging every week). For all this effort, the supermarket operator receives only pennies in compensation. If you buy twenty dollars' worth of food in a supermarket, and then give a quarter tip to one of the checkout boys for carrying your bag out to the car, that boy—in pocketing your quarter—has made more money on your patronage than the supermarket owner has.

No wonder Nick's hair has turned gray. We thought he was running a supermarket all these years—a superbly effective one, in our judgment—when he's really been trying to survive a revolution. That revolution has affected all of us, sometimes—as we have seen—in ways we didn't quite realize. Nobody knows quite when, or if, it will end. But it's been a rousing experience so far. And the time of testing is not yet over.

Before anyone jumps up from behind the stove and cries "Fuel crisis!" it should be pointed out, calmly and with shatteringly final emphasis, that every day is a fuel crisis in the internal mechanism of the human animal, and energy must be the end product.

Therefore, in view of a general trend toward being at least aware of unwonted demands upon all types of fuel used in running households, it seems a good idea at this time to bring to the fore certain recipes which meet all the requirements of the "energy" season. Food to keep the body warm. Food to keep the body energetic. Food to keep the excessive use of fuel in preparation down. And, lest we forget, food which is pleasantly uplifting as to texture, variety, color, and above all, taste.

And still, with all this in mind, we also want to think of the person preparing these dishes. Nothing offered here is complicated, but nothing is dull, either. The ingredients have been selected by experts from the top echelons of cuisine, nutrients noted, and final results tested in the most scientific laboratory kitchens. So, reach for skillet and pan, flourish whisk and spatula, and off to high triumphs, prepared at low pressure.

DO AHEAD BEEF STEW

1 cup hickory smoke flavored barbecue sauce
3 lbs. beef, cut into 1 inch cubes
1½ cups water
1 teaspoon salt
8 small whole potatoes
8 carrots, cut in 1½ inch pieces
2 celery stalks, cut in 1 inch pieces
1 (16 oz.) jar small whole onions, drained
1/3 cup cold water
3 tablespoons flour

Pour barbecue sauce over meat. Cover; marinate in refrigerator 3 to 5 hours. Place beef with marinade in Dutch oven; add water and salt. Bring to a boil. Cover; simmer 1 hour. Add vegetables; cover and continue simmering 30 to 45 minutes, or until meat and vegetables are tender. Gradually add flour mixture to hot meat and vegetables, stirring until mixture boils and thickens. Simmer 5 minutes. Makes 8 servings.

Note: Stew can be frozen, thawed and heated on an outdoor grill or over a campfire.

HEARTY PICNIC STICKS

Pasteurized process cheese spread
Salami slices
Bread sticks

Spread cheese on salami; wrap around bread sticks.

NEPTUNE CAESAR SALAD

2 qts. torn assorted greens
1½ cups croutons
2 (7 oz.) cans tuna, drained, flaked
½ cup sliced pitted ripe olives
½ cup onion rings
Caesar dressing

Combine greens, croutons, tuna, olives and onions in salad bowl. Add enough dressing to moisten; toss lightly. Makes 4 servings.

KÄSEKUCHEN

1/3 cup margarine
1/3 cup sugar
1 egg
1¼ cups flour
3 (8 oz.) pkgs. cream cheese
3/4 cup sugar
2 tbsp. flour
1 tsp. vanilla
3 eggs
2 tbsp. milk
1 (10 oz.) jar strawberry preserves

Heat oven to 450°. Cream margarine and sugar until light and fluffy; blend in egg. Add flour; mix well. With spatula, spread dough on bottom and 1½ inches high around sides of 9-inch springform pan. Bake at 450°, 5 minutes.

Combine softened cream cheese, sugar, flour and vanilla, mixing at medium speed in electric mixer until blended. Add eggs, one at a time, mixing well after each addition. Stir in milk. Pour batter into pastry-lined pan. Bake at 450°, 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 250°; continue baking 25 to 30 minutes. Cool before removing rim of pan; chill. Spread with preserves before serving.

TENNESSEE JAM CAKE

1 cup margarine
1½ cups sugar
1 cup seedless blackberry jam or strawberry preserves
4 eggs
2½ cups flour
1 tsp. soda
1 tsp. nutmeg
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. cloves
¼ tsp. salt
1 cup buttermilk
1½ cups chopped pecans
Hermitage frosting
Confectioners' sugar

Heat oven to 350°. Cream margarine and sugar until light and fluffy. Add jam and egg; mix well. Add combined dry ingredients to creamed mixture, alternately with buttermilk, mixing well after each addition. Fold in nuts. Pour into 3 greased and floured 9-inch layer pans. Stagger pans on oven racks. Bake at 350°, 30 to 35 minutes, or until wooden pick inserted in center comes out clean. Test each layer separately to insure doneness. Cool 10 minutes; remove from pan. Cool thoroughly. Fill cake layers and frost sides with Hermitage frosting. Sift confectioners' sugar on top of cake.

Hermitage Frosting

1 cup brown sugar, packed
½ cup margarine
¼ cup milk
3 cups sifted confectioners' sugar

Combine brown sugar, margarine and milk in saucepan; bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Cool 10 minutes. Gradually add confectioners' sugar, beating until smooth. If frosting stiffens before spreading is completed, add a few drops of milk.

* * *

New Way To Do It Department: If poached eggs are your special dish, simply steam them in water, ¼ inch deep, in frying pan, covered to force hot steam on the egg tops.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ARMCHAIR SHOPPER

SAVE FUEL. LET YOUR MAILMAN DO YOUR SHOPPING.

Leave the winter wearies behind! Have a carefree shopping spree in your favorite armchair and beat the energy crisis . . . let the mailman do your shopping. To order, just circle the number of the item you wish to order on the convenient attached order form. Please be sure to read instructions carefully.

ROCKWELL CANVASES

Each reproduction is available unframed or framed in your preference of maple or walnut finish. 11"x14", unframed, $5.98 each; framed, $15.95 each. 18"x24", unframed, $9.98 each; framed, $24.95 each. See pp. 112-113.

Girl at the Mirror, 11"x14" only. 1
Breaking Home Ties, 11"x14" or 18"x24". 2
The Defeated Candidate, 11"x14" only. 3
At the Vet's, 11"x14" or 18"x24". 4
Sunday Morning, 11"x14" or 18"x24". 5
The Schoolteacher, 11"x14" or 18"x24". 6
After the Prom, 11"x14" or 18"x24". 7

BOOKS & SUBSCRIPTIONS

HEIRLOOMS OF THE FUTURE. Set of fourteen for $15.00. Single copies, $1.50 each. See p. 37. 8

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST TREASURY. Anthology of the best fiction and the best cover paintings during *The Saturday Evening Post*'s 245-year history. Hardbound volume, $10.00. See p. 139. 9

HOLIDAY MAGAZINE. Combines the picturesque and the relevant in presenting every new development in travel and leisure. Bimonthly: 1 year, $5.00; 2 years, $9.00; 3 years, $12.00. 10

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Each issue gives its readers fresh articles about people, places, significant happenings and the arts, and offers new ideas about travel, shopping, food and wines, and medical care. 1 year, $10.00; 2 years, $19.00; 3 years, $27.00. See p. 25. 11

NEW YORK TIMES COOK BOOK. Authored by Craig Claiborne, former *New York Times* food editor. $9.95 ppd. 12

1974 HOLIDAY DINING GUIDE. Lists with description all *Holiday* Magazine award-winning restaurants in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. $1.00 ppd. ...13

MISCELLANEOUS

ORGANIZERS BY DEMIKA. See p. 100.

Squares and Circles. Arranges fresh and artificial flowers in clean, contemporary tubal container. $12.50 plus 50¢ postage and handling. 14

The Everything Organizer. Organizes your bathroom, bar, boudoir, or desk. $17.50 plus 75¢ postage and handling. 15

Multi-Vase. Bronze, spring green, or clear. $6.00 plus 75¢ postage and handling. 16

PERSONALIZED STATIONERY. See p. 95. Second box is half-price.

Classic Laidmark. Club size, blue script, 50 sheets and 50 envelopes, $3.00 for first box. 17

Classic Laidmark. Executive size, grey traditional, 50 sheets and envelopes, $3.00 for first box. 18

Additional 50 unprinted sheets, 75¢. 19

Embossed informals, black, 50 informals and envelopes, $3.00 for first box. 20

BERLITZ BASIC CASSETTE COURSES. 30 lively lessons, 3½ hours of playing time. $24.95 per course plus $1.00 postage and handling. See p. 111.

French. 21
German. 22
Spanish. 23
Italian. 24

TURTLING-A-LING. Depress the tail of the turtle and he rings just like a phone bell. $30.00 plus $1.00 shipping. See p. 97. 25

FLOAT DRESS by OSCAR DE LA RENTA II. Navy and tan woven plaid on pale beige. 60% cotton/25% rayon/9% silk. Sizes 4-14. $105.00. ($110.00 on immediate West Coast only). See p. 93. 26

LITTLE MANDARINS. Starter kit and step-by-step recipes by cooking authority Emily Kwoh. Complete kit,

$13.00 plus $1.50 postage and handling. See p. 94. ...27

LULU THE SECRET LURE. $12.95 plus $1.00 shipping. See p. 106. 28

LEATHER PASSPORT CASE. Hand-grained English Morocco leather passport case comes with bonus of 10 travel aids. $19.95 plus 75¢ postage & handling. See p. 91. 29

WHITEHALL WEATHER VANE. Swedish iron finish. Choice of ornaments shown on page 96. The yacht, eagle, rooster and horse are also available in gold bronze finish. $59.50 plus $2.00 postage and handling. Please indicate finish and ornament desired. See p. 127. 30

WIDE AWAKE OWL—String Art Kit. Complete kit with easy-to-follow instructions. Just $14.95 plus $1.00 shipping charges. See p. 102. 31

TETRAKITE. The 4-sail Tetrakite is 33" on edge and the 16-sail Super Tetrakite is a whopping 5½ feet on edge. We recommend 25-lb. test cord for the Tetrakite and 80-lb. test cord for the Super Tetrakite. See p. 96.

Tetrakite, $4.95 plus 95¢ shipping. 32
Super Tetrakite, $16.95 plus $1.95 shipping. 33
Tetrakite Cord 500 feet, $1.00 plus 15¢ shipping. 34
Super Tetrakite cord 1000 feet, $2.95 plus 30¢ shipping. 35

NIEMAN GOLF PRINT. Limited edition available exclusively through *The Saturday Evening Post*. Chrome frame cut to exact size of print also available separately. Limited edition print, $20.00 each. Signed and numbered print, $75.00 each. Chrome frame cut to exact size of print, $13.75 each. Add $1.00 for postage and handling. See p. 137.

Limited edition print. 36
Signed and numbered print. 37
Chrome frame. 38

100th KENTUCKY DERBY OFFICIAL COMMEMORATIVE TRAY. $7.95 plus $1.00 postage. See p. 134. ..39

FORMEX WATER-FUN PRODUCTS. ScamperCat 113, a fast, seaworthy catamaran. Scamper 101, a "fun" boat for the novice sailer. The Floater Loafer is a full length lounge that supports you comfortably near the water surface. The Paddleboard, a great swimming aid or rescue board. See p. 109.

ScamperCat 113, $599.95. 40
Scamper 101, $129.95. 41
Floater Loafer, $38.95. 42
Paddleboard, $40.62. 43
Paddleboard with paddles, $52.90. 44

All orders shipped freight collect.

TEN ORIGINAL COLLECTOR'S PLATES. Available at pre-publication price of $40.00 per plate if you order your first plate before April 30, 1974. See p. 136. "Memories of the Red Barn," $40.00 plus $1.00 postage & handling. 45

WILTON PEWTER. Please add $1.50 for postage and handling. See page 105.

Square Base Candlestick, $7.00 each. 46
Wine Goblet 5" H., $7.00 each. 47
Wine Bottle Coaster, $6.00 each. 48
Fruit Bowl, 8" D., $9.00 each. 49
The Federal Collection Dinnerware Pattern
11" Dinner Plate, $9.00 each. 50
Five-Piece Place setting (Dinner-Salad-Bread & Butter-Cup and Saucer), $30.00. 51
Great Seal of the United States Plate, $15.00 each. 52
Drafting of the Declaration of Independence Plate, $15.00 each. 53
Water Goblet, $8.00 each. 54
1776 Mug, $7.00 each. 55
Measure Collection, $34.00. 56

ZODIAC STONE. Nature's Sculpture Zodiac mounted on a crystal lucite base. See p. 43. Only $16.50 plus $1.75 shipping charges per sculpture.

Aries. 57
Aquarius. 58
Gemini. 59
Cancer. 60
Virgo. 61
Taurus. 62
Libra. 63
Scorpio. 64
Capricorn. 65
Sagittarius. 66
Pisces. 67
Leo. 68

"WEIGHING IN." Norman Rockwell's unforgettable *Saturday Evening Post* Cover of June 28, 1958. 11"x14" canvas print. See p. 135. Only $5.95 each plus 50¢ postage. 69

THE CHALET CLUB OF NEW YORK. Membership includes club publication, great discounts plus 1100 scheduled activities and much, much more. See p. 107.

Single Membership, $25.00. 70
Family Membership, $28.00. 71

WILDLIFE LITHOGRAPHS. Vivid prints photographed by Dr. Harry Belock in the wilds of Equatorial Africa. $2.00 each or $8.50 for a laminated print on a masonite plaque. $1.50 postage and handling. See p. 43.

LC 234. African Cheetah. 72
LC 235. Tsavo Elephant. 73
LC 236. Simba Sleeps. 74
LC 237. Lion Cubs. 75
LC 238. Zebra. 76
LC 239. Lion. 77
LC 240. Lioness. 78
LC 241. Leopard. 79
LC 242. Crown Crest. 80
LC 243. Cheetah, Duma. 81

CRAM GLOBE. Ball measures 12" in diameter. See p. 104. Only $24.95 covers cost and shipping. 82

BAR KEEPERS FRIEND. $1.00 plus 25¢ postage for two get-acquainted cans of hard-working cleanser. 83

APRON CURVET. Pattern included. $1.00 ppd. One dozen, $4.80 plus 75¢ postage. 84

POST BAG. A perfect canvas carry-all. $5.98 each plus 50¢ postage. 85

HOLIDAY SCHOOL & CAMP DIRECTORY. Booklet contains all the information you need to plan your children's educational activities. $1.00 per copy. 86

AFRICAN ELEGANCE COLLECTION. Ostrich eggs, mounted on brass, set in baskets or balanced on clear lucite. See p. 49.

E400 Ostrich Egg on Lucite Ring, $17.50 87
E401 Ostrich Egg in a Basket, $22.50 88
E402 Ostrich Egg on a Lucite Block, $25.00 89
E403 Egg on a Brass Dolphin Stand, $45.00 90
E404 Ostrich Egg Brass Candleholder, $65.00 91
E405 Ostrich Egg Brass Lamp with Shade, $135.00 ...92

Add postage and handling.

SODA FOUNTAIN. See p. 110. $59.95 plus postage & handling. 93

CANDLE-DO-IT-YOURSELF KIT. See p. 92. $6.95 per kit plus $1.80 postage & handling. 94

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

It is a most gratifying sign of the rapid progress of our time that our best text-books become antiquated so quickly. Theodor Billroth (1829-1894)

My husband is in the hospital after suffering a rather severe heart attack. When I asked the doctor how he was doing, he remarked, "his chances are pretty good unless he goes into shock." I always thought that shock was caused by severe physical or emotional trauma. How does a heart attack fit into the picture of shock?

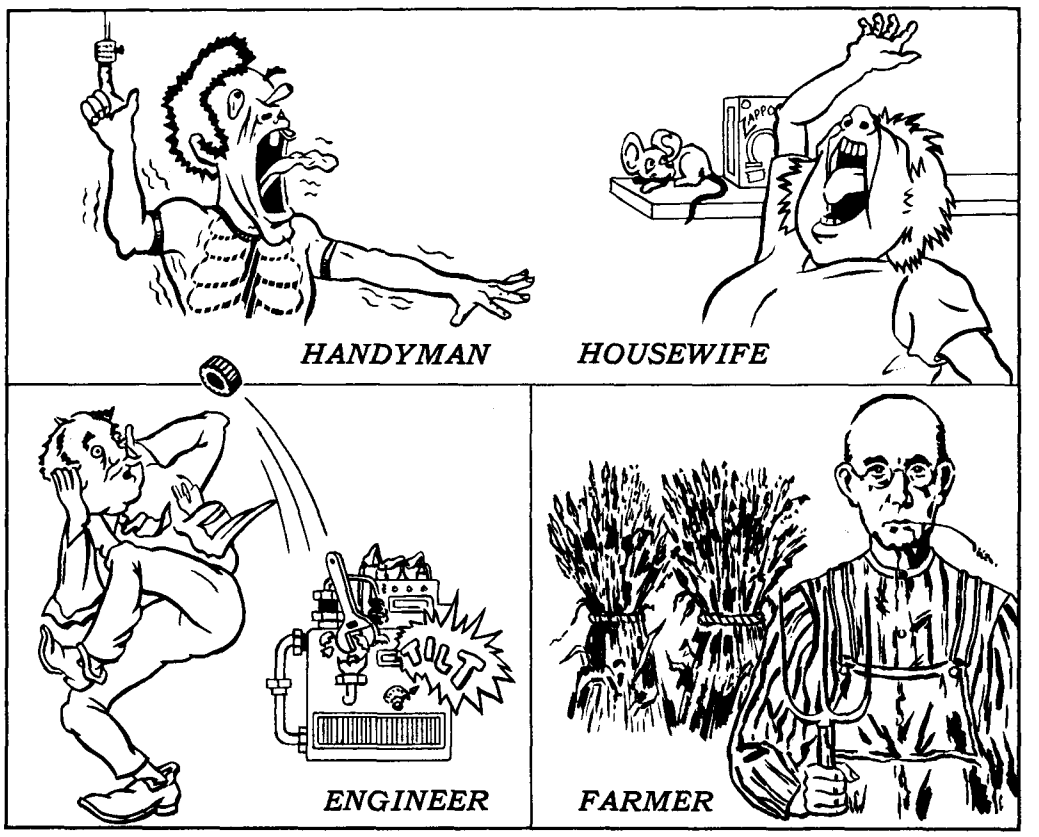
I believe that your question can best be answered by describing what shock really is. The word shock means many things to many people. Shock to the medical profession, however, describes a condition where there exists profound cardiovascular (cardio = heart, vascular = blood vessel) collapse. Even though the shock condition is easy to define, the actual mechanism is a much studied and poorly understood physiological phenomenon. We know that in a shock state blood pressure falls and circulation to important body centers is severely impaired. There are certain cells in the body, namely those of the central nervous system (brain and spinal centers), that are very sensitive to the lack of oxygen. When the circulation (oxygen supply) is cut off or reduced to low levels for as short a period as a few minutes, these cells start to deteriorate, lose their ability to function and "die."

If shock is recognized soon enough (before there is actual cellular death) and medical help is at hand, the blood pressure can be reestablished by using intravenous fluids and drugs that increase the efficiency of the cardiovascular system. This reversal of the shock state buys time for the physician until the actual cause of shock can be discovered and, hopefully, remedied.

What, then, are the causes of shock? Certainly heart failure following a severe heart attack where the heart is just too "tired" to pump blood and maintain the blood pressure is a leading cause of shock (cardiogenic shock). When there is a sudden loss of blood from either an injury or, for example, internal bleeding from a stomach ulcer, a shock state can develop (hemorrhagic shock). Overwhelming infection where there is a buildup of toxins or poisons can also produce shock (septic shock). Fainting, or so-called psychogenic shock, is not true shock in terms of the definition, but rather a temporary shocklike state that is self-remedied when the individual assumes a prone position. Fainting is usually brought about by exposure to a noxious and overwhelming psychological stress which leads to a temporary loss of nervous control of the cardiovascular system, allowing the blood pressure to drop and a temporary state of unconsciousness to result.

How does one recognize an individual who may be going into shock? Usually it is easy to identify a shock state by looking and touching the victim. No sophisticated diagnostic equipment is required. The shock victim may be fully conscious, semiconscious or unconscious. If conscious, he may complain of nausea or extreme thirst. His skin will be pale, cold and clammy to the touch. The pupils will be dilated and breathing movements will be rapid and shallow. If you can feel a pulse, it will be weak and rapid.

On-the-scene treatment of shock is very limited except to stop bleeding, protect and maintain the airway (especially if the patient is vomiting) and keep the patient warm. Time is of the essence when dealing with a shock state, and the individual's chances of recovery are dependent upon how soon his blood pressure can be reestablished and the cause of shock remedied, if possible.



Shock means different things to different people. An electrical current through the body is a shock; so is a strong emotional response to a disgusting sight. To an engineer, shock denotes a violent collision; to a farmer a shock is sheaves of grain. To a doctor, shock is the failure of the cardiovascular system to provide sufficient blood circulation to every part of the body.

My husband's father had cancer of the colon and I think my husband ought to have an examination, but he says just because his father had it doesn't mean anything. My husband is forty-five years old.

Although medical opinion may vary, anyone over age forty should have a sigmoid colon exam (sigmoidoscopy) done as a routine part of a complete physical exam. Anyone under the age of forty who has had persistent problems with irregular bowel habits or has had blood in his stool should also have this exam. Unfortunately, cancer of the rectum or the colon presents few symptoms early in the course of the disease and often goes undetected until the tumor has progressed to the extent where resection is impossible. With the use of the sigmoidoscope (a hollow lighted tube inserted in the rectum) a physician can see that part of the large intestine (colon) where the majority of cancerous tumors occur. This then provides a way of finding early asymptomatic tumors. If a suspicious lesion is found during the exam, the physician can remove a small piece through the sigmoidoscope for microscopic examination (biopsy) to determine the presence of cancer. Many cancerous tumors, if discovered early, can be completely removed surgically.

You may hear about a new examination called colonoscopy. By this method the entire colon is examined by direct visualization, through an instrument employing fiber optics. However, technically this procedure is much more difficult and is performed by only a few highly skilled and trained proctologists.

My brother died last February from an epileptic convulsion which caused him to suffocate. Many people encounter epileptics having convulsions or seizures and are helpless to deal with this emergency. Could you explain what laymen should do? Could you also enlighten all those who know nothing about epilepsy as to its symptoms and handicaps.

Epilepsy is derived from the Greek word *epilepsia,* which means seizure. Epilepsy is a poorly understood disorder which usually manifests itself by a cry, a loss of consciousness, a stiffening of the body and limbs, a cessation of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

breathing, and then jerking movements where there is tongue biting and loss of urine and/or feces. This is a grand mal seizure, what is called an epileptic fit. Epilepsy is a general term used to describe a number of convulsive disorders that range from a few seconds of unawareness to a generalized seizure in which the whole body is affected and there is a loss of consciousness.

Unfortunately, epilepsy carries with it undesirable connotations about the ability of a person to function productively and casts doubts about his intellectual capabilities. With therapy, 75 percent of epileptics experience no symptoms or have seizure activity significantly reduced.

If you are present when a person is suffering from a seizure you can help him by (1) placing something soft between his teeth, such as the edge of a wallet or a wadded handkerchief, to keep him from severely biting his tongue, (2) preventing him from hurting himself by bumping into objects, (3) loosening his clothing. Other than this, very little need be done. A seizure victim should never be restrained; this could lead to injury to his joints and muscles and can also prolong the seizure. After the seizure has subsided the victim will awaken. He will be somewhat confused and sleepy. Reassure him that all is well and encourage him to sleep.

Most of the individuals suffering from epilepsy manifest the symptoms before age twenty-five, and peak seizure incidence is before five years of age or in the late teens. Even after careful medical evaluation, a direct cause of the seizures sometimes cannot be found. This is not to say, however, that evaluation should not be undertaken. There are certain conditions and diseases that may cause seizures which can be remedied.

Most epileptics lead normal lives, are gainfully employed and live as long as non-epileptics. If you have an epileptic in your family or among your acquaintances, you should emphasize what he can do rather than what he can't do.

MEDICAL NEWS

If you feel like jogging tonight . . .

In an interesting experiment, animals who were prevented from exercising while on high fat diets got cirrhosis of the liver, while animals who were exercised did not.

Ten animals, matched for age and weight, were fed a diet of 250 grams of balanced food to which 20 grams of cholesterol and 80 grams of lard had been added. These animals were confined in cages measuring only 30 by 36 inches; but half of them were exercised for an hour each day on a treadmill at five miles per hour. Liver function tests were performed monthly for twelve months. During this time, three of the nonexercised animals became jaundiced and died, two at seven months and one at nine months. The other animals survived for twelve months.

Dr. J. Harold Conn, chief of surgery at the V.A. Hospital in Jackson and professor of surgery at the University of Mississippi, and Jerry W. Bane, M.D., formerly a surgical resident at the university, who conducted the experiment, said the most striking finding was the gross appearance of the sedentary animals' livers: large and multinodular.

The exercised animals even came to look forward to their hour on the treadmill. At first they had to be tied on, but soon they began to exhibit signs of enjoyment, bounding out of their cages and onto the treadmill. Dr. Conn said they also apparently enjoyed their meals more. The fat, nonexercised animals ate all of their ration but often took much longer to consume it.

"Effective exercise," Dr. Conn concluded, "probably minimizes fat storage in the liver and peripheral depots by utilizing it as energy." Further studies are planned to see if the effects of the high fat/low exercise regimen can be reversed.

Human Milk Viruses and Breast Cancer

Scientists at the National Cancer Institute have found additional evidence that viruses present in human milk may play a role in the cause of breast cancer.

Since the discovery of viruslike particles in human milk several years ago, studies at the Institute have revealed that the particles contain RNA and an enzyme called "reverse transcriptase," which is characteristic of many animal cancer viruses.

The inner core of the virus has the same density as viruses known to produce breast cancer in mice, according to Dr. Jeffrey Schlom, who recently spoke to the Sixth International Symposium on Comparative Leukemia Research in Ise-Shima, Japan. "If our theories are correct, this may lead to a sensitive diagnostic test for breast cancer in the early stages. First, however," Dr. Schlom continued, "we would have to test blood specimens from large numbers of breast cancer patients and have suitable controls to determine whether traces of the virus consistently appear in women with the disease."

* * *

We welcome questions and observations from our readers. Letters should be addressed to Medical Mailbox, 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206.

Di-Gel. Made especially for "Gasid Indigestion."

Distress of occasional heartburn or acid indigestion often accompanies painful trapped gas. That's what we call Gasid Indigestion. No plain antacid can relieve Gasid Indigestion. But Di-Gel with patented Simethicone can.

Acid indigestion is often combined with distressing trapped gas. This can put painful pressure on your stomach, as well as cause uncomfortable bloating and fullness. This is Gasid Indigestion.

Plain antacids only work on the excess acid. But Di-Gel® is *different*. It not only reduces excess acid but Di-Gel's patented anti-gas ingredient, Simethicone, gets rid of the trapped gas too. Gas, pressure and heartburn go fast.

In fact, a recent survey was conducted among doctors who specialize in stomach disorders. 98% of the doctors responding said they recommended products containing Di-Gel's special anti-gas ingredient Simethicone. Convincing evidence that Di-Gel is effective.

No plain antacid can do what Di-Gel can. Di-Gel is made for Gasid Indigestion. Take Di-Gel for more complete relief.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

continued from page 114

Medicine is a clean industry. In more ways than one. The Center wove itself in with the city's urban renewal plans. Slums were cleaned up. There's no smoke from a tonsillectomy. Not much from a cardiology, cancer, optometry, dentistry, diabetes, nursing, or basic science center, all of which figure in the University of Alabama in Birmingham's complex. The National Cancer Institute designated the UAB Medical Center as one of eight comprehensive cancer centers in the nation this year. It was partly built with funds from Alabamians who wanted to remember the second Governor Wallace, Lurleen.

A road opened up. The Red Mountain Expressway. It cut through more—much more—than 400-million-year-old fossil ore deposits. It opened up the town and made it possible for everybody to live in the bedroom city, which made it possible for everybody *not* to live there too, if they chose. And that made people a little noisier about erasing the smog that made Birmingham titular Pittsburgh of the South.

Then the government changed statewide (in Montgomery, the agrarian dominance of King Cotton gave way to equal urban representation). Absentee landlords—steel barons, cotton kings from Mobile, Kissin' Jims and Little Judges—Folsum and Wallace ("We live in a political state. We have to make our peace with the governor," says a councilman)—all had a hand in the fat pie of Birmingham; and as long as everybody was being fed, nobody complained. But a local maxim—almost a civic boast—runs, "Hard times come here first and stay longest." For once, the hard times the Birminghamians were enduring were to become a foundation for better times.

State, local and federal funds paved the sidewalks downtown with brick in attractive basketweave patterns. Trees and bushes shade benches and planters. A shopping mall with none of the usual self-consciousness. Is business any better? "Well, yes," says a merchant, "but that's not the main thing. It's just a hell of a more pleasant place to work." And shop.

"The streets are paved with gold," says the president of the women's Chamber of Commerce. Her name is Mrs. Bruce and she's gigglingly alive with the excitement of what women have done for her city. Nina Miglianico, a member of the City Council, says, "We're not proud of the bricks and mortar; we're proud of the quality of life. The setting that makes this city great. I believe we're doing better because of the trauma of 1963." "You should see our Remington bronzes in the museum. Our Wedgwood," bubbles another lady. "Our antique maps in the library." These things, yes. But people made the difference.

New leaders came forward. Among the attractions—speaking Chamber of Commercese—is the president of the Chamber himself, Fred Sington. His face, a Rand McNally mapmaker's delight, juts out at you like Red Mountain itself. He was a Phi Beta Kappa graduate in English of the University of Alabama and had offers to play professional football and baseball. "There wasn't any money in pro football in those days, so I went into baseball." Asked about the apparent anomaly of English literature and pitching, Sington replies that he does everything pretty well except for running a sporting goods store (his business). "Fred's responsible for making this the football capital of the world," says University president Dr. Joe Volker. "If I were doing a market survey of this area, I wouldn't fail to take into account the local insanity."

We are at a luncheon in one of the city's board rooms. The beef is so rare it could power a Mack truck. And mid-mouth, you are interrupted by the announcement of the 'Bama-Kentucky game's first quarter score. Cheers and groans. (Groans coming more from the gourmets than the Kentucky fans, since Alabama is favored—behind at the moment—but southern predictions, at least in this case, are pretty safe.)

"We thought it was high time somebody said thank you for what the city's industries have done to clean up the air," says Fred, a man of few words. "Thank you." The city and chamber passed out citations to twelve companies. The award has attracted national attention from other cities who hope to catch more flies with honey than vinegar.

"We're the only southern city with labor—I mean that in caps—we've had labor from the beginning with the steel, coal and iron. Now the state legislature has granted a center for labor studies—it's in with the business school—certain irony in that," says Dr. Volker. Volker describes himself as an outsider, based on that southern practice of three generation residence apprenticeships—he has been there only a decade or so. He brought the University of Alabama in Birmingham from mere branchdom to 11,000 students. Sneaking up on the University itself at Tuscaloosa (13,500).

More than the bodies, though, is the tone of the city. "Birmingham's a university town now. Students make a place lively," says a physician at the Medical Center. "I thought when we moved here, Dullsville. I couldn't have been more wrong."

A city, of course, is more than its ballet, its theatre, its symphony, but still it must offer these emollients. Birmingham offers. Ballet in the person of Stefan Grebel—Yugoslav (93 percent of Alabama's people come of English-speaking parents, the highest in the nation, so he had that to overcome)—but he looks like a football player, only in better shape. When you see his troupe doing an ecossaise, you are struck more with the technical brilliance of it than the grace, though there's plenty of that. It is the running back you are observing, breaking, dodging, nimbly deceiving with sleight of foot, the ball player in tights instead of the prey of the culture-vulture.

Symphony—in the person of Amerigo Marino. Came to the Birmingham Symphony from composing music for "Playhouse 90," "CBS Workshop," and "Suspense," from being first violinist of the Los Angeles Philharmonic. He has been here ten years, and the orchestra, off and on, has been a feature for fifty. The musicians who come to perform with the Birmingham are as famous as stars who come, for sadder reasons, to the Medical Center. Marino, like a lot of other things in Birmingham, is, to quote the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, "refreshingly free of mannerisms." People seem more comfortable with culture here and tend not to dress for it.

Theatre—"Don't forget that," coos Anita Loos (The Town and Gown Theatre—they are not amateurs—is giving the premier performance of Miss Loos' musical, *Something About Anne*)—in the person of James Hatcher, a white-haired white tornado who once directed a Miss America pageant and has had Birmingham on the runway ever since. He has gathered his talents and the talents of the town into the theatre's own building and its own autonomy.

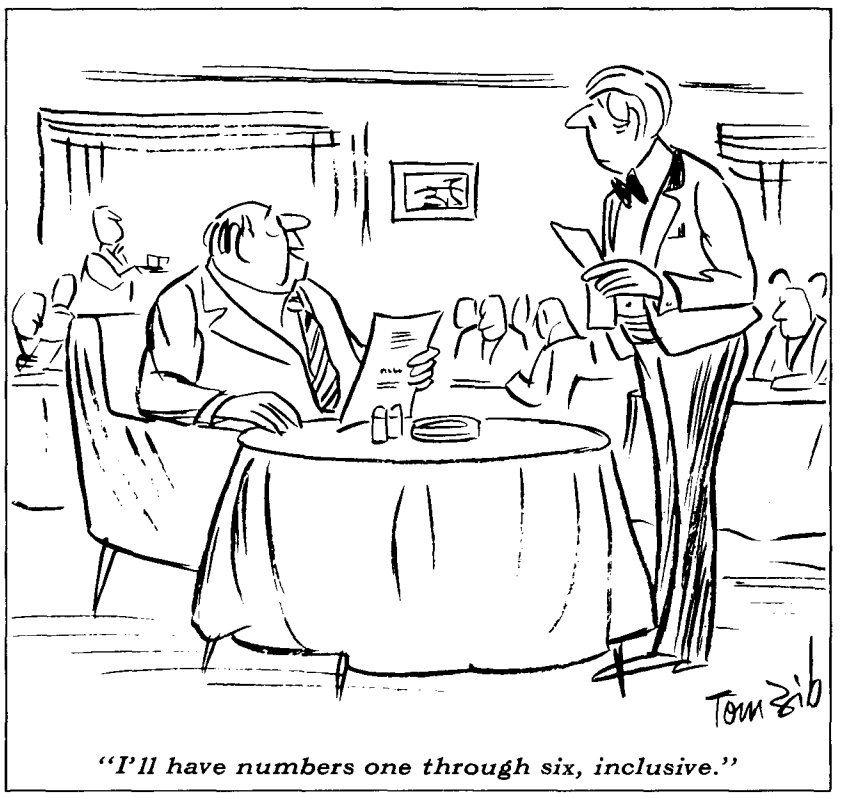
Hatcher is managing—one should say producing, it is such an extravaganza—the final night of the gala for the hospital. Mrs. Emanuel Cheraskin strips in a fashion show, casual, confident. Like the population, almost half, and happily so, black. The scene is the new civic center, a compendium of the pyramids at Giza with a few other wonders of the ancient world thrown in. It cost $37 million, swallows four blocks of downtown Birmingham, boasts an exhibition hall (to exhibit the four blocks), concert hall, theatre—eventually, a coliseum—central plaza, meeting rooms, restaurants, and lounges for contemplating the enormity of it all.

Still, how nice it is to cram the world into one room, how cozy to know and feel—you are that close—that the civic center is the symbol of the new city.

"I wouldn't have gone anywhere else but Birmingham," say most of the ladies in more new clothes, more ice packs of diamonds. "To see a whole community behind a good cause is exhilarating," says Lady Bird Johnson, accepting a Fiat automobile given by the Italian motor millionaire Giovanni Agnelli for St. Vincent's Hospital.

Mrs. Harris makes her remark, "Who could ever have thought ten years ago that in Birmingham tonight a black girl from Mattoon, Illinois, would be receiving an award?" And Ann Landers says, "Who would ever have thought a Jewish girl from Sioux City, Iowa, would be receiving an award from a Catholic hospital?"

Mrs. Swearingen, honorary chairman for the event, is in seventh heaven and putting everyone else there too. In emerald green with plenty of the color's namesakes to keep her neck cool, and her arms and her ears. There is a joke in Birmingham about how many times she ran for the title of Miss Alabama. She was always Miss Runner-Up. Now as she receives her award—for her work, among other things, with the Fine Arts Department for the U.S. Senate, the New York Public Library, HOPE, the Alliance Française in Chicago, the YMCA, The Chicago Boys Club, and Mayor Daley's Committee for Economic and Cultural Development—she says, "It seems Hatch



"I'll have numbers one through six, inclusive."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

should be handing me red roses and, saying, 'You're now Miss Alabama.' No honor will ever mean more than this by my hometown, Birmingham."

Arlene Francis laughs at some young girls in crinolines and floppy hats, the Arlington Belles. "Have you got telephones under those things?" The Belles sweep into a low curtsy at the approach of Mrs. Wallace, ignoring—except for smiles—Mrs. Governor Reagan, Mrs. President Johnson. Mrs. Wallace is, says columnist Shana Alexander, "Beautiful, brainy, shrewd, and certainly the best thing that could possibly have happened to Gov. George Wallace." She is also one of the best things that could have happened to Alabama. Because she could be any one of those glorious golden girls who skim Alabama's lakes on water skis (and is), but is also a dignified First Lady and (in these days of her husband's illness) a governor. She is acting governor at this gala. Only she is not acting. She is real, and as friendly to you as she is to the president's wife. Who is talking to someone about her book. "My room was Mrs. Truman's bedroom, then Mrs. Kennedy's dressing room. I had two blue French chairs. I used to look out over the rose garden just at seven—after sunset. Lyndon wasn't home yet and I kept thinking that I was more and more in love with the U.S., its elasticity, its good, its future."

She might be talking about Birmingham too, this city which decided to fly instead of wallow, to speak for itself and do for itself without ignoring outside voices and changing times. And yet to remain a southern city—this gala, its graciousness, its honeyed charm, could only have taken place in the South where hospitality always seems to be motive enough for an occasion, and where the quality of life has always seemed better for people than for industry.

Later, at a glass box perched high over the city, and called The Club (emphasis on the THE), private, which in this case does not mean segregated, you see the city, a warm fire-and-ice of gold and glass, almost the tumbler of bourbon you are smoothing your unruffled feelings with, and realize that in urban America everything looks pretty at night and at a distance. But here distance and darkness are no longer a cosmetic. Seven hundred fifty thousand people are out there in the youngest of the world's great cities (Chamber of Commerce speaking again—they suggest the statement can be reversed), and everybody is trying to get along. "We have to make Birmingham a city where people—especially young people want to live," says the mayor, George Seibels, Jr. "We all have to travel in the same direction—forward. I don't think race is a problem here anymore." One supposes race will always be a problem. And especially when people don't get in the race.

Continued on page 135

Magnificent Wall Hanging

A REMARKABLE 1-TIME DECORATING OFFER!

Made in India HAND-LOOMED 'TREE OF LIFE' PANEL

TWIN SIZE 72" x 108"

Only $8.98

FULL SIZE, A HUGE 90" x 108" only $10.98

Stunning As Bedspread . . .

or Tablecloth!

Until today, opulent beauty like this was restricted to the Rajahs and Maharajas of India, or the very wealthy! The photograph above can only *begin* to convey the dazzling richness of the reds, the greens, the golds...the almost 3-dimensional depth of the design! Each has been hand-loomed and meticulously block-printed by skilled, unhurried Indian craftsmen trained for generations in the arts of looming and printing. You can almost *feel* the texture of the stately branches, *scent* the intoxicating perfume of the wondrous blossoms, *hear* the exquisite songs of the exotic birds. *How elegantly,* this lush "Garden of Eden" panel enriches your home!

Enhances Any Room—Dramatic With All Decor!

Looks like and *feels* like linen but is actually rugged, durable unbleached cotton with 1001 "decorator look" uses! 1 panel is a dramatic wall hanging. 2 create spectacular mural to cover huge wall area. *Smashing* as tablecloth, bedspread, curtains, slip covers, piano/chair throw. Easily made into stunning caftan, other apparel! Completely machine-washable, it is pre-shrunk and colorfast.

Limited Supplies—This Offer Will Not Be Repeated This Season!

We wish to *emphasize*—this is a very special 1-time only decorating offer. Only a limited number of panels are being made available at the unbelievably low prices shown above. When these are gone, no more! Don't miss this opportunity to enrich your home right now and give it a "beauty lift."

MAIL 10 DAY NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

GREENLAND STUDIOS

5207 Greenland Building, Miami, Florida 33059

Enclosed is check or m.o. for $_____. For items checked. If I am not thrilled, I may return within 10 days for complete refund:

____Twin Size #14019 @ $8.98 plus $1.15 pstg. & handl.

____Full Size #14020 @ $10.98 plus $1.25 pstg. & handl.

☐ **SAVE $2.30, $2.50 OR MORE!** We will pay all postage on orders of 2 or more panels.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

You May Charge Your Order

☐ DINERS CLUB
☐ BANKAMERICARD
☐ AMERICAN EXPRESS
Acct. No._____

☐ MASTER CHARGE
Acct. No._____
INTERBANK NO._____
(Find above your name)
Good Thru_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LEE TREVINO

continued from page 61

and $4,000 checks," he remembered another time, "I said, 'Say, how long's this been going on out here?' "

After winning a big one: "No, I haven't called my wife, but if I don't have the $30,000 check there by Wednesday, she'll call me.

"If there's a little poker game nearby and if I got $500, I'll blow it," he confessed another time.

Claudia Trevino: "He never comes home with a dime."

Señor Trevino: "You only live once. Why not have some fun?"

On what's next: "I could be a comedian. I mean a real comedian. I know when to raise my voice and when not to. A guy gets too loud on me on the course, I say, 'I do the jokes here, sir. It's not too often Mexes get inside the ropes.' "

On golf, turning serious: "A lot of pros can go out during a practice round and murder par. The idea is to do it when the pressure is on. I think about what I should make on a hole in every tournament. If I've got a par-3, 220-yard hole, I'll hope to play the thing in one over par for four rounds. I won't go for the pin, just the green, and I seldom gamble."

On Trevino at work: "Weaknesses? There are a lot of them. I'm a terrible fairway bunker player. I used to be the world's worst putter, but playing on good greens has made the difference. I also used to be a bad long iron player. But I practiced."

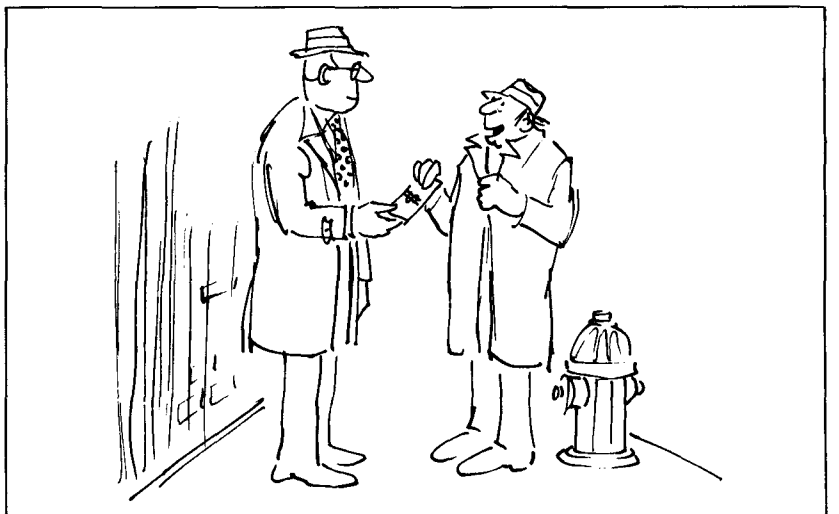
He practiced, all right. Now the happy revolutionary of golf has his million-dollar purse, his "Enterprises," his meal ticket, his status: the common man's hero in a world of common men aspiring to be heroes. Even the elusive Masters Tournament can't change that.

"I'm not changing my game for one tournament," he insists. "They're not building the course around my game."

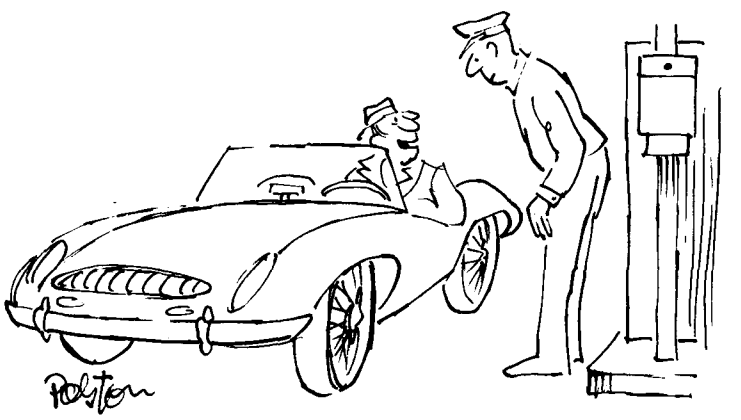
They're not likely to change his personality, either. Trevino's seen life on both sides of the tracks and, if that first million didn't turn his head, what will?

"I was happy without money, and I'm happy with money," the People's Choice says. "Back home in El Paso in the old days, I had trouble finding people who could afford to pay me for golf lessons. Now everyone wants lessons from me. A few years ago, I had no car. Now I have five cars. I lived in a trailer. Now I have a five-bedroom house. I had no phone. Not only do I have a phone now, but the number is unlisted.

"Boy, that's progress." ☒

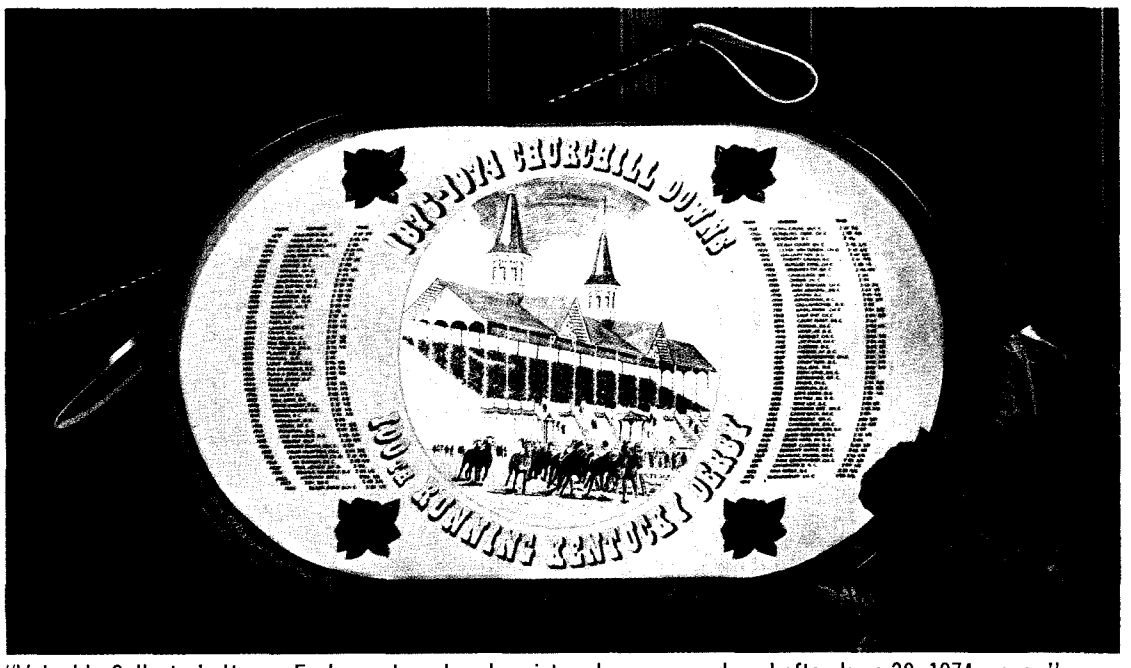


"Bless you, Sir. This dollar will be my fare home."



"One dollar's worth, please."

Collect a Great Moment in History.



"Valuable Collector's Item—Each numbered and registered—none produced after June 30, 1974—ever."

DERBY INDUSTRIES, INC., P.O. Box 567 B, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206
Please send Official 100th Kentucky Derby Commemorative Tray(s)
_____Quantity $_____Amount ☐ Check enclosed Bill to: ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge
Credit Card No._____ Expiration Date_____
If Master Charge enter 4-digit Interbank number appearing above your name: ____ ____ ____ ____
Signature _____
Name (print) _____
Address _____
City_____ State _____ Zip _____
Indiana residents only, add 4% sales tax. 4C

100TH RUNNING OF THE KENTUCKY DERBY

Official Commemorative Tray

It's post time, May 4, 1974, and *you are there* . . . in person or in spirit. The band plays My Old Kentucky Home, the horses come on to the track and the Run for the Roses is only minutes away from starting for the 100th time. Who can remain unmoved at a moment like this. This is more than American's greatest horse race . . . it is a great moment in American history. You can preserve this memory forever with your beautiful, sturdy, full color, metal, 21½" x 13¼" x 1½" large tray. Vinyl coated to protect it as a serving tray, wall decoration, or both.
The first 99 Kentucky Derby Winners listed with year, horse's name and winning time for each.

Tray price $7.95 each, plus $1.00 postage.
If not satisfied for any reason, return within 2 weeks for full refund.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

continued from page 133

Vulcan, the mighty iron figure that towers over The Club, and Red Mountain and Birmingham (world's largest iron figure of Vulcan; can you name another?) has been put to many uses by the city. It was conceived as an entry in the St. Louis Exposition of 1904, shipped back to Birmingham where it lay until 1936, forgotten and forlorn, in the state fairgrounds. For a time, it held a bottle of pop in its outstretched hand. Then—with WPA funds, it was moved to Red Mountain where it towers 120 feet over its base and is visible from all over the city. A red light glowing in its hand means a traffic fatality. On its base is inscribed ". . . o'er and o'er nature hath flung her treasures with a generous hand and Birmingham sits enthroned." O'er and o'er Birmingham has had some tough times. And she has survived them, even profited from them. This might suggest that the treasure nature generously flung was people.

As the city begins its second century—not much of an event in the ancient South—it is broadening its foundation to include all its people. It had always the base for making a living. Now it has made a beginning in the business of living, an infinitely more serious task.

Some of the people from the gala are pouring into The Club now. The ladies, unless memory fails, have changed clothes again. The gala has raised a lot of money for the hospital. It was frothy, fun, and it had a purpose. It might be a paradigm for the business of living that the city's second century will devote itself to. "It was one of the most glamorous evenings this city will ever know," says the *Birmingham News*'s women's editor Jo Ellen O'Hara. "A predecessor of things to come."

George Delfavero, a man everybody describes as the nicest guy in Birmingham, engineered the gala, turned the caverns of the civic center into the intimate assembly rooms where the city could celebrate itself and America's legendary women. He also thought of the idea, lit it with the Roman candle of Mrs. Swearingen, and through the long hot summer before the dressing up, before the diamonds came out of vaults, before the fun, George worked. (They call it "coordinating," but it's drudgery.) The nuns from the hospital and George. A familiar sight. Now, tonight, George is in his modesty triumphant, giving everyone else credit, stepping back for the celebrities. The nuns must respect their vows though they deserve much praise. Someone says to George's wife, assuming, one supposes, George had done all this merely for his church, say, to get into heaven, "George is such a good Catholic." Mrs. Delfavero smiles and George mutters, "H---, I'm a Baptist." His is the kind of motiveless motive that can make a town a home.

"Chivalry is dead. What else *do you do?"*

ART AND THE PEOPLE

continued from page 83

communities like Kalispell, Montana, and Grand Junction, Colorado. It's mirrored inside to expand the sense of space; there visitors move from a 2,000-year-old Greek head of Apollo in one transparent case to an Egyptian mummy mask in another.

But not only the art of the past meets America's present. In one car a traveling group of artists, printmakers and potters illustrate how art gets made—right there on the spot. Ray Scott, who dreamed up the idea, says "In some small towns, ARTrain is the biggest event in town."

The illustrations give an audience's-eye view of ARTrain during a stopover in Aspen, Colorado.

No one has expressed more felicitously the role of art participation and enjoyment than J. Irwin Miller, Chairman of the Cummins Engine Company. In words seemingly more appropriate to the head of the art department at a great university than the head of a great American industrial corporation, Mr. Miller stirs us to a fuller appreciation of the life around us:

"You can watch each generation die, if you have eyes for it. Beginning in kindergarten we start the job. 'Color it green, and stay within the lines. Never mind why.' So the exuberant fun that a kid can have with paints and crayons is snuffed out.

"And then there is the teenager whose instinct is to find in religion joy and noise and color and excitement and answers to real questions. Instead the church feeds him answers mainly to the questions adults feel comfortable in answering. Is it any wonder that repeated Sunday services which seem to him like undifferentiated funerals finally turn him off religion for good, and even succeed in becoming the beginning of his own funeral as it becomes less acceptable for him to question openly and embarrassingly; to shout; to cry; to release his exuberance.

"Finally we see the young men and young women whose homes all look drearily alike; who hold the same opinions; who have read their last poem; who have looked at their last picture; whose childlike awareness and powers of imagination have been safely pressed into conformity shortly before they enter into the dimly felt tragedy of middle age.

"But the child in us all was once briefly awake. And the child in us saw more than we see now, felt more than we feel now, created in his imagination more than we are able to create now. *The child in us is the artist in us, and it is the very best part of us.*"

Norman Rockwell portrays people of racing on canvas.

"Weighing In", Saturday Evening Post Cover, June 28, 1958. This 11" x 14" canvas print is a great way to help preserve America's memorable racing traditions.

Only $5.95 each, plus 50¢ postage. Order 2 or more and we pay the postage.

DERBY INDUSTRIES, INC., P.O. Box 567B, Indianapolis
Please send "Weighing In" canvas prints Indiana 46206

_____Quantity $_____Amount

☐ Check enclosed Bill to: ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Credit Card No._____ Expiration Date_____

If Master Charge, enter 4 digit Interbank Number appearing above your name ___ ___ ___ ___

Signature_____

Name (print)_____

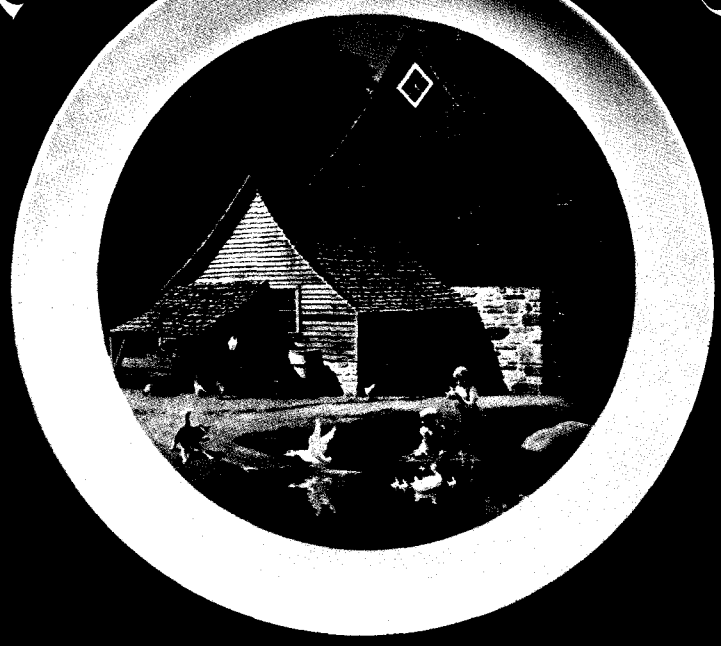
Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Indiana residents only, add 4% sales tax. 4C

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICAN MEMORIES
by
PAUL DETLEFSEN



A new offering of a limited series of ten original collector's plates by one of America's foremost painters.

Renowned artist Paul Detlefsen remembers America as it was. His paintings are valued at $50,000 and up.

And now, for the first time, you can own a Detlefsen masterpiece...as a beautiful collector's plate.

Each Detlefsen plate is a *really* limited edition of 4,000. So your investment can only increase in value throughout the years.

But there is more to the series than its rarity.

Through our unique process, Detlefsen's brilliant colors and vivid hues are faithfully preserved on fine American Ridgewood china.

There are ten plates in the series, each commemorating the nostalgia and charm of an America we once knew.

The series is available at the special pre-publication price of $40.00 per plate if you order before April 30, 1974. By ordering the first plate in the series, "Memories of the Red Barn," you will become a Charter Subscriber with the guaranteed option to receive each subsequent plate at the same fixed price.

You will then be notified as each new plate is published (at approximate two month intervals) and may continue the series by merely returning the order form. You need not buy the entire series. You only receive the plates you want.

This opportunity is truly an art investment that can be cherished now, and by future generations.

PAUL DETLEFSEN "AMERICAN MEMORIES" SERIES APPLICATION
(Valid only if postmarked by April 30, 1974)

The Trading Post
P.O. Box 567B
Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

Please enter my Charter Subscription for the Paul Detlefsen "American Memories" series. Enclosed is my check for $40.00 as payment for the first plate, "Memories of the Red Barn", plus $1.00 for postage and handling. I understand that as a Charter Subscriber, I will have the guaranteed option to buy the remaining plates in the series at the same price, but that I am *not* obligated to buy any plate I do not wish to receive. Furthermore, I may return any plate within 10 days of receipt and receive a full refund.
Indiana residents add 4% sales tax.

☐ Check enclosed
Bill to: ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge
Card # _____
Expiration date _____
If Master Charge enter 4-digit Interbank number appearing above your name: ____
Name _____
Address _____
_____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____ SP4

The Saturday Evening Post, in cooperation with the Copernicus Society of America, Edward J. Piszek, President, is pleased to announce The Petrarch Odyssey.

In commemoration of the 600th anniversary of the death of Petrarch—Italian poet, historian, and humanist—and through the benevolence of the Copernicus Society, *The Saturday Evening Post* is beginning a search for four young people who will travel to Europe on a scholarly adventure. The odyssey will begin in July 1974 in Florence, Italy, and for six weeks the young scholars will retrace the footsteps of Petrarch and visit the scenes of his literary triumphs. They will relive and rethink that age of humanism which was the beginning of modern thought, and report back to *Post* readers their insights and adventures. All travel and incidental expenses will be paid.

To be eligible for consideration for the Petrarch Odyssey, you must be between the ages of twenty and thirty, single, and a student enrolled in a college or university full or part time during the 1973-1974 academic year.

To apply, send:

1. A biographical sketch giving name, age, birth date, high school, college or university, area of educational concentration, career objectives and, if you are a graduate student, area of scholarly achievement.
2. A recent photograph.
3. A 300-word statement relating career or scholarship objectives to the experiences you would hope to have on the odyssey.

Mail to: Petrarch Odyssey
Saturday Evening Post
1100 Waterway Boulevard
P.O. Box 1144
Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

Applications must be postmarked no later than May 21. The winners will be notified by special-delivery letter with all necessary details, and confirmed by telephone, no later than June 14.

You be the Judge

By FLORENCE K. PALMER

Daisybelle attained fame by becoming a mother at the age of twelve. When the press headlined her achievement, her twenty-year-old husband stormed into court and sued.

"All this newspaper stuff causes folks to make fun of us," the husband alleged. "We didn't want publicity or pictures, and even put a sign on Daisybelle's hospital door to keep out reporters. Now my wife is suffering mental agony because her privacy has been invaded."

"What's so private about a birth, your honor?" counsel for the press countered. "Births are a matter of public record. Further, as the young couple had been married well over a year, there was nothing malicious in our publishing the news of their happy event."

If you were the judge, would you award Daisybelle damages?

Daisybelle lost. The court said that the right of individual privacy is not absolute, especially where freedom of speech and press are involved. It added that the law does not recognize the right of privacy in inherently public matters, such as the vital statistics of births, marriages and deaths, nor does it protect supersensitiveness.

Based upon a South Carolina decision.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FLORIDA FORAYS

continued from page 23

The grassy waters of the Everglades almost lap the city. The park headquarters building can be reached by a short ride on U.S. 1 to Florida City, and then a short turn on State 27. The Royal Palm area of the park, two miles off the main road, has a visitor's center with exhibits outlining the vastness and the varieties of wildlife of the region. The lush, damp feel of this fertile swampland is captured immediately by taking the Gumbo Limbo Trail with its overhangs of fern and orchid and using the plank walkways of the Anhinga Trail for a view of snapping alligators, water turkeys (they swim with their bodies underwater) and vaulting fish.

A picnic or a serene camping vacation can be enjoyed at Lone Pine Key, only four miles inside the park. From here the road meanders thirty-five miles to Flamingo on the coast. Giant herons, spoonbills, ibises sail past the windows of the excellent restaurant. There's a hotel, shopping—and above all, cruise tours which afford the best glimpses of the natural wonders of the Everglades.

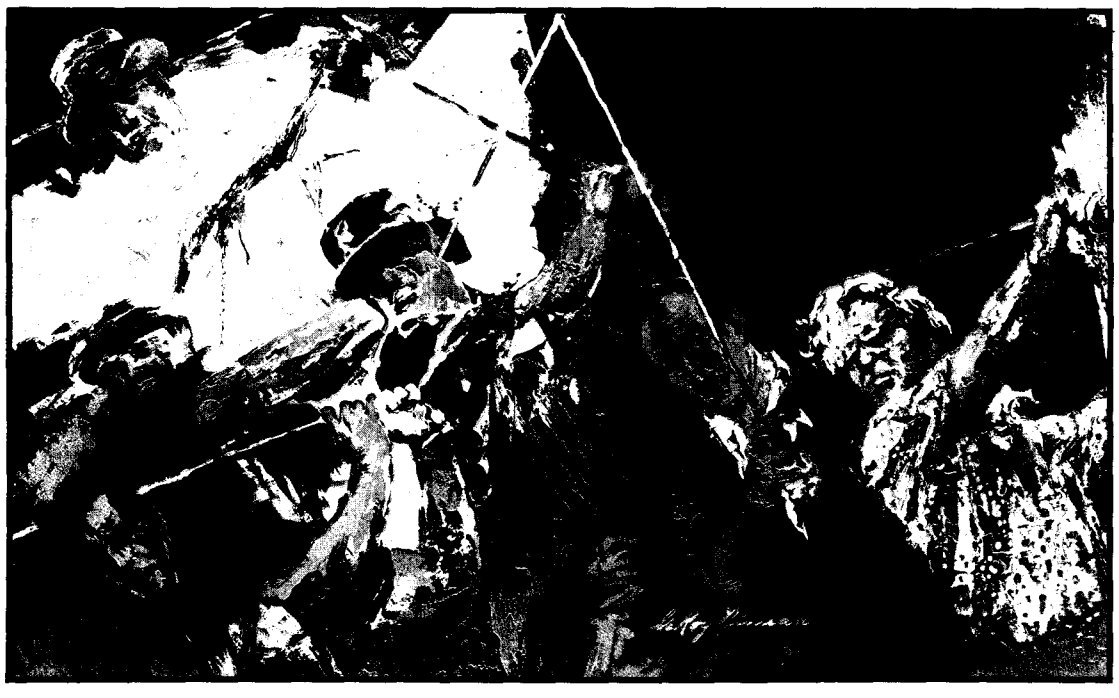
No visit to Miami would be complete without that extraordinary drive through the keys to Key West, the most southerly point of the nation. By taking the Overseas Highway south from Miami, one slips into a world of relaxed living. The road is a slender link between the twenty-nine keys, punctuated by forty-three bodies of pure turquoise water, patched with apple green and amethyst. One link arches seven miles over a bridge; the shallow blue waters on either side barely covering the white coral bed; white egrets and gulls staring intently across the flat water.

Key West is journey's end. A romantic ghost of the past nurtured by yarn and legend. Where Hemingway penned *To Have and Have Not*, where Audubon painted the birds of the keys. A cluster of sea captains' houses, foursquare and tidy; Bahamian structures, ornately festooned in ironwork; and conch houses, frilled with lacy woodwork. It's a place to dream, to nourish machismo, to peer from the jetty into the southern waters.

Florida is not just beaches, not just a sunshine state. Florida is a fascinating jumble of experience, sometimes crazy, sometimes exasperating—ultimately exhilarating. "What happens here? Nothing," said John James Audubon. No longer true, of course. But there are nooks and crannies where nothing still happens. And today, that is a great blessing.

"They're every bit as good as our own and, my God, what a saving!"

Own a piece of the Wonderful World of LeRoy Neiman



LeRoy Neiman, visual chronicler of major sporting events, has covered on camera the 1972 World's Series for NBC, the Super Bowl for *Time*, the 1973 Belmont and the XXth Olympiad for ABC-TV. His style is represented at its best in the above painting, *Wonderful World of Golf* . . . his first golf painting.

Neiman's *Wonderful World of Golf* is a superb gift idea for golf lovers, art lovers, sports lovers and decorators. This limited edition print is $20.00. Mr. Neiman has also made available a limited number of signed and numbered prints at $50.00 each. Should you wish to frame the print yourself, we have a chrome frame of Brest aluminum cut to the exact size of the print 19-3/16" x 32-3/4" for $13.75. Please include $1.00 postage and handling.

HOLIDAY SHOPPER, P.O. Box 567B, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206
NEIMAN's Wonderful World of Golf
☐ Limited edition print—$20.00 ea. ☐ Signed and numbered print—$75.00 ea. ☐ Chrome frame—$13.75 ea.
Add $1.00 postage and handling.
☐ Check or money order enclosed. Bill to: ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge
Credit Card No. _____ Expiration Date _____
If Master Charge enter 4-digit Interbank number appearing above your name: _____
Signature _____
Name (print) _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
If you prefer, use perforated order form on page 129A. Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery. 4C

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DREAM

continued from page 9

as they once did, on the average."

"And where does the United States stand in medicine?"

"We lead the world," I said. "Since you ask how satellites can help the health of mankind, I can tell you that they could help teach our medicine to those parts of the world that still lag. Satellites can do much in the way of communicating."

"Ah, yes! You say that from Jupiter, you will receive portraits—photographs, you called it—that will be sent to earth. This is done automatically by mechanical devices, you say, without the interference of man."

"Yes," I said.

"But how is that possible? You told me last night that men could communicate at the speed of light, over 180,000 miles per second, so that the earth could be encompassed by your voice in a mere fraction of a second. But by what manner of mechanical ingenuity do you manage this great feat?"

"It's a matter of an electric current, to begin with."

"You mean that the electrical fluid pours like water."

"Through proper conductors, yes, but much more quickly. The current can be made to carry signals at the speed of light. At first such signals were produced by starting and stopping the current in a fixed pattern. Such a code was carried over wires from Baltimore to Washington in 1844. It was then that what we call the telegraph was invented."

"In only half a century from now," muttered Franklin. "When you say Washington, surely you are not referring to the President."

"No, to the city of Washington, on the Potomac River. Named for President Washington, it has been the capital of the United States since 1800. From it, the government has been driven only once, and then for only a day, in 1814."

"One day only. Well enough."

"In the 1850's wires were laid across the Atlantic Ocean, along the sea bottom, encased in cables. Eventually, signals could cross from Europe to America."

"Since the first wires stretched from Baltimore to the capital city, I suppose the telegraph was invented by an American, then?"

"Americans and British were both involved, but from 1850 onward, the lion's share of electrical advances was made in the United States. In the 1870's electrical signals were made to mimic sound waves in form, and the voice itself could be sent over wires so accurately that the day came when a man in Philadelphia could recognize the timbre of a friend's voice speaking that moment in Paris."

"But, then," and here Franklin gazed at me shrewdly, "this space vessel that you say is approaching Jupiter must be trailing many millions of miles of wire behind it; and over this it sends its messages?"

"No," I said, "the wires are still used in my time but for limited purposes confined to earth. In the twentieth century we learned to do without them."

"And how is that?"

"There are kinds of light that cannot be seen."

Now for the first time it seemed to me that Franklin grew openly irritated and the tingling in my head seemed to intensify as though he were searching among the convolutions of my brain.

"Come," he said, "light that cannot be seen, indeed. You offer me a contradiction in terms."

"Not really," I said, earnestly. "Light behaves as though it were made up of tiny waves——"

Franklin said, "So the Dutchman, Christiaan Huygens, maintained. The great Isaac Newton, however, held it to be formed of speeding particles."

"It was Huygens who was more nearly right in this case," I said. "The waves of light have certain sizes, though, and there are forms of light with waves longer, and other forms with waves shorter than those of the light we see. Those forms of light with waves outside the range of normal light we cannot see, but we can detect them in other fashions."

Franklin said, "Astonishing. How fortunate you have been to have lived through this great acceleration of philosophic learning."

"Certain very long waves are called radio waves," I said. "These waves can be sent out in directed beams and modified in such a way as to carry signals that can be converted into sound or light. We have what we call radios which, in this fashion, can receive sound over long distances without the use of wires. Use is made instead of radio wave beams that pass through all obstacles unfelt. And we have what we call television that receives not only sound but light as well, so that we can see, with our eyes, what is taking place at a distance."

"Then this sort of signaling without wires can reach from Jupiter to earth?"

"And farther, too."

"That is a matter of—how much?"

"Depending on where earth and Jupiter are in their orbits about the sun, the distance between the two varies from 400 to 600 millions of miles. Light itself would take from half an hour to nearly an hour to span that distance."

Franklin said, "The astronomer Cassini, it seems to me, had worked out those distances, but I had never considered them carefully. How astonished those old Greek astronomers would have been if they had known." He looked up at me and said cheerfully, "If your space vessels can send signals from Jupiter back to earth, is there any way in which they can bend their abilities to smaller tasks and help men to communicate among themselves?"

"It has been done," I said at once. "You see, sir, the radio waves, along which the messages are sent, travel in a straight line, but the earth's surface is curved. It is therefore difficult to send messages over long distances, unless the radio waves can be reflected from portions of the upper atmosphere, or unless they can be picked up and relayed onward at various points, fairly closely spaced."

"But," said Franklin, "if you had a space vessel circling earth at a great height, you could reflect the signals from it."

"Yes," I said, "you understand quickly."

"Partly I sense it in your mind. Do not give me too much credit."

I said, "To a space vessel—or, better, a communications satellite—high in space, the entire planet would take up only a small angle in its field of view. Such a satellite receiving a signal could reflect it, with equal ease, to any point on that side of the planet facing it. If there were several satellites in different positions about the planet, one satellite could reflect the signal to another, and the second satellite could then reflect it to a point on earth invisible from the first."

"In that way, then, communication over long distances becomes easy."

"Yes, sir. Now imagine a satellite at a height of 22,000 miles above the earth's surface——"

"Why that height?" Franklin interrupted.

"Because then earth's gravitational pull would cause it to revolve about the earth in just twenty-four hours, the same rate at which the earth turns on its axis. If the satellite is over the equator at that distance, it will seem to hover motionless over one spot on the earth as it and the planet turn together. Three such satellites, equally spaced, would suffice to send a message from any point on earth to any other in a quarter of a second. This scheme was first suggested in 1945 by a science fiction writer." I could not keep the pride out of my voice.

Franklin glanced at me suspiciously, "Yourself?"

"No, sir. A writer named Arthur C. Clarke."

"And you say this has been done?"

"Indeed it has. It is now quite common to send messages, both sight and sound, from continent to continent, by satellite."

Franklin seemed lost in thought. Finally, he said, "It is so difficult to absorb this. It takes us days to travel from Boston to Philadelphia; weeks to travel from London to New York—and news of any sort cannot travel faster than a man can. A war can take place now before the news can arrive that the reason for fighting the war has disappeared."

"Yes, that's true," I said, "and it has happened in American history. The United States went to war with Great Britain in June of 1812."

"A second war!" groaned Franklin.

"We survived the war," I said, quickly. "It was a drawn fight, more or less."

"But that was the war in which we lost our capital for a day, I suppose."

"Yes, sir. When we went to war on that occasion, we did not know that the British had already offered a compromise that would have made the war unnecessary. And then, when the treaty of peace was signed in December of 1814, it took time for the news to cross the ocean. Before it arrived, a great battle was fought at New Orleans on January 8, 1815. Fortunately for us, it was an American victory."

"Such misadventure, then, is no longer possible in your time?"

"Not really. The President of the United States can, at any time, be in touch with any spot on earth. In particular, he can reach the leading men of the government of the Soviet Union—Russia, that is—at any moment of the day or night. It is the Soviet Union which is the only power that can compete with us in military strength."

"And through this, war has been averted?"

"Not always. Sometimes wars involving minor powers have been fought. There has, however, been no war between the United States and the Soviet Union—and that is the war that everyone agrees must never occur."

"Then it has been your modern facility of communication that has kept it from taking place."

"Certainly it seems to me that instant communication has played its part, Mr. Franklin."

"In that case, does it not seem to you that we now see what kind of space launching must take place at the Bicentennial celebration?"

"A communications satellite?"

"Certainly," said Franklin, nodding his head vigorously. "I gather that the United States leads the world in such satellite work."

"Yes, it does. Only the Soviet Union competes and in most directions it is a distant second. It has launched communications satellites, but ours are more numerous and more advanced."

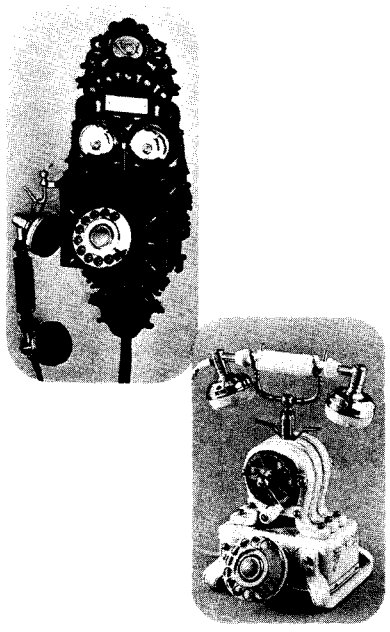
"Then the United States must launch an international medical communications satellite—one to which all nations might contribute as they can, and to which all nations can turn as need arises. Let it be one through which all nations can join to celebrate the principle of union. Let each have its message—its own message in its own tongue. . . ."

Now the figure began to waver and the voice to thin.

Then he was gone, and it was dawn once more.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post Shopper



THE VICTORIANS

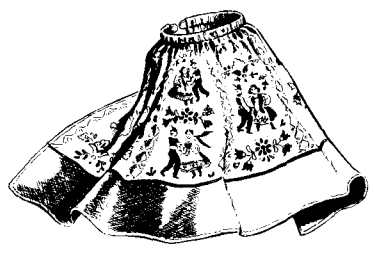
If you have spent a lot of time, love, devotion and money on your home or office to make it as beautiful as you can, you may not appreciate "Ma Bell" coming along to plunk down one of those colored plastic blobs right in the middle of it.

After all . . . the telephone is one of the most important furnishings in a home or place of business. It makes good sense that your phone be conspicuously present, and beautiful as well as electronically reliable.

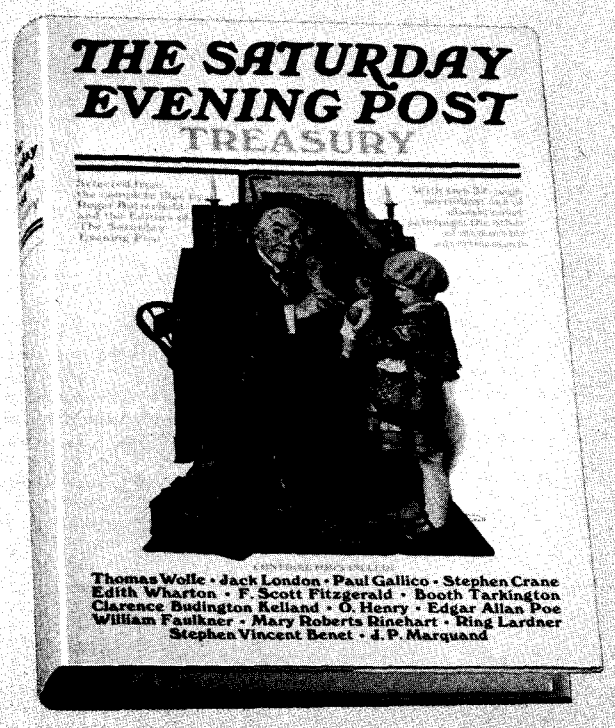
Each of our telephones is fabricated by Europe's finest craftsmen. Into each phone we have engineered the most modern electronic components; all approved by telecommunication authorities throughout the world.

MODELS SHOWN ARE: Wall—1901 BLACK/BRASS or BRASS/IVORY; Table—1906 BLACK/BRASS or IVORY/BRASS. Each $149.95 via surface post * or $156.95 via air post *.

*From Europe—2 to 4 weeks delivery. For information about other models send 50¢ (refundable) for color catalog and price list. The Green House, 40 Lisbon Street, San Rafael, CA. GH-1.



A great way to hang around the kitchen and an easy way to make an apron. Just stitch two hems in a straight piece of cloth and slip on the hoop. The plastic APRON CURVET comes in three sizes: small, 20-28" waist; medium, 28-34" waist; large, 34-44" waist. Pattern is included. APRON CURVET and pattern $1.00 each postpaid. Great for clubs; one dozen, $4.80 plus 75¢ postage and handling. The Country Store, P.O. Box 567B, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206.


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
TREASURY
Thomas Wolfe • Jack London • Paul Gallico • Stephen Crane
Edith Wharton • F. Scott Fitzgerald • Booth Tarkington
Clarence Budington Kelland • O. Henry • Edgar Allan Poe
William Faulkner • Mary Roberts Rinehart • Ring Lardner
Stephen Vincent Benet • J. P. Marquand

An excellent chronicle of American arts during POST's history. You'll find works of many famous artists and writers . . . works which express their diverse perceptions of the times . . . in the pages of this anthology of the best from old POST issues. You'll be thoroughly entertained and some of you will reminisce, while scanning or devouring *The Saturday Evening Post Treasury*. $10.00 hardbound.

SIGNED PRINTS
Only $8.95 per Month/per Print builds an important private collection of limited-edition, hand-signed prints with strong future potential.
FREE CATALOG
American Art Consultants Guild
BENJAMIN FOX PAVILION-P
BOX 685, JENKINTOWN, PA. 19046

YOU PRINT AT YOUR DESK **$15** POSTPAID
THOUSANDS OF POSTCARDS, CLUB NOTICES, CHRISTMAS CARDS, FORMS, SALES INFORMATION, ETC. USE BALLPOINT PEN, TYPEWRITER OR STYLUS. FINISHED WORK IN 10 MINUTES. OUTFIT COMPLETE WITH ALL MATERIALS AND 2 COLORS OF INK STORES IN DESK DRAWER. ADD $5 FOR SPECIAL AIRMAIL HANDLING. SEND PAYMENT TO: FRIEDMAN, SHIBA P.O. BOX 234, TOKYO, JAPAN 105 «THANK YOU!»

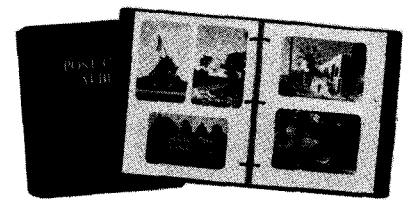
IT'S A NEW BABY

UNIQUE CARRIER HOLDS INFANTS from 4 to 18 mos. Keeps them safe, comfortable and secure with a minimum of strain on MOM. Put an end to aching back, tired arms, fatigue, dangerous shopping-cart rides. Strongly made, 100% cotton, washable, adjustable, in navy only. Best yet—when folded it's pocket size. Fully guaranteed. Complete satisfaction or full refund. $3.75 Postpaid.
MONARCH INDUSTRIES
Truly the answer to every mother's problem of safe, yet comfortable baby toting and as a gift.
14627 Watt Road
Novelty, Ohio 44072

IT PAYS TO BE A KOPY KAT

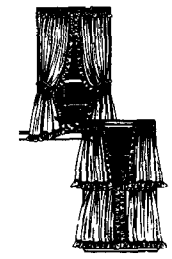
Let us help you establish a highly profitable, cash-and-carry Instant Kopy-Printing Center. "Push-button" operation for man and wife. **No experience necessary.** We locate, train and advertise you. $13,500 cash required, secured by equipment and inventory. We finance balance from your profits. Send for "Career Portfolio."
KOPY KAT, INC., National Franchise Div., SEP-2 Exec. Plaza, Ft. Washington, Pa. 19034

Write directly to these advertisers mentioning *The Saturday Evening Post*.



A *GREAT* GIFT FOR TRAVELERS
Beautiful Post Card Album holds 200 U.S. & foreign cards in curved slots that make it easy to slip cards in and out. Faint guide lines insure neat sub-titles & travel notes. Luxurious binder has padded covers titled in gold. *World's finest post card album!* **Each $6.95 + $1.00 post. & hdlg. Two for $13.50 postfree.** *Satisfaction guaranteed.*
THE WRITEWELL CO.
904 Transit Bldg. — Boston, Mass. 02115

CURTAIN CHARM
BALL FRINGE ON UNBLEACHED OR WHITE MUSLIN



20", 25", 30", 36", 40" long **6.50 pr.**
2 pairs to window as shown **13.00**
45", 54", 63" long **8.50 pr.**
72", 81", 90" long **10.00 pr.**
Valance 9" x 80" **2.75**
Unbleached 80" wide. White muslin 74" wide.
For years New England housewives have used these charming Country Curtains in their homes. Practical, long-wearing, these unusually attractive curtains of pure white or off-white muslin retain their crisp appearance with a minimum of care. *Please enclose check or money order. Sorry, no COD's. Mass. res. add 3% sales tax. Postage and handling: under $10 add $1, for orders $10 and over add 1.75. Send for free brochure showing other styles and fabrics. Satisfaction guaranteed.*
COUNTRY CURTAINS
Dept. 19 Stockbridge, Ma. 01262

HUNTERS • FISHERMEN • FIREMEN • SKIERS

RED SUSPENDERS
Also (solid black) (olive stripe) (red, white and blue stripe). 1¼" Wide—Heavy Duty, Adjustable Length. Specify Clip End—(Illus.) or Button End—**$3.00** pr. plus .50¢ p.p.
YANKEE WORKBENCH
Dept. SP
Harvard Rd., Littleton, Mass. 01460
Free Brochure

Picture* . . . "COUNTRY CHARM" EARLY AMERICAN APPLIANCES . . . *and You!

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC RANGE . . . authentic **CAST IRON** reproduction from original patterns. Combined with the Early American charm of this handsome antique is the convenience of fully automatic oven and burner controls, and an easy-care porcelain top. Coffee mill uniquely houses clock, oven timer and minute minder. Fits modern range space. Prices start at **$495.00,** plus freight charges.

CAST IRON WALL OVEN . . . (inset) Front is **CAST IRON** with handsome scroll design. The 18" oven is fully insulated and porcelain lined. Hearth door conceals all controls, clock and timer. Available in right or left hand door models. Prices begin at **$295.00,** plus freight charges.

Quality Backed by 35 Years of Skilled Craftsmanship.

Made and Sold Only by
THE HOUSE OF WEBSTER
"Old Fashioned Gifts"
BOX SP 474, ROGERS, ARK. 72756

Send 25¢ for your "COUNTRY CHARM" Appliance Folder and Gift Catalog.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Schools & Camps

Overweight Girls 8-18

Enjoy a fun-filled summer while losing weight

A **Non-medical** Program of Healthful Diet & Exercise ★ Heated Pool **20 Tennis Courts** ★ Golf ★ Fencing All Sports ★ Social Grooming ★ Reeducation in Eating Habits ★ Usual weight loss 20-45 lbs. ★ Unequaled staff & facilities ★ Winter follow-up program maintains weight loss ★ Over 12 years of proven success. C.I.T. Program ★ *Jr. Counselor Program - Ages 19-21. Fully accredited.* Mrs. Gussie Mason, Director. Author of "Help Your Child Lose Weight." Write for brochure.

Camp Stanley
Box 568
Hurleyville, N.Y. 12747

SUMMER RIDING SCHOOL
For Boys and Girls Ages 8 to 17
Complete 4 and 8 week riding programs including instructions in equitation, forward seat hunters and jumpers. Also: Olympic swimming pool, lake water skiing, tennis, crafts, riflery, over-night trips, horse shows, dances.
Internationally qualified ridingmaster and instructors.
FOX HILL SCHOOL OF HORSEMANSHIP
Box "SP" Greenfield Park, N.Y. 12435
(Member A.C.A.) Tel.: (914) 647-6717

HOLIDAY

School and Camp Directory

THE POST

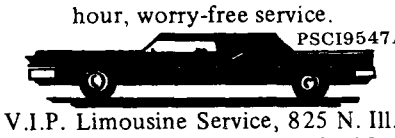
A concise guide designed to inform parents of the whereabouts, requirements, facilities, staff, curriculum and accreditations of several private schools and private camps in the United States and abroad. Tells where to write for full information and gives a brief description of each listing. Reserve your copy now by sending $1.00 to SCHOOL AND CAMP DIRECTORY, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Ind. 46202.

Home & Office

Know your blood pressure!

If your doctor recommends you keep close tab on your *blood pressure*, here's the perfect instrument. High-quality Aneroid-type with touch and hold Velcro® sleeve. No slipping. Accurate, easy-to-read gauge. Compact zippered case. Unconditional one-year warranty against defects in workmanship or materials. $17.95 plus 85c postage. You'll need a stethoscope and we have an excellent one for $4.95 plus 45c postage. Money-back guarantee if returned ppd. within 30 days.
Kinlen Co. • Dept. SE-44-BU
809 Wyandotte • Kansas City, Mo. 64105

V.I.P.
The Complete Limousine Service
Call for V.I.P. chauffeured, 24 hour, worry-free service.



V.I.P. Limousine Service, 825 N. Ill., Indianapolis, Indiana 317-635-2308

Schools & Camps

EL ADOBE RANCHO

400 acre operating Sonoma Mountain cattle ranch and summer camp for boys and girls, 6-17. Horseback riding • horse shows • rodeo • animal care • swimming • canoeing • Honda Trail Rides • fishing • riflery • archery • campouts • hiking • dancing. **Owners, Mr. & Mrs. Reno Pronzini, 3268 Adobe Rd., Dept. P, Petaluma, CA 94952 Phone: 707-763-1011.**
Write or call for brochure.

Stamps

FREE!
(when you send 10¢ for mailing)
BRITISH NORTH AMERICA
STAMP COLLECTION
Get 14 spectacular mint issues from Antigua, Granada, Turks & Caicos, etc., plus Giant Silver Stamp, other scarce Canada Commemoratives: Prince Edward Is., British Columbia & Vancouver Is., - more! *Sent FREE to introduce World's most* rewarding hobby. (We'll include other exciting stamps for you to examine: buy any or none, return balance, cancel service anytime.) Send 10¢ for mailing today!
Kenmore, Milford BNA-540, N.Hamp. 03055

JOY UNCONFINED

Norman Rockwell captures a timeless moment of youth in this painting which appeared on the Winter 1973 cover of *The Saturday Evening Post.* The contagious excitement of these sledding boys and their pup is immortalized on canvas in full color. Size 11"x14". Canvas unframed, $5.98. Framed in your choice of maple or walnut finish, $15.95.

Post Shopper Information

The Saturday Evening Post is America's premier general interest magazine, now published monthly,* to support your complete advertising program.

Our Shopper's Section reaches a family-oriented market of 800,000 plus, with 5.3 readers/copy . . . making our total readership over 4,000,000.

Black and White only.

1"	(14 lines).....	$ 154.00
2"	(28 lines).....	$ 308.00
4"	(56 lines).....	$ 616.00
5"	(70 lines).....	$ 770.00
½ col.	(78 lines).....	$ 858.00
1 col.	(156 lines).....	$1617.00
½ page	(312 lines).....	$2772.00
Page	(624 lines).....	$4620.00

Calendar year frequency discounts on all units:
3 issues– 5%
6 issues–10%
9 issues–15%

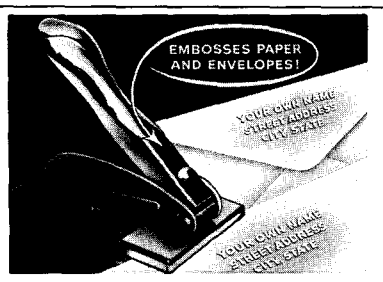
For further information contact:

Bertie Beitman
The Saturday Evening Post
1100 Waterway Boulevard
Indianapolis, Indiana 46202

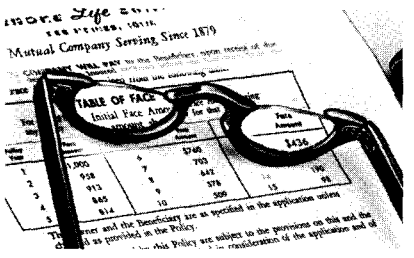
**Except for January, June, and August.*

Home & Office

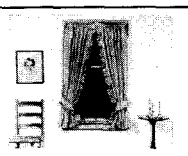
IT'S A NEW BABY
UNIQUE CARRIER HOLDS INFANTS from 4 to 18 mos. Keeps them safe, comfortable and secure with a minimum of strain on MOM. Put an end to aching back, tired arms, fatigue, dangerous shopping-cart rides. Strongly made, 100% cotton, washable, adjustable, in navy only. Best yet—when folded *it's pocket size.* Fully guaranteed. Complete satisfaction or full refund. $3.73 Postpaid. Truly the answer to every mother's problem of safe, yet comfortable baby toting and as a gift. MONARCH INDUSTRIES, 14627 Watt Road, Novelty, Ohio 44072.



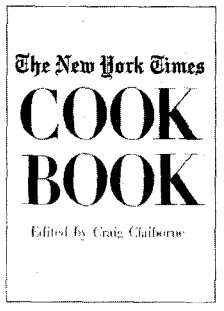
HAND STATIONERY EMBOSSER
Converts plain paper and envelopes into your own personalized stationery! With a gentle squeeze this little hand press embosses your name and address in elegant raised letters. Use it also to mark your ownership of books, magazines, music, etc. Please note that space is limited to three lines, with not more than 21 letters-numbers-&-spaces per line. Price $10.95 + $1.20 post. & hdlg.; or Two for $19.95 postfree. The Writewell Co., 905 Transit Bldg., Boston, Mass. 02115.



New-Style ½ Frame Glasses
Top of frame has been eliminated for unobstructed distant viewing. Yet impact-resistant lenses let you SEE BIG with magnified vision. Contoured nose piece prevents slipping. Black frames with metal core. Long-life metal hinges. For folks over 40 without astigmatism or eye disease who simply need magnifying lenses. $6.95 includes case. Add 45¢ postage. State age. Nel-King Products, Dept. SE-54RH, 811 Wyandotte, Kansas City, Mo. 64105.



COUNTRY CURTAINS in Gingham Permanent Press. White with Red, Yellow or Blue ¼" checks. Blend of dacron & cotton. 74" wide per pair. 45", 54", 63", 72" long..... $10.00 pair. Please specify color. Free brochure. Add $1.50 handling per order.



The New York Times Cook Book is 717 pages bursting with nearly 1,500 recipes tantalizingly illustrated. All kinds of dishes, for all seasons and all occasions—traditional American recipes as well as cuisine from twenty other countries. Completely indexed and cross-referenced, this fine book is authored by Craig Claiborne, former Food Editor of *The New York Times.* This cornucopia of culinary excellence costs only $9.95. Send to: Trading Post, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

It's time to fly the coop, break out of the old grind, and dine out this week. You'll find Robert Balzer's careful selection of over 500 *HOLIDAY* "Award" and "Recommended" restaurants in the brand-new *1974 Domestic Dining Guide.* All entries are complete with descriptions, addresses, telephone numbers, and operating information. Send $1 to *Holiday Dining Guide,* c/o 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

A copy of the original *POST* delivery bag used years ago to deliver *The Saturday Evening Post.* This crushable, packable, spacious bag can carry 'most anything . . . art supplies, school books, tennis gear, shopping purchases . . . the list is endless. It is an exceptional Christmas gift idea. Made of natural, sturdy, washable canvas, the bag measures 21"x14"x5", and is imprinted with the world famous logo in printer's black. $5.98 each, plus $.50 postage. The Trading Post, P.O. Box 567B, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206.

Write directly to these advertisers mentioning *The Saturday Evening Post.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIMITED SUPPLY . . .
POST ISSUES
1898-1969

You may buy now from *The Saturday Evening Post*'s own archives the actual issues that rare book collectors and antique dealers are selling for dollars more. Filled with stories by then struggling authors who today are world-renowned . . . Jack London, Ernest Hemingway, Sinclair Lewis, William Faulkner, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Stephen Vincent Benet, Irvin S. Cobb, Mary Roberts Rinehart, H.G. Wells, P.G. Wodehouse, Booth Tarkington, Rudyard Kipling, Alfred Noyes, Alexander Woollcott, John Galsworthy, and many others.

There are articles about Herbert Hoover, Bernard Baruch, Jack Dempsey, Benito Mussolini, Winston Churchill, and Leopold Stokowski. *The Saturday Evening Post* is living history. Old ads, e.g., are nice for decoupage and framing.

If you wish a particular issue for a certain story or article, give us the date of issue, preferably, but at least either the author, title, or subject, and we shall try to locate the back issue for you. Norman Rockwell covers have been in such demand that we have had to reproduce them on canvas; we can supply very few back issues with Rockwell covers. Check pages 120-121 for Rockwell illustrations reproduced on canvas, and order from The Trading Post.

Copies of *The Saturday Evening Post* will increase in value. They are in demand by rare book dealers. As the supply dwindles, the prices go up.

Issues from 1898 to 1914, $10.00 each.
Issues from 1915 to 1969, $5.00 each.
(Without covers, half price.)

To order your copy of *The Saturday Evening Post*, send a check or money order to Back Issues Dept., *The Saturday Evening Post*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Ind. 46202. Or turn to page 115A for convenient tear-out order form.

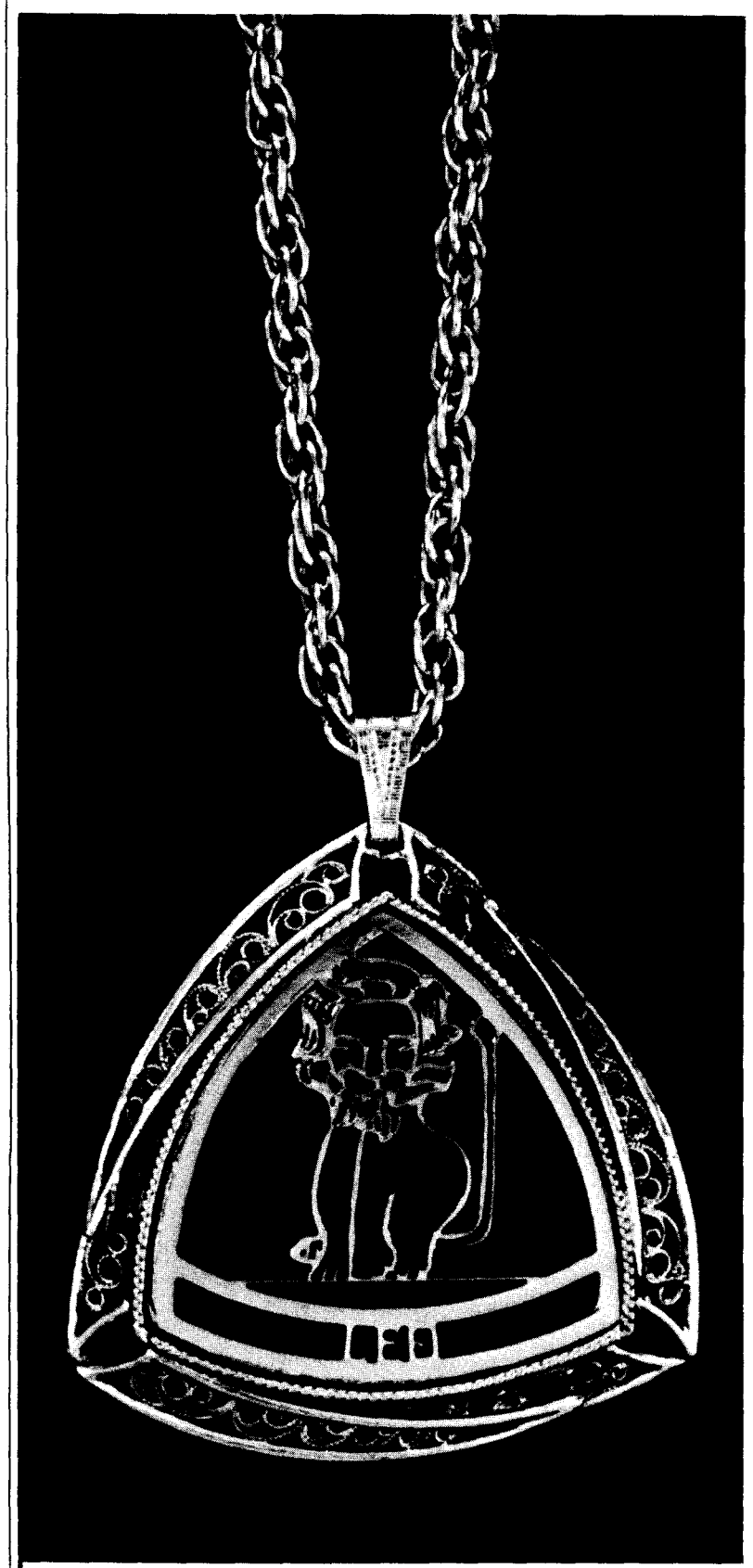
Due to the limited supply, we are not always able to fulfill requests for specific issues. Please indicate your first, second, and third choices.

We can also supply back issues of the old *Country Gentleman*, some of which are very old: 1872-1914 at $10 each; 1914-1950's, $5.00 each. A limited supply of 1872-1914 issues contain old woodcuts of animals on front page, in newspaper format, and all have old farm machinery, etc., ads, suitable for decoupage or framing.

Unsolicited manuscripts, art work, and photographs submitted to *The Saturday Evening Post* must be accompanied by an addressed return envelope and the necessary postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, art work, or photographs.

The names of characters used in all *Post* fiction and semifiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence. Printed by W. A. Krueger Company.

ZODIAC PENDANTS



SHOW THEM YOUR SIGN!

Introduces your sign instantly! Artfully crafted! Framed in elegant filigree. Suspended from matching 25" chain. Symbols spaceage etched for clarity of detail. 22K gold plate. Attractively gift boxed. Order for yourself and gifts at our risk. Money-back if not delighted.

ONLY
$6.99

WINDSOR HOUSE
ISLAND PARK, N.Y. 11558

Use the coupon below to order.

30-Day Money Back Guarantee!

WINDSOR HOUSE, INC. **Dept. 422**
3947 Austin Blvd., Island Park, N.Y. 11558

Please check sign(s) desired:

☐ Gemini (May 21-June 20)
☐ Cancer (June 21-July 20)
☐ Leo (July 21-Aug. 21)
☐ Virgo (Aug. 22-Sept. 22)
☐ Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 22)
☐ Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 22
☐ Saggitarius (Nov. 23-Dec. 21)
☐ Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19)
☐ Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18)
☐ Pisces (Feb. 19-Mar. 20)
☐ Aries (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)
☐ Taurus (Apr. 21-May 20)

☐ Rush _____ (quantity) Zodiac Pendants checked for **$6.99** each plus 70¢ postage and handling.
☐ **SAVE ME MORE!** Rush 2 for **$13.50** plus $1.00 postage and handling.
New York Residents Add Sales Tax.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I enclose **$2** deposit.

Name (print)_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____

SHOW THEM YOUR SIGN!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified Directory

Classified Advertising. A New Section for the Post. Advertise personals, vacations, rentals, books, art, gourmet items, employment opportunities, real estate exchange and any item of general interest. Rates—$1.25 per word, 1-time insertion; $1.15 per word, 6-time insertion. For further information contact: Bertie Beitman, Classified Advertising, The Saturday Evening Post, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202 (317) 634-1100.

Coins

SILVER DOLLARS UNCIRCULATED. 1880-1881-1882-1883-1884-1885 $8.00 each. CATALOGUE 50¢. SHULTZ, SALT LAKE, UTAH 84110.

Business Opportunities

Make money! Show personalized Photo Stamps and Photo Posters. Free Samples, sales kit. Postermatic, Dept. S, East Providence, R.I. 02914.

FREE 1974 100-Page Catalog waiting to bring you Big spare-time cash commissions. Sell Advertising Book Matches. Every business a prospect . . . complete selling instructions furnished. Steady, repeat business. Dept. SEP-474, Superior Match Company, 7530 South Greenwood Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60619.

Make your fortune the LAZY way! Copy my simple "secret." Free: Circular LW-9. Hubert Simon, 1280 Sawmill, Yonkers, N.Y. 10710.

$800 Monthly possible addressing-stuffing envelopes (longhand-typing) your home. Experience unnecessary. Details, send stamped addressed envelope. American, Excelsior Springs, Mo. 64024.

Raise Chinchillas. Guaranteed income. Catalog $1.00. DeShon Chinchilla, Route 27, Roanoke, Indiana 46783.

$40 Daily possible tying fishing flies at home. Details 25¢. Flyco, Box 946SP, Albany, Oregon 97321.

MAILORDER—Establish your own business! Everything supplied—catalogs, ads, mailing lists. Merchandise dropshipped. Gif-Guide, 1137 Crenshaw, Dept. 405, Los Angeles 90019.

PICTURE Framing—Profitable full or spare-time business. Easy to learn with handbook-course. "Guide To Picture Frame Profits." $1.50 Guaranteed Free framing-supplies catalog included. Japs, 126-F Seventh North, Hopkins, Minnesota 55343.

$26.00 Hundred addressing envelopes. Details. Send $1.00 and stamped, addressed envelope. J. Keen. Box 9995EP, San Diego, Calif. 92109.

STUFF ENVELOPES. $25.00 hundred. Immediate earnings. Beginner's Kit, $1.00 (refundable). Lewcard, S392EP, Brea, California 92621.

Make money raising rabbits. Send $1.00 for 5 months trial subscription: NATIONAL RABBITMAN MAGAZINE, BOX 613-SEP, BLACKWELL, OKLA. 74631.

1000% PROFIT BRONZING BABY SHOES. FREE LITERATURE. NBC-SE, GOWER, MO. 64454.

Extra income! Compile information in your area—No experience necessary. Details 25¢. Oyewole, Box 4577E, N.Y. 10017.

You can make $4.00 profit on every $5.00 Sale. Details 25¢. Oyewole, Box 4577E, N.Y. 10017.

How would you like to receive 100 letters daily each containing $1.00? Plan plus six formulars $1.00. Rush Dollar to Turner, Box 553E, Bronx, N.Y. 10472.

Get $12.00 Orders in every mail—keep $8.00 on each order for yourself. Details 25¢. Turner, Box 553E, Bronx, N.Y. 10472.

Stuff Envelopes $25.00—Hundred, Immediate earnings, Beginners Kit. $1.00 (refundable), Turner, Box 553E, Bronx, N.Y. 10472.

DO SIMPLE ADDRESSING—Mailing. Receive $12.95 orders. Keep $8.00 profit. Details Free! Quality, Box 9—SP, East Rockaway, N.Y. 11518.

$15,000—$30,000 YEAR PROFIT POTENTIAL. Send $2.00 for book, "Raising Rabbits for Us." Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Rabbit Ranchers of America, Box 172-SEP, Nardin, Oklahoma 74632.

CALIFORNIA MANUFACTURER NEEDS men to assemble our product and be local agent, experience unnecessary. May start while presently employed. Five-figure income for responsible applicant. S.K.R.E. Manufacturers, 2347 W. 238th St., Torrance, Calif. 90501.

195 FREE WHOLESALE Catalogs! World's biggest bargains. 76 countries. Automobile discounts! Free "Digest." Vault International, Box 7284Z, Lexington, Kentucky 40502.

ENJOY A-1 CREDIT. BORROW ANY AMOUNT. Any purpose. No investigations. Receive Credit Cards galore. Vernon, 3218EP, Clearwater Beach, Florida 33515.

FANTASTIC MAIL ORDER PROFITS. AMAZING INSTRUCTIONS FREE! MITCHELL, BOX 26941-A, Houston, Texas 77032.

MAKE $1.00 PER SALE selling engraved metal Social Security plates. FREE SALES KIT. Engravaplates, Box 10460-309, Jacksonville, Florida 32207.

Miscellaneous

Investigators, latest electronic aids. Free literature. Clifton, 11500-H Northwest 7th Avenue, Miami, Florida 33168.

CHINESE JADE RING Size 4-7. Green $4.95. William Wallace, P.O. Box 1674, Minot, N. Dakota 58701.

HEARING AIDS, batteries, discount. Catalog 25¢. Fiston, Box 1446, New Preston, Conn. 06777.

Twenty disc, or ten bar magnets, $1.00. Magnets, Box 192-SE, Randallstown, Maryland 21133.

PHOTOSTAMPS: Size of postage stamp, gummed. Made from your favorite billfold size photo. Pojorlie Novelties, 3451-35th Ave., Oakland, Calif. 94619.

Logic newsletter, theory, design, construction. Sample copy $1.00. Logic Newsletter, POB 252, Waldwick, N.J. 07463.

PURE WATER—Make gallons daily. Box 477, Laurel Springs, N.J. 08021.

PURE WATER making equipment $28.00 up. Box 477, Laurel Springs, N.J. 08021.

"GOD BLESS THIS CAR" beautiful dashboard mini-plaque, $1.00. Idea House, Rye, N.Y. 10580.

LOTTERY DETAILS! Two states and Australia have ticket reservation clubs. Anyone, anywhere can join free. Completely legal. $2.00. MAILCO, Box 161, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230.

Riding Lawnmowers—New 1974 Model, 7 Horsepower, Briggs and Stratton powered $209.00 freight paid. Free brochure. Tomco, Box 72, Oak Grove, Mo. 64075.

Buy It Wholesale

BARGAINS! BUY Wholesale and Below! Name Brands. Appliances . . . Furniture . . . Sports Equipment . . . Televisions . . . Cameras . . . Watches . . . Jewelry . . . Thousands More. Huge Discounts to $1,000.00 on New Automobiles. All Makes. Free Details. Write Today: Worldwide Bargainhunters, Box 730-SYE, Holland, Michigan 49423.

Books/Publishers

PUBLISH your book! Join our successful authors: publicity, advertising, promotion, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for free manuscript report and detailed booklet. Carlton Press, (Dept. EYE), 84 Fifth Avenue, New York 10011.

JOURNAL OF CREATIVITY. Chock full of idea-starters, new profit making opportunities, a Collector's Exchange, mail order, exciting books! Ad $5.00 or classified 10¢ word. Typeset for you Free! Send for sample copy 35¢ to: WILLIAM T. CLARKE, 110 Chelsea Ave., Newark, N.J. 07106.

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 12, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619.

BOOK HUNTING? Any book located for you. Out-of-print. Fiction—Non-fiction. Any subject—Title. Free Searching. No obligation to buy. Satisfaction assured. GENERAL BOOK COMPANY, Box 294-SP, Western Springs, Ill. 60558.

TREASURED PHOTOS EXPERTLY COPIED. Enlarged—Reduced. Damaged areas restored. Free details. Royer Photoarts (since 1949), Taylor, Texas 76574.

OLD PHOTOGRAPHS, TIN-TYPES EXPERTLY COPIED. 5x7 $4.00. OTHER SIZES, FINISHES, RATES ON REQUEST. SA-LU PHOTOS, BOX 249-P, YUKON, OK. 73099.

GAF Film—equipment. Discount list 10¢. Postpaid HEA Photo, 18 Marvin, Clinton, N.Y. 13323.

Travel/Vacations

ACAPULCO. Private. De Luxe, air-conditioned Villas with pools. Weekly and monthly rentals. S. MONTES DE OCA, Reforma 393-303, Mexico 5, Phone 528-9709.

NICHOLSON'S INTERNATIONAL YACHT CHARTERS. Fully crewed yachts: No experience necessary. Private cabins from about $60 per person per day and upwards for extra large and luxurious craft. Year round sunshine cruises for private parties. CARIBBEAN. MEDITERRANEAN. GREEK ISLANDS. Apply: COMMANDER NICHOLSON. Dockyard, English Harbour, Antigua, The West Indies.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE—$1.75. Rates, schedules, 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21-H5, Bell Blvd., Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

Montego Bay, Jamaica. Superior villa overlooking Caribbean. 3 bedrooms, 6 persons. Excellent staff, private pool. Beach, golf, tennis, water sports available. $325-$625 weekly. Owner, Box 578, New Harmony, Indiana 47631. 812-682-4264.

Young or Old Don't die without a will. Legal Will form protects your family. Only $2.00 Guaranteed. Order Today, Lyons, 12681 Culver Dr., Santa Ana, Calif. 92705.

Parador Martorell, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach, Box 384, Luquillo, Puerto Rico.

HEALTHFUL VACATIONING—Fasting. Reducing. Rejuvenation. Wholesome foods. Organic gardens. Peaceful surroundings. Pool, boats, solariums. Beaches. Health classes. SHANGRI-LA, Bonita Springs (SE), Florida 33023.

Special Gifts

ORIGINAL OIL PAINTINGS MOUNTED as greeting cards. Create your own verses. $1.95 each. CHURCH, DOVES, ROSE, FRUIT, CHILD. GALLERY GREETING CARDS, 1601 North Las Palmas, Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

Your own genuine authenticated page from Bible printed in 1585 by Robert Barker printer to the first Queen Elizabeth of England—one of the first ever printed. State preference of passage. Rare opportunity. Send $10 to Kelly, Box 345, Old Saybrook, Connecticut 06475.

Hobbies

HOME WINE & BEER MAKERS. FREE CATALOG. Supplies, Equipment. Recipes. Continental, 3716 N. Sherman Dr., Indianapolis, Ind. 46218.

MAKE YOUR BICYCLE ELECTRIC. Plans $2.99, Kielian, 130 Drake, South San Francisco, Calif. 94080.

AUTHENTIC MEXICAN Bread Clay Recipe $1.00 durable bakeless. FREE sample. NORMANO, BOX 685, TAMPA, FLA. 33601.

AMATEUR ORGANISTS play better with subscription. $7.50 for 12 issues. Free music. The Organist Magazine, Box 4399, Downey, Calif. 90241. Sample $1.

ANCESTRY RESEARCHERS! 75 page complete instruction book, third edition. Nationally recommended—guaranteed professional helper. **"DON'T CRY TIMBER!"** $3.75 Postpaid. Prudence, Lakeville, Indiana 46536.

Personals

LONELY? 100 PENFRIENDS, 35¢. HR Club, Box 5546, Ocean Park, California.

PERSONALIZED STATIONERY with character. Professional/business/social. Information—sampler—50¢ (refunded first order). Jacques, Box 395-P, Wallingford, Vermont 05773.

MEET YOUR LIFEMATE, thru social publications, worldwide circulation. Three magazines $1.00. JAY'S, P.O. Box 1359 Dept. E1, Avon Park, Florida 33825.

PENFRIENDS. For free information, write: Papyrus, 927SE 15th, Washington, D.C. 20005.

SLEEP-LEARNING—Kits, tapes, books, Alpha equipment. Free catalog. Research Association, Box 24-SP, Olympia, Washington.

LONESOME TONIGHT? Gals, Guys. Club Joy invites you. Membership $1.00. Royal, Box 1548-SECL, Pompano Beach, Florida 33060.

NATIONWIDE INTRODUCTIONS! Free information! Identity, Box 315-SP, Royal Oak, Michigan 48068.

PSORIASIS SUFFERERS: DISCOURAGED? Write for Free important information that is helping thousands! PIXACOL. Box 29277-SE, Parma, Ohio 44129.

"ESCHEW OBFUSCATION" plaque, $2.50; silver-plated, $5.00. Wry Idea, Rye, N.Y. 10580.

Literary Services

CREATIVE, EXPERT WRITING, rewriting, typing—novels, short stories, poetry, nonfiction. Personalized, reasonable. Professional team! RC RESEARCH, Box 138, Dayton, Washington 99328.

WRITERS! ATTENTION! Manuscript Record Book. For all Free-Lancers. Know where your manuscripts are at all times. Write for free information. Ernest F. Chamberlain, Author & Journalist, Lynnville, Ind. 47619.

Photography

Photos, Copied, Restored, Enlarged, Colored—Free Information—Photos, SP, Camden, Alabama 36726.

Records/Cassettes

OLD RADIO SHOWS, JAZZ/BIG BAND REMOTES, COUNTRY/WESTERN. OVER 15,000 SHOWS, 1,200 REELS. SIX HOURS—$9; BONUS REELS FOR ACCUMULATED ORDERS. $2.00 FOR CATALOG (REFUNDABLE). MC COY'S RECORDING, P.O. BOX 1069B, RICHLAND, WASH. 99352.

FREE 200-PAGE CATALOG. 1,400 New Stereo Recordings. Renaissance, Baroque, Classical, Romantic, Modern Music. Not sold in stores. Not listed in Schwann's. Highest quality! Budget label prices! Available only by mail. MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY, Box 932 SE, New York, N.Y. 10023.

RELIVE OLD RADIO through your cassette/reel tape recorder. 1974 tape catalogue only $2.00, refundable. American Radio Heritage Institute. Box 3493. Riverside, California 92509.

OLD-TIME RADIO SHOWS. LP's, tape (reels, cassettes, cartridges). Most any show you can remember. Thousands available. Large catalog $1.00. Radio Reruns, Box 724-P, Redmond, Washington 98052.

Of Interest to Women

BOXTOPS, LABELS BECOME CASH. DETAILS 50¢. REFUNDERAMA, DETROIT, MICHIGAN 48239.

Indian Artifacts

APACHE ARROWHEAD COLLECTION—Perfect, Rare, 25—$5.00, 100—$15.00, GERONIMO, SED1239, Apache Junction, Arizona 85220.

WANTED ANYTHING AMERICAN INDIAN, POTAWATOMI MUSEUM, R#3, ANGOLA, INDIANA 46703.

Recorders

RECORDERS. Finest makes, largest music selections. Recorder Center, Amenia, N.Y. 12501.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Health & Beauty

GETTING UP NIGHTS? Relieve PROSTATE TROUBLE with proven formula. Send self-addressed envelope to BIOSAN, Box 325 SEP, Derry, N.H. 03038.

ARTHRITIS RELIEF! Soothing "ICY HOT" creme .... THE ONE THAT WORKS. Send $2 for trial jar INSTANT RELIEF or full refund GUARANTEED. GIBSON COMPANY, 2000 North Illinois Street, Dept. 21, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

NUTRO ORGANIC SHAMPOO made from organic trace minerals and rich coconut base. $1.25 8-oz. W.R. LABORATORIES, Lodi, California 95240.

ASTHMA BRONCHITIS? Stop Suffering! Amazing Relief! Free Details. KINCO, 13823-SP, Sylvan, Van Nuys, California 91401.

Schools & Camps

STUDY PROGRAMS IN FRANCE. Language, fine arts, performing arts. For information: Paris, American Academy, 9 Rue des Ursulines, Paris 5.

Films

SUPER 8MM, 16mm, 8mm Silent and Sound Film Classics. Free Catalog. Niles, 1019-SP South Michigan, South Bend, Indiana 46618.

Do-It-Yourself

Solid State & Hobby Circuits Manual. $1.95 postpaid to your door. The new manual, HM 91, offers over 400 pages of circuits for the hobbyist, engineer, experimenter and do-it-yourself kit builder. HURRY—Supply limited. Free Catalog. Frazer & Associates, 3809 Surfwood Rd., Malibu, Calif. 90265.

BUILD A PORTERBED. NOT A WATERBED. ADVERTISING FOR PLANS RUSHED FREE. PORTERHOUSE. BOX 3062-SP, BARTLESVILLE, OKLAHOMA 74003.

Color Slides

GAF color slides. 10,000 U.S. and foreign subjects. Catalog $.25. WORLDWIDE SLIDES (sp-1) 7427 Washburn So., Minneapolis, Minn. 55423.

Humor

Cartoonists, Gagwriters: FUNNY PAPERS, $2, 2840 W. 59th St., Chicago, Ill. 60629.

Songwriter Services

POEMS set to music. Songs recorded. Send poems, songs. Crown Music, 49—ST West 32, New York 10001.

Old Radio Programs

OLD ORIGINAL RADIO PROGRAMS, ON CASSETTE TAPES. CATALOGUE FREE. MILLS, BOX 9246S, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI 63117.

Stationery

PERSONALIZED MEMO PADS. 10 pads only $7.50! Over 50 great designs. Free Catalog. P.O. Box 24785, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024.

Pressed flower Stationery 10 each of decorated sheets, extra sheets—envelopes $5.25 Box. Mrs. J. Don MacEwan, 19 Gilman Ave., St. Albans, Vermont 05478.

Office Supplies

AUTOMATIC Pencil Sharpener $12.95, automatic letter opener $15.95, (duty-free)—cheque, money order. KRUGER'S, Box 1144-S1, Toronto 116, Canada.

Services

RESUME PREPARATION—Professionally prepared from Individual Questionnaire. Fifty copies which includes preparation $10.00 postpaid, 7 days service—Money-back guarantee. Wm. Tucker Agcy., 4400 Verona Drive, Wilmington, Del. 19808.

Money Making Opportunities

Energy crisis can make you rich. An inexhaustible supply of hydrogen as a fuel developed by new energetic company. Guaranteed minimum 20% interest on investment plus percentage of profits. Potential unlimited. Send $10.00 for full information—Harry Martin, Public Accountant, 63 Greenbrook Rd., N. Plainfield, N.J. 07060.

Bookplates

Beautiful color catalog. Send 25¢ postage. Antioch Bookplates, Box 28V, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

Of Interest to All

GOOD NEWS FOR DIABETICS. Beneficially proven menu—nineteen variations of breakfast, luncheon, dinner. 1650 Calorie diet with milk. Registered dietitian charged $15.00—Yours for $2.95 postage paid. Check or money order. Diets Unlimited, P. O. Box 21203, Phoenix, Arizona 85036

25 Asparagus plants $3.00 postpaid, price list free. Ponzer Nursery, Rolla, Missouri 65401.

USED PAPERBACK BOOKS. We sell, we trade, by mail. Send 20¢ for list. Book Exchange, Box 8506-P, Boise, Idaho 83707.

COLLEGE STUDENTS!

Let us help you pay for your Saturday Evenings and Holidays.

We invite you to apply for the ideal part-time job. All you do is sell *The Saturday Evening Post* and *HOLIDAY* magazine subscriptions to your classmates and friends.

We'll provide you with all the necessary information and sales tools. You determine your own working hours. We do the billing. You earn a sizable commission.

If this appeals to you, please write to me: Fred Tuttle, Curtis Publishing Company, 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206.

Foreign Newspapers

Worldwide English Newspapers. Includes Middle East. Samplers 12 newspapers/12 countries: $4.97; or 7/7: $2.97. FREE BROCHURE. MULTINEWSPAPERS, Box DE, Dana Point, California 92629.

Employment Opportunities

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 1167-EP, Kailua, Hawaii 96734.

LUCRATIVE JOBS WORLDWIDE ($12,000 to over $50,000)—with European and American employers. Monthly Employers Report $2.00. Write: Alexander, Box 357-SEP, South Pasadena, California 91030.

Home Employment

HOMEWORKERS NEEDED! INFORMATION 35¢ & STAMP. BITONTI, 5225 PATTISON, ST. LOUIS 63110.

HOMEWORKERS WANTED! $200.00 WEEKLY! Immediate Income. Details 35¢. Boyce, 2049 Blendon, St. Louis, Missouri 63143.

Ad: How to earn at home addressing envelopes. Or learn how to earn up to $75.00 per 1,000 names and addresses, by simply making them into lists for a few mail order dealers. For information rush 50 cents and self/addressed/stamped/envelope to: Doris F. Miller, P.O. Bx. 233, Franklinton, La. 70438.

Stamps

BREATHTAKINGLY BEAUTIFUL. 50 DIFFERENT MINT MONACO MULTICOLORED COMMEMORATIVES—PICTORIALS ONLY $1.00 WITH MINT COMPLETE SET APPROVALS AT 50% CATALOGUE OR LESS. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. PAGODA, BOX 132B, SIDNEY, OHIO 45365.

500 All Different U.S.A. Stamps. Over 100 years represented, 1870-1972, only $4.95. 500 Different Commemoratives only $11.95. Universal Service (Quality and Value since 1953), P.O. Box 6-A, Kenosha, Wisconsin 53141.

Kennedy pictorials—Fujeira's 1965 set—$4.91 value. Complete, mint. Rush $1.00 requesting postpaid both ways approvals. Ronald Williams, 4617 Southeast Hull Avenue, Milwaukie, Oregon 97222.

120 EUROPE 10¢ WITH APPROVALS, ARNIM BELKE, 1824 GATES AVENUE, BROOKLYN, N.Y. 11227.

120 Worldwide good variety. 20 with approvals. La Dows, 631 N. 71st Ave., Hollywood, Fla. 33024.

AMERICAN SPACE COLLECTION. 10¢. ILLUSTRATED LISTS ACCOMPANY. SMITH, BOX 208S, CONGERS, N.Y. 10920.

CANADA, Ten Commemorative stamps 10¢. Canada approvals, Harley Boardman, Little Valley, New York 14755.

POSTAGE STAMP COLORING BOOK. 31 U.S. STAMPS IN FULL COLOR ON THE COVER—$1.00—BAM-LOR COLOR, 2 SILVER HILL ROAD, MAYNARD, MASS. 01754.

Flags and Flagpoles

Build profitable year 'round repeat business selling U.S., State, Foreign, and custom-made flags, banners, outdoor flagpoles, embroidered emblems, engraved name plates to schools, churches, clubs, industry, motels, government agencies. Excellent out-of-your-home opportunities for husband/wife team, retired service person or retail store. Advertising materials, promotion plans, and cooperative telephone advertising program supplied. Modest investment required. "The Mount Vernon Flagmakers" established 1862—Mount Vernon, Virginia 22121.

Musical Instruments

KITS! Build dulcimers, guitars, balalaikas, thumb pianos, harps. From $2.95. Finished dulcimers from $19.95. 8665 West 13th Avenue SP, Denver, Colorado 08215.

Wanted

Wanted: Gold, Silver, Platinum (any form). Coins. Information free. Wilmot's 1067-SEP Bridge, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49504.

Instructions

ABC Starter Kit. Games and exercises composed and used by teachers for parents and teachers. Your beginner learns letters and sounds effortlessly. Send $10.00, Amy Ape, P.O. Box 773, Novato, Calif. 94947.

ACUPUNCTURE TRAINING NOW through self-study program with manuals, diagrams, exams, supplies. Catalog: Moon, Box 219W, Toronto, Canada M6M 4Z2.

LEARN AUCTIONEERING. Free catalog. Reisch Auction College, Dept. 1, Mason City, Iowa 50401.

FREE LIFETIME ORDINATION, WRITE BIBLE INSTITUTE, BOX 7445, McKEESPORT, PA. 15134.

Free Bible Course, also Correspondence and Residence Course leading to Diploma. The Herald of His Coming Bible College. P.O. Box 582, Hinton, Okla. 73047. Write for Catalogue of Courses.

Inventions Wanted

CASH-ROYALTIES For Patented, Unpatented Inventions. Global Marketing Service, 2420-AJ 77th, Oakland, California 94605.

Gourmet Items

A COLLECTION OF THIRTY-NINE RULES FOR CREATING VIANDS TO ENHANCE YOUR DINING BOARD AND TO ILLUMINE YOUR HOSPITALITY. Old recipes to treasure and use today. Send $2.50 to Cookbook, Dep't. S, P.O. Box 648, San Mateo, Calif. 94401.

Real Estate

Farms, Ranches, Acreage, Residential. Free Bargain List. AMERICAN FARM AGENCY, Drawer"C", Mena, Arkansas 71953.

Central Ontario—Choice 640-acre sportsmen's paradises still available—$20.00 plus $6.50 taxes yearly. Maps, pictures, $2.00 (refundable). Information Bureau, Norval 59, Ontario, Canada.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . Low as $7.50 Acre! Vacationing, Farming, Investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands throughout U.S. Send $1.00. Surplus Lands, Box 6588-VP, Washington, D.C. 20009.

Collector's Items

NORMAN ROCKWELL'S LIMITED EDITION PERSONALLY SIGNED/NUMBERED LITHOGRAPHS: "TOM SAWYER" SUITE OF EIGHT PRINTS $5,500.00; "AMERICAN FAMILY" PORTFOLIO OF TEN PRINTS $3,000.00; "CIRCUS PERFORMERS" $375.00. Many more available; Box 8123—Grand Rapids, Michigan 49508.

RAILROAD STOCK CERTIFICATES. Issued genuine, 5 for $7.50. Catalog available, Guarino, Box 786, Marco, Florida 33937.

SELLING COMIC BOOKS, PLAYBOYS, WALT DISNEY, PULPS, HORROR AND MOVIE MAGAZINES, RADIO AND CEREAL PREMIUMS, MOVIE AND SERIAL MERCHANDISE, ETC. FROM 1900-1973. CATALOGUES 75¢. ROGOFSKY, BOX SP1102, FLUSHING, NEW YORK 11354.

Hearing Aids

HUGE SAVINGS! BUY DIRECT! Eliminate dealer markups. 20 days FREE Trial. Terms arranged. No salesman will call. LLOYD'S-91, Rockford, Illinois 61108.

IMPROVE YOUR HEARING. Information Absolutely Free. Rhodes, Box 518-PS, Paducah, Kentucky 42001.

Restaurants

MARTELL'S RESTAURANT IN NEW YORK CITY, SUPERB FOOD IN A BEAUTIFUL SETTING. Martell's offers warmth and serenity around its hearth. Serving fine foods & spiritous liquors. Truly a saloon in the old tradition. Oldest bar in Yorkville. American & Continental cuisine. Open daily for lunch. Dinner. After-theatre supper. Sat. & Sun. brunch. Sidewalk cafe. Fireplace. Credit cards accepted. 3rd Avenue corner of 83rd St., New York City, (212) 861-6110 .... Pax.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KEEPING POSTED

Dollie Cole in the driver's seat. "I have yet to figure out where the air cushion is going on Old Dobbin, but here it is in my new and first-off-the-line Toronado." Blondes, as usual, seem to have all the fun.

Dollie Cole was born in Texas forty-three years ago and has found herself in a king-size state of excitement ever since. "I have two places of solitude," she says, "on the plane and under the hair dryer. I do all of my writing there."

She also drives a truck. "A two-and-a-half-ton Chevy Stake. I can drive anything up to thirteen forward gears. I went around a couple of blocks in a semi and hit every curb. I drove one of the big Astros (big enough to haul two houses' worth of furniture) but that was in open territory. We deliver things for the Michigan Humane Society, New Horizons (a workshop for the retarded), the Detroit Zoo. We've built a new shelter at the Humane Society. I hope to reinstate my pilot's license. It was for single-engine planes but I want to fly multi-engine now."

She says about charities that she finds herself working with the same people all the time, the implication being that when you want something done you ask the busiest person in town.

With four children—"I never seem to get out of the Boy Scouts; they range from a paramedic in the Air Force to a first grader"—she makes time the same way her husband's company (General Motors) makes automobiles: by assembly-line techniques and overtime (hers is unpaid).

"I hope to do a piece on charity balls. 'Charity begins at home but don't invite me.' There's so much waste. Then, I wonder if the effort put forth by the women who work on charities is equal to the money raised. People are beginning to decline invitations.

"I'm also on the Board of Directors of Public Broadcasting. There are 247 stations and they have just made me—let me see if I can get the title straight—Long Range Program Chairman for Educational Television Programming." About this awesome responsibility, Mrs. Cole wrote in the January/February *Post*, "Its purpose is not to draw the largest possible audience every hour of the day, but to serve special needs in special ways. Public television complements commercial television; one tries to do effectively what the other cannot. We do not need one or the other; we need both."

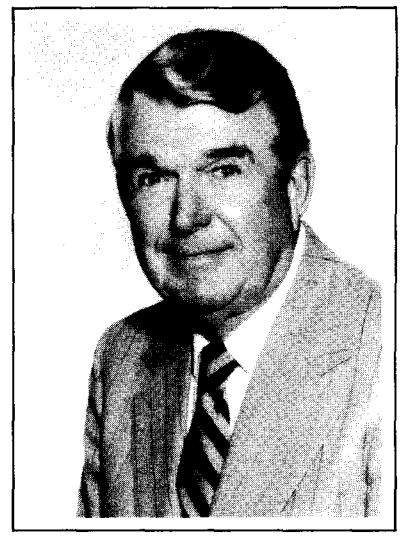
"One day," she says (if she finds time between being the Michigan Chairman for cystic fibrosis and on the National Board of Project HOPE), "I want to write a book about the automobile industry. Maybe I'll call it 'Piston Power by Motor Mouth.' "

Dave Gerard, who illustrated Julie Nixon Eisenhower's article on consumer education (page 18), has been, he says, "a cartoonist all my life. And mayor of Crawfordsville, Indiana, for two years." How does he reconcile the serious business of politics with the whims and wiles of cartooning? He's not sure he does: "I have a lot of people come into the mayor's office—belligerent—and when they leave they say, 'Now I don't want to be put in any cartoon.' And what they really want is to be in one.

"I didn't intend to do this—I intended to be an architect. Then came the Depression. And the war. I didn't go away. Got a job teaching engineering drawing to V-12 navy students at Wabash College. So I spent the 40's as a 'draft dodger'—a real one, since I was a draftsman. It was about that time that I started in the *Post*.

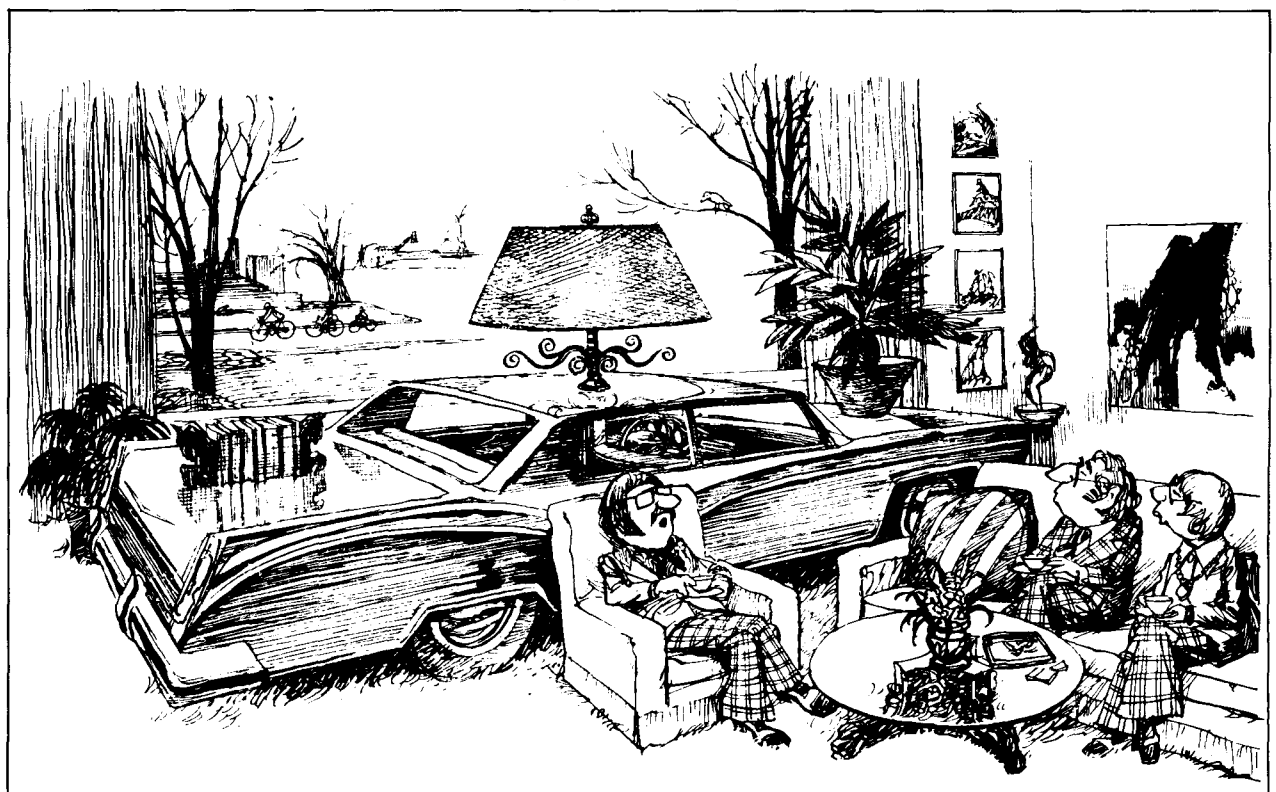
"I lived in the country then—raised sheep and was the envy of all my friends because the sheep and the teaching got me a B gas-ration coupon. I hope we don't have to go back to that."

He used to draw a character which was syndicated in 150 newspapers. The character was called "Willyum," and when Gerard's daughter went off to college she told people she was being put through school by a six-year-old—the said Willyum. "Willyum" gave way to "Citizen Smith," who now appears in op-ed pages in newspapers across the country, and like "Willyum" has



been translated into eight languages. Gerard sometimes wonders how one translates a character that is distinctly American—in his problems, in his presentiments—but he accepts the checks just the same.

Gerard was in Indianapolis last week to get some cost estimates on extending the sewer lines in his constituency and he came over to the *Post* offices to meet Julie and to talk about the cartoons for her story. When one of the editors suggested a change on one of his rough drawings, he asked, "Got a brush?" The art department obliged and in thirty minutes the roughs were finished works of art ready for the printer. Then His Honor went back to the marble corridors of city hall. "Only in Crawfordsville they're brick," he murmured.

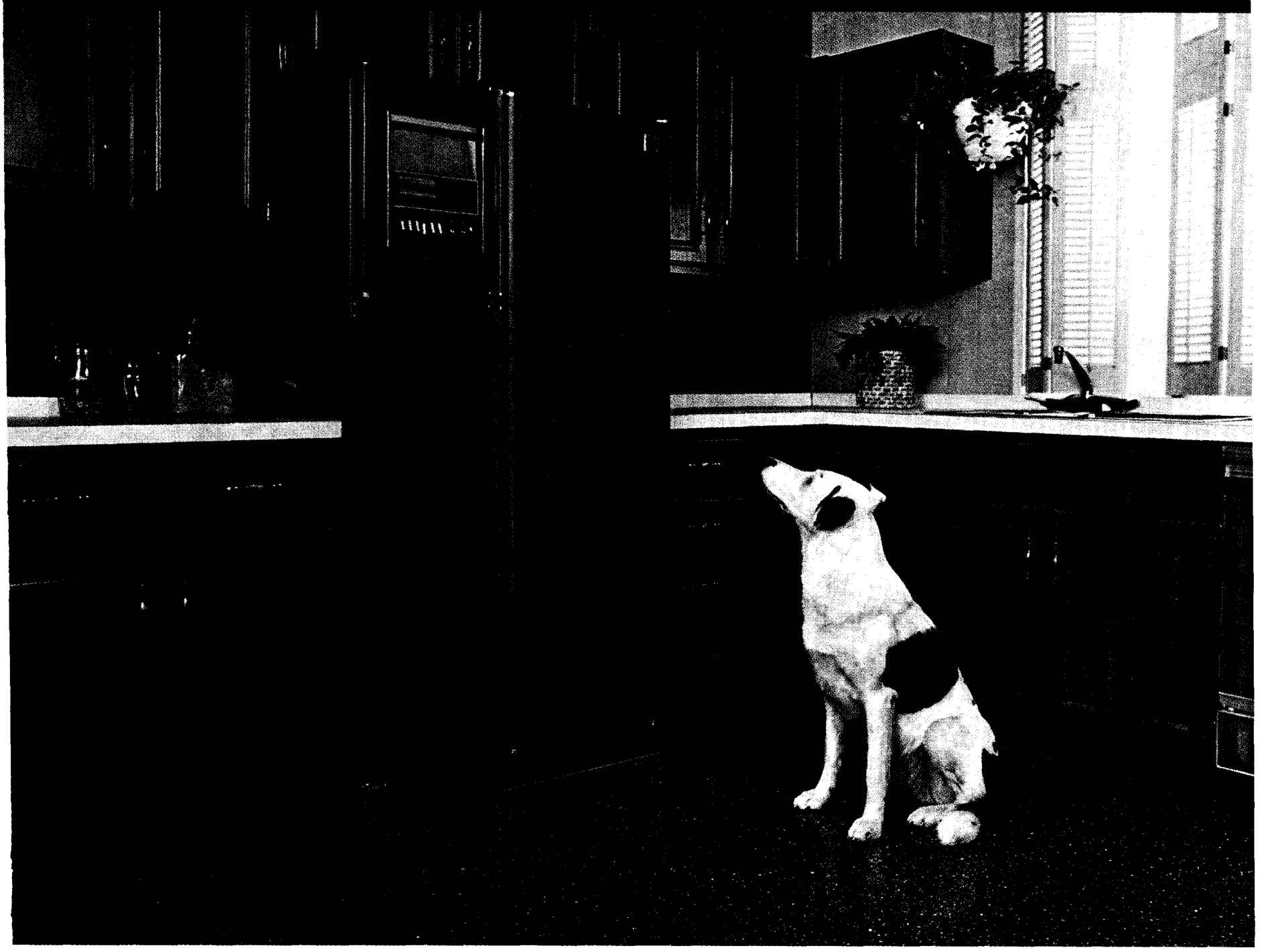


"So we decided to make it into a lamp."

Courtesy of The Globe and Mail, Toronto

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Frigidaire and General Motors present the first refrigerator that talks back.



We've added an unusual accessory to our 3-door refrigerator. A portable AM-FM radio, cassette tape player and recorder that fits neatly into the top freezer door. We call it the Frigidaire Conversation Piece.

Instead of leaving important messages on notepaper and hoping they'll get seen, you can record them on tape and be sure they'll be heard. You'll also be able to play your favorite taped music. Record recipes and play them back while you cook. Or learn a language while you bake. It might even be able to teach an old dog new tricks. And because the radio is in the door, think of the extra counter space you'll save.

Like every Frigidaire refrigerator, this one has rugged interiors built to take years of tough treatment. It's completely Frost-Proof, too. And because it's backed by the engineering skills and technology of General Motors, it's as beautiful as it is dependable. The hydrators and the food compartment covers have the beautiful look of smoked onyx. And the shelves are elegantly trimmed with the look of teakwood.

If you're looking for a refrigerator that combines brilliant innovation with reliability, Frigidaire is the refrigerator to buy.

For more information, write to Frigidaire, Box 999, Dayton, Ohio 45402.

Or go to your Frigidaire dealer and see our new refrigerator. It has a lot to say for itself.

Frigidaire. Home Environment Division of General Motors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Accept no imitations

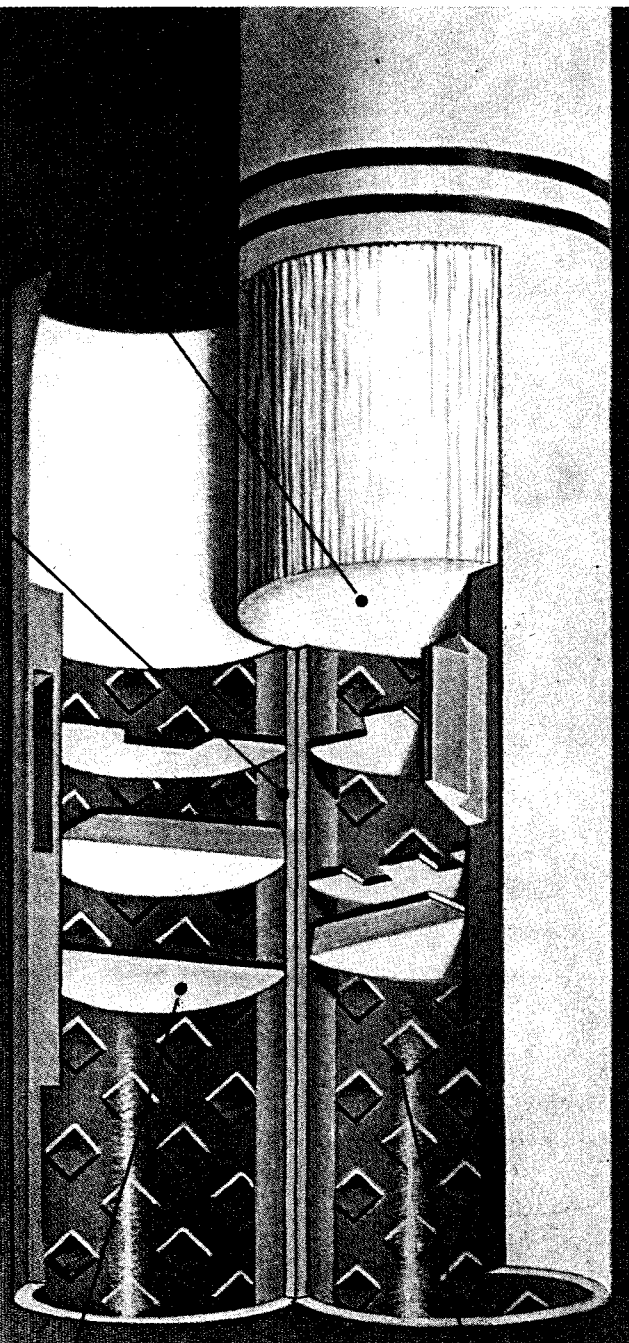
There are dozens of low "tar" and nicotine cigarettes. Some even have funny-looking tips and mouthpieces.

But there's just one Doral.

With its unique recessed filter system. Its easy, almost effortless draw.

And the taste low "tar" and nicotine smokers really like. Truly enjoy. Even swear by.

Like we said, there's just one Doral. And just one Doral will convince you.



"I swear you can really taste me."

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED